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Rec. Nov. 4, 1850

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

FOR 1805.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

CRESCIT EUNDO.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA,

PUBLISHED BY J. CONRAD & CO., CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO., MARKET STREET, BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO., WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO., NORFOLK;

AT ANY OF WHICH PLACES COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1805.

P267.4

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THE

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. AND J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON CITY; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH-STREET.

1805.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON POPULATION.

THERE are many ways of judging of the population and cultivation of any country. One of these is very frequently inferred from the other. As the food of men is generally derived from the earth on which they live, we can form some general notion of the extent to which the ground is cultivated, by knowing the numbers it sustains, and so, conversely, the number of consumers can sometimes be inferred from the quantity of product.

It is difficult, however, to find any sufficient data whereon to build these inferences. It is hard to ascertain, when the number of a people is known, in what proportions the various articles of their provision are distributed, and what proportion the quantity raised within their own territory bears to that which is imported.

One, accustomed to theory and speculation only, sees no difficulty in ascertaining all those circumstances of a country and people, reducible to the head of political economy, not by inference or calculation, but by actual inspection and enumeration. He sees no difficulty, for example, in discovering the number of people in a state; the number of its domestic animals; the number of acres in its territory; the kind and quantity of the products of those acres, by actually measuring and counting them. To him, these are points of so much curiosity, as well as use, that he thinks they would obtain his principal regard, were he the proprietor or governor of a state, and is consequently greatly astonished at the stupidity or indolence of those actual governors or proprietors, by whom these points are overlooked or slighted.

When he observes that four centuries of power, wealth, civilization, and social order were suffered to pass away, before the government of England could prevail upon itself to make an actual numeration of the people, his surprize at national indolence is increased, or he begins to imagine that possibly there may be greater obstacles to the settlement of these important questions in practice, than there appear to be in speculation. And yet the number-

ing of the people in Great Britain, as well as in the American states, was found, in fact, to be no such tedious, expensive, or arduous undertaking.

Though there are half a score of other points about which political economists are anxious to be informed, the number of human heads seems to be the only point which the government of these two countries have thought worth their attention. A project for numbering the *domestic animals* within the country would probably be laughed at by politicians. There are, however, several things to be said in justification of his curiosity, by one who is inquisitive on this head.

In the first place, as animal existence is necessarily connected with happiness or misery, it is not unworthy of a benevolent mind to regard the *human* population of a country, not merely as it is connected with trade, taxation, or defence, but as it shows the amount of happiness or misery that exists within a given space; so, as the lower animals are likewise susceptible of happiness and misery, though of a different kind, and, perhaps, in a less degree than men, *their* number and condition may reasonably be thought to deserve, on that account, some regard.

Secondly, as the lower animals are suffered to exist and multiply in a domestic state, merely as they are subservient to the subsistence, convenience, or pleasure of man, the knowledge of their number and condition is necessary to the knowledge of the manners and condition of the human population. They form a most important article in the sum of the wealth, the traffic, the enjoyment of the whole society.

Thirdly, as men are employed to clothe as well as to feed themselves, and as a part of the labour bestowed upon the culture of the ground, is employed to raise food immediately for those lower animals, the number and condition of these animals is necessary to be known, in order to enable ourselves to know to what extent, and in what mode, the earth is cultivated.

There is likewise another view in which a speculative mind may be permitted to place this subject.... The number of a people is proportioned to the quantity of food raised from their own ground, or consumed among them: the earth produces, in the same space, different quantities of different kinds of food, and the same portion of ground maintains a less or greater number of people, according to the kind of product that is raised from it, and according as that product is applied *immediately* to our subsistence, as bread, or *mediately*, as flesh. The population is likewise proportioned to the degree in which the products of cultivation are applied to the support of quadrupeds, whose flesh is employed as food: this proportion is less, as the quantity of this product given to animals we do not eat is greater: this proportion is greater, as the quantity given to such animals is less.

Now it is not unnatural for such minds to dwell upon these proportions, and to make the actual state of things, in this respect, one criterion among others of the civilization of a people. As there is more happiness, more wealth, more power, among a hundred intelligent beings than among ten, all other circumstances being equal, he is apt to conclude, that where there are two countries of equal extent and cultivation, *that* has greatly the advantage of the other, in every moral and political view, which supports the greatest number of men and women.

He, indeed, is generally inclined to maintain, that the more numerous nation has necessarily the advantage of the other, not only in point of number, but as to individual health, integrity, and comfort; that vegetable products, eaten in their simple state, not only maintain a greater number of people, but maintain them more easily and wholesomely, than when they are previously transmuted into the flesh of sheep and kine, or into certain fiery liquids called

beer or gin. He will, at least, be very positive in thinking, that people who apply their products to the maintenance of mankind, directly or indirectly, in the form of bread or of flesh, wiser than their neighbours who apply the same products to the support of quadrupeds, whose flesh is never eaten.

If such a one takes a survey of Great Britain, for example, one of the greatest and most enlightened nations in the world, he finds a very large portion of the surface under cultivation. The labour of men is continually employed to raise from it some kind of vegetable product. There is, indeed, a very large proportion, about one third, of the surface which is wholly desolate, though it be just as capable of culture as the rest; but, without enquiring into the cause of this strange abuse of territory, or computing the increase of wealth, power, and numbers which would flow from reducing this neglected space into the same condition with the rest, his eye passes on to the rolls of population. Here he finds the number of human beings about ten millions. Comparing this number with fifty millions of cultivated acres, he finds that there are five cultivated acres to one person.

He is well aware, however, that these five acres are by no means appropriated to raising bread for one man; that, on the contrary, there are a vast number of other animals which share with man the product of these fifty millions of acres. His curiosity pursuing this subject, soon discovers that there are three kinds of animals supported by the national industry, who either live in total idleness, or who contribute to the service of mankind in other ways than as food. These are cats, dogs, and horses.

The British government never deigned to make an actual enumeration of these animals; but, in consequence of a resolution to extract a revenue from them, enquiries were made and estimates formed, rather below than above the truth. These calculations gave, in 1800, about 750,000 cats, 2,000,000 of dogs, 2,250,000 of horses; in all 5,000,000 of individuals, or half the whole number of human beings.

Of those animals who contribute to human accommodation by their milk, flesh, skin, or hair, the principal are sheep, kine, and swine.

Of sheep, the number usually computed is 20,000,000; of kine about 5,000,000; and of hogs about 10,000,000.

The cultivation, therefore, of Great Britain supports a population of 10,000,000 of *men;* but, in reality, it maintains 30,000,000 of considerable animals, including men. Now some of these animals are much more considerable in bulk than man, and require a much greater quantity of subsistence..... They all either consume the same kind of food which is proper to the human animal, or they subsist upon the product of ground, capable of producing food proper to man.

When a stranger is informed that the population of that small island amounts to fifty millions of *persons*, he is astonished at the number, and proceeds to build large inferences as to the power and felicity of a community so numerous. But how are his feelings and notions changed when he is informed that, by the caprice of custom, only one fifth of this number are men, and that the rest are four-footed beasts, irrational and mute.

When he enquires into the motives of the people for dividing their subsistence with so large a number of the lower animals, and the uses of swine, sheep, and cattle are pointed out to him, his disapprobation, though not wholly removed, will be somewhat lessened; but when horses are described, and he is told that they are never used as food, but merely to drag or to carry men and commodities from place to place, to swell idle pomp and parade, or to furnish amusement to the rich, his astonishment will be raised to a high pitch.

All the parts of every human so

ciety, in its actual state, hang together by innumerable links and ligatures. Many things are deemed, upon one view, useless and pernicious, which, upon a more accurate and comprehensive observation, will often be found inseparable and essential. It would not be an unamusing, nor, perhaps, an unprofitable, task to weigh accurately the present constitution of almost all human societies, by which the existence of domestic animals is not merely tolerated, but deemed indispensible to the general welfare. Whether all the domestic animals that are at present reared and fostered in Great Britain, for example, or some one class of them, might not be entirely dispensed with, and what effect the total extirpation would have on human felicity, are problems not unworthy the attention of inquisitive minds.

Whatever solution these problems should receive from a hundred or a million of enquirers, the state of things will doubtless remain the same; but surely there is some advantage in seeing every object in its proper light. The conduct of others is seldom influenced by our opinion of its rectitude, but to form just opinions of the conduct of others is, at least, to enlighten ourselves, to augment our own stock of truth, and lessen our own stock of error.

For the Literary Magazine.

ROMANCES.

A TALE, agreeable to truth and nature, or, more properly speaking, agreeable to *our own* conceptions of truth and nature, may be long, but cannot be tedious. Cleopatra and Cassandra by no means referred to an ideal world; they referred to the manners and habits of the age in which they were written; names and general incidents only were taken from the age and history of Alexander and Cæsar. In that age, therefore, they were not tedious, but the more delighted was the reader the longer the banquet was protracted. In after times, when taste and manners were changed, the tale became tedious, because it was deemed unnatural and absurd, and it would have been condemned as tedious, and treated with neglect, whether it filled ten pages or ten volumes.

Cleopatra and Cassandra are no greater violations of historical veracity and probability, and no more drawn from an ideal world, than Johnson's Rasselas, Hawkesworth's Almoran and Hamet, or Fenelon's Telemachus. In all these, names and incidents, and some machinery, are taken from a remote age and nation, but the manners and sentiments are modelled upon those of the age in which the works were written, as those of the Scuderis were fashioned upon the habits of their own age. The present unpopularity of the romances of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is not owing to the satires of Cervantes or of Boileau, but to the gradual revolution of human manners and national taste.

The "*Arabian Nights*" delight us in childhood, and so do the chivalrous romances; but, in riper age, if enlightened by education, we despise what we formerly revered. Individuals, whose minds have been uncultivated, continue still their attachment to those marvellous stories. And yet, must it not be ascribed rather to change of manners than to any other cause, that we neglect and disrelish works which gave infinite delight to sir Philip Sidney, sir Walter Raleigh, and sir Thomas More, to Sully and Daubigne: men whose knowledge of Augustan models, and delight in them, was never exceeded, and the general vigour and capacity of whose minds has never been surpassed.

The works that suited former ages are now exploded by us. The works that are now produced, and which accommodate themselves to our habits and taste, would have been utterly neglected by our an-

testors: and what is there to hinder the belief, that they, in their turn, will fall into oblivion and contempt at some future time. We naturally conceive our own habits and opinions the standard of rectitude; but their rectitude, admitting our claim to be just, will not hinder them from giving way to others, and being exploded in their turn.

For the Literary Magazine.

A CONVERSATION UPON EGYPT.

An original letter.

Christeen, August 4, 1784.

I HAVE little, as yet, to tell you, my dear friend, but that, after a tedious passage of two days, I have at last reached this place, and found what I came in search of. I was never here before, and have not been here long enough to form any notion of the place and its inhabitants. The incidents of my little voyage were not worth relating to you, who have made such voyages so often, yet most of them were new, and therefore interesting, to me. Perhaps I cannot amuse you better, or while away more effectually this sultry afternoon, than by repeating a little conversation which took place between some of my fellow passengers.

We sat together on the quarter-deck, shaded by the main-sail, as we were towed up the innumerable windings of this dirty stream. A careless, jolly fellow observed, that this creek strongly reminded him of the Nile, which, he said, was just such a river as this.

The Nile! exclaimed the fat skipper; where's that?

It's in Egypt, says the other: 'twas in Egypt when I was there.

When you was there? said an Irish innkeeper, of this village: if it was once there, I suppose it is always there.

There you're out, replied the traveller. It's a damned strange thing, I must own: but they told me there ....the French consul at Alexandry told me....I lived with him while I staid at Alexandry....he told me damned strange things though, I tell you before hand; that this river goes away every winter into the moon, into a damned high mountain there, and then comes down again after a while....the consul told me.... rattling and splashing at a devil of a rate, rolling along mud and crocodiles.

This information was followed with a deep pause. At length the skipper said, Come, come, Mr. Ellis, that won't do. You are boring us.

The traveller affirmed, with an oath, that he was serious; that the French consul and many others told him so.

What, said the skipper, the channel, I suppose, then, is dry in the winter season.

Dry as this deck, said the traveller. The consul told me so. A beaten road; nobody can tell it from the fields; rather dustier, that's all.

Egypt! Egypt! resumed the skipper: why it an't the place we read of in the Bible is it? where Joseph, and Pharaoh, and Potiphar and them was; and where the Jews passed over the Red Sea without wetting their shoes.

The very same, like enough, said the traveller, but dam'me if I know. Perhaps the Red Sea was like the river, and the Jews went over when it happened to be dry: but I can't say positive as to that, for I never heard of the Red Sea when I was there; so perhaps it's not the same as the Bible makes mention. But I'll tell you what's stranger still: when the river comes back, it overflows all the land, and then they always plough and sow, when the water's on it, three or four feet deep. I've seen them at it: the men up to their middles, and the oxen up to their bellies.

But how can they sow in the water? how does the seed get to the ground?

Sinks to be sure, how should it else?

I know Egypt well enough, said the innkeeper. I had a full brother there seven years. When he came back, he used to tell us such odd comical stories. By the mass, I never believed half of them: yet brother Pat was an honest soul, and never told a lie, but when he was in liquor, and that was not oftentimes; not more than once a week, or thereaway, and then he was damned drunk, that's the truth on't.

Pray, interrupted I, what did Pat say about Egypt?

Why, he said they were all no better than Mihummetans in that country; people that worship the new moon. They put it a-top of all their churches.

Put the new moon a-top of all their churches! said the astonished skipper.

Pshaw! said the traveller, that's a lie, for I remember there was no such thing on the steeples that I saw, and many is the good time I have seen their churches; aye, and been in them too. When I was there, I never saw the new moon, or the old one either, any where else but in the sky, not I.

I don't mean the new moon, its own self, said the innkeeper, but a *statute* of the new moon, as I take it.

That's flat idolatry, says a little demure personage, in grey clothes; for the scriptur says, thou shalt not worship any thing in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath: now the moon, you can't deny, is a thing in heaven: now to make a graven image of the moon, why that's a profane idol; why that's to be no better than a heathen, dy'e see me.

Aye, resumed the innkeeper, and what's worse than all that, they've no pews in their churches. So, Pat says, he heard say, for he did not see it himself. Becase why? why becase they won't let no christian go into their churches. If he goes in, what do they do? says I to Pat. Why, says he, they take and sacrifice him to the new moon, he says.

Why, said the demure personage, if a man goes into a such like place, 'tis my belief he's an idolater. He's no conscientious christian. The scriptur says, who can touch pitch and not be defiled?

And then, too, continued the innkeeper, they never rings no bells to call people to church, but the clargyman goes to the top of the steeple and calls out to the people to come, and then they takes and goes: and then, too, what's oddest of all, they keep Sundays on Fridays. And they call the Bible the *Go run*.

Why that, says the man in grey, is worst of all, to keep Sundays on Fridays. Why they're no better, as a body may say, than a parcel of sabbath-breakers. God forbid I should be uncharitable, but it's my belief that no good can come of such doings. The scriptur saith.....

As to that, interrupted the traveller, you may think as you please, to be sure, Mr. Elmslie, but my notion is, that all days is alike.

This declaration aroused the zeal of Mr. Elmslie, and he set himself in the *hold forth* attitude immediately. The traveller continued: I'll bet you a bowl of jorum (here, Tom, bring us another bottle, you dog, and some sugar); I'll prove it you as plain as the nose in your face.

I lays no wagers, says the theologian; I am for plain downright arguing, dy'e see, from scriptur.... Mark that: I sticks to scriptur.

Being anxious to hear the innkeeper repeat a little more of his brother Pat's account of Egypt, I here interfered between the disputants with....Pray, gentlemen, let us have the jorum first, and this weighty matter may be settled afterwards. Meanwhile, let us have more of Mr. M'Dowal's account of Egypt.

Why, says M'Dowal, I don't know as how as I remember much more of what Pat told us....Aye! he said, that every man there has a dozen wives; that women never go to market, a shopping, nor a gossip-

ing as they do in christian countries, because the men are affeared they'll run off: so they keeps them locked up all their lives, and they don't go nowhere's; not even to church.

Mr. Elmslie heaved a deep sigh....

And then there's a sort of people there, Pat said; he called them *mammy looks*, that are always on horseback, and they are great lords, and they do what they please among the people. They never go out but they cut off the heads of somebody, especially christians. If one of them there *mammy looks* meets a christian, why he'll cut him down with his broad sword as soon as look at him....Sarvice to you, gentlemen, putting the jorum to his lips. Pat says, they makes no more of drinking the blood of us christians, than I do this jorum.

Here Mr. Elmslie's devout exclamations awakened the disputatious zeal of the traveller, and the talk was turned upon the equality between the value of a christian's life with that of a Jew's or a pagan's. I shall not follow them in this digression, but end here, with the ending of my paper. So, adieu. H. L.

For the Literary Magazine.

FALSE PREJUDICE AGAINST MUSIC,

He that hath not music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE doctrine of sounds is a study against which no conscience can revolt, because it is the attribute of man to enquire into the causes of things, and he is wont to consider it as the best evidence of his not abusing the faculties bestowed on him by his bountiful Creator. Our enquiries on this head have taught us, that sounds are produced on the organs of hearing by *vibration*, and therefore the drum of the ear is analogous to the instrument whence it is named. The effect of vibration is beautifully exemplified in the reverberation of an echo, and in the lessening tones of a bell after being struck.

The science of harmony is founded upon the number and regularity of the vibrations in strings of different lengths and thicknesses; a short thick piece of metal being struck, vibrates with amazing rapidity, while one of the same length but less thickness has a slower motion in proportion as it is extended with less force. Two strings of equal length and thickness, being extended with unequal power, produce an unpleasant sensation on the organ of hearing; but if the two are equally tightened, the effect is agreeable, because an equal *number* of vibrations is produced by each string in the same period of time; the *tone* is the same, because the two strings, of equal thickness, strike the air with equal force. Strings of different sizes and lengths, although producing different tones, and an unequal number of vibrations, nevertheless harmonize together, when the *number* and *force* of the vibrations proceed in regular proportions, and occur in regular periods. The art of forming instruments to produce harmonious sounds, depends upon this extensive variety of vibrations, requiring to produce them a succession of strings, gradually encreasing in length and thickness. In a pianoforte the length of the smallest string is only a few inches, while that of the longest extends to six feet.

Can it be more offensive to the conscience of a good man that he should hear two strings, vibrating thus regularly, and in unison, than to hear them vibrating irregularly, thereby producing discord? If it is, to be consistent with himself, he should delight in the clashing of shovel and tongs, and the confusion of tongues; if married, he should prefer the sounds of discontent to the sweetest accordance of sentiment, and should seek occasions to procure from his children an eternal succession of squalling, whining, and screaming. Who is he that is

offended with echo, who quarrels with the birds, because they sing, and hates to hear an infant laugh? Let me avoid his path. Yet, if he does no harm, O pity this sad disease of his mind, and seek him next in bedlam.

The fact is, that all good men, provided they are in health, love music; and it is only the prejudice of an illiberal education which induces them to affect a disapprobation of it. I have seen such as these, when they have thought themselves unseen, listening with rapture to the strains of harmony, and at the moment their consciences have acquitted them of harm.

Music may not be a necessary of life, but it is an innocent sensation of it; it may not do much good, but it can do no harm; it may be a little expensive, but it is not so much so, as the skirts to our coats, as fur hats instead of leather ones, as carpets, mahogany tables, silver spoons, carriages, and extensive houses. But when this music is produced at the expence of others, surely it is cheap enough to hear, and reasonable enough to be pleasing.

Music, the knowledge of which I forbear to call an accomplishment, since the term is in bad repute, but which I would call the divine restorer and harmonizer of the soul, is a talent in its practice spreading more delight than almost any other, and a delight unfelt by the bosom which at the time harbours aught of inhumanity. The only objection of any weight comes from the rigid economist of time; yet of him I would ask, are there to be no moments of relaxation? Must the bow be always bent? The harmless tenants of the grove, between their intervals of labour, in the search for food, exult in notes of joy, which excite the sympathy of all animated nature. And shall man alone persist in his sullen misery, nor dare to express one note of pleasure, one gay effusion of gratitude?

While we are disposed to excuse the visionary objections which are inherited from our forefathers, whose piety was incensed at the association of music with the rites of superstition, as it would be madness to prefer pain to pleasure, deformity to beauty, so should it be not to love harmony, at least as much as we abhor discord. If the frenzy of Saul was assuaged by the harp of David, many an evil-brooding brain has been harmonized by music's thrilling chords, and the savage breast been taught to vibrate in concert with its companions of humanity; for it is a sentiment taught by universal experience, that

"He that hath not music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil."

VERITAS.

For the Literary Magazine.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Continued.

SUCH were my sensations at this time; such were the thoughts that passed through my brain. But to proceed. Notwithstanding the appearance of the mendicant denoted extreme misery, not a hand was extended for his relief. Whether my companions thought him an unworthy object, or whether each waited for the other to set an example which he was willing to follow, I know not; however, he received nothing from any of the company. I pitied him sincerely, and would have most cheerfully contributed to his relief; but such was the force of example, that I was ashamed to be the first to begin, and the poor man was obliged to retire, bare and pennyless as he came. Even while pity pleaded in his behalf, my heart felt the impulse of benevolence, and my mind acknowledged the justice of his claim, yet, for want of an example, did my hand refuse to obey their direction.

Nor do I believe my case is an

unique one. I believe many, nay perhaps the majority of men, would have acted the same part, in my situation. I believe they too would have suffered their judgment to be swayed by the conduct of others, for man seems disinclined to act in opposition to his company, particularly where his interest is not materially concerned; he fears, in cases like mine, he may be supposed to wish to impress the minds of his company with a high idea of his benevolence, and his modesty shrinks from the apparent assumption of superior virtue. Yet I ought to have acted independently; I ought to have obeyed the impulse of charity, listened to the tale of woe, and contributed to its relief. But I acted otherwise; truth obliges me to relate that, which pride and self-love would conceal, and candour requires that, while commenting on the errors of others, I should not conceal my own.

Alas! poor human nature! how dost thou err, even in spite of conviction! What art thou, O man, that thou pridest thyself on thy superior powers? why dost thou say to thyself, "Behold, I am wise, and gifted with understanding;" when thy judgment can be swayed or overruled by the dread of singularity; and the noblest gift of Heaven wrought upon like yielding wax, liable alike to bear the stamp of folly and the impression of wisdom?

Yet such is man; such he has always been, and such he will probably remain. Example is the sceptre by which he may be swayed; by this he may be led to the commission of deeds, which would otherwise never, perhaps, entered his imagination. This will rouse his slumbering courage, and tempt him to brave the dangers of the battle, the fatigues of a camp, and all the accumulated miseries of war; this will induce him to fly like a coward from the conflict, when the liberty of his country, its laws, and religion, are in danger of being overturned; when his property, his family, his all, depend upon his valour, it will make him leave the foe to trample on those fields, moistened with the blood of his ancestors, and gained by their valour. It will open his purse at the call of humanity, or restrain the noblest movements of a generous mind and a susceptible heart. It will induce him to sacrifice even his interest at its altar, and draw forth that fund, which should cheer him in the day of adversity, to be applied to those purposes which folly and fashion may direct, even in despite of the claims of justice, the dictates of judgment, or the suggestions of prudence.

Can it be supposed that, in a numerous army, there should be none who, in the hour of danger, would rather fly than face the foe? Can they all be actuated by a love of their country, or a sense of the perils which hang impending over it? No: it is example, it is the dread of shame, of disgrace, and infamy, which actuates many; how gladly would they retire, were it not for these powerful motives, and intrust the welfare of their country to fortune, accident, or Providence.

Nor, when an army flies before another of inferior strength, should we brand all its members with the name of cowards; a few defective men may infect numbers with the same timidity by which they are actuated: fear, like courage, is supported and spread by example..... Many are the examples of this kind which history affords, and many have been the expedients which brave and prudent commanders have resorted to, to counteract its destructive effects; they have sent those who pleased back from the field of action to the camp, for those things which they might have forgotten, thereby freeing the army of its most dangerous members. When a whole regiment of —— militia retreated early in an engagement during our revolutionary war, general —— gave out that they were ordered to retreat, and thereby prevented the remainder of the army from flying before an enemy no stronger than himself. Recollection and

reading will afford many instances of similar conduct, and the consequences evince how well these men understood the human heart, and the secret causes by which its motions are stimulated and directed.

VALVERDI.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. IV.

QUOTATIONS.

I NEVER read a work overloaded with quotations, without being forcibly reminded of the severe remark of Young—

To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied,
Both show alike our poverty and pride.

Several writers have remarked and reproved the practice, but small wits, to whom only such observations are applicable, are still incorrigible. A writer who pours the vein of his satire on them, says they are as proud of exhibiting verses from Horace and Virgil, as a schoolboy after Christmas of repeating *Propria quæ maribus.*

The only praise to which a good quoter can aspire is that of having a retentive memory; and not even that in a great degree, for books are now, thanks to modern literary pursuits, so well provided with indices and notes, that parallel passages may be found without much difficulty. To show with what ease a letter might be interspersed with quotations, Melmoth wrote to his friend:

——But will you come and see me? No;

Business must be dispatch'd ere thou canst go;
Nor canst thou stir, unless there be
A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,
And many a mule and many a cart.

Indeed I am very dull without you, notwithstanding the gay season is approaching.

Omnia nunc rident, at si formosus Alexis
Albeat his montibus, videas et flumina sicca.

When thou art from me every place is desart,
And I methinks am savage and forlorn.
The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day.

But the case is very different with me when I enjoy your company, my friend! and I may say, with Dryden,

Winds murmur'd thro' the leaves your short delay,
And fountains o'er their pebbles chid your stay,
But, with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher greens at your return.

I am sorry that Mrs. —— behaves so strangely on her son's marriage, but one may ask, in the words of Virgil,

Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

Yet she might have been warned by many unhappy examples of her conduct:

Now ponder well, ye parents dear, &c.

But mothers-in-law seldom consider any thing except their own interest; and Ovid's observation is often too true:

Lurida terribiles miscent aconita novercæ.

It is strange that those who have children by a first marriage should venture on a second; for marriage is always a lottery: not that

——I would blemish all the fair;
But yet if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware,
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the snare.

I should be glad if you would tell me what the world is doing, now and then. We hear nothing in this solitary part,

Save when arrives the weekly caravan,
With news of human kind.

But the master of the caravan is now dead, and we are very badly off. Poor wight!

——He did most plainly prove,
He could no longer live, than he could move.

O fortunate puer! tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

I am perfectly well at present, not even a head-ache to complain of!

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Adieu, my dear friend,

Vale, memor nostri!

—

DUELLING.

The point of *honour*, or duelling, is a modern invention, as well as gallantry; and by some esteemed equally useful in the refinement of manners: but how it has contributed to that effect I am at a loss to determine. Conversation, among the greatest rustics, is not commonly infested with such rudeness as can give occasion to duels, even according to the most refined laws of this fantastic honour; and, as to the other small indecencies, which are the most offensive, because the most frequent, they can never be cured by the practice of duelling. But these notions are not only *useless*, they are also *pernicious*. By separating the man of honour from the man of virtue, the greatest profligates have got something to value themselves upon, and have been able to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and most dangerous vices. They are debauchees, spendthrifts, and never pay a farthing they owe. But they are men of honour; and therefore are to be received as gentlemen in all companies.

—

THE HENRIADE.

I believe the French have few works which they value so highly as the Henriade. The extravagant praises which have been lavished upon it by the king of Prussia, M. Marmontel, and Cocchi, have induced me to read it. I need scarcely add how amply my trouble was compensated. What, asks the last of these panegyrists, can be more interesting than to see a rebellion stifled, the legitimate heir of a throne combating in support of his title, obliged even to besiege his rebellious capital, and yet displaying in all his actions the enterprize, the valour, the prudence, and the generosity of a hero. It is true, that in his poem Voltaire has taken some slight liberties with historical facts; but, notwithstanding these events are recent and notorious, still the ingenuity of the poet has given them such an appearance of probability, that their deviation from the strict line of truth ought not to be regarded by a reader accustomed to consider a poem only as an imitation of nature, and composed of ingenious fictions.

All the praises which a writer merits for a judicious choice of subject are due to Voltaire. He relates the ever-memorable massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the murder of the third Henry, the dreadful battle of Ivry, and the famine of Paris: events which are no less extraordinary and terrible than they are true; and they are all represented with such admirable skill, that they excite in the spectator the alternate emotions of horror and compassion.

The number of actors in the Henriade is not very great, but they are remarkable in their places, and their manners are painted with a discriminating pencil.

But the hero, Henry IV, is distinguished by the variety of traits which form his character. We behold valour and prudence, humanity and love, continually striving to gain an ascendancy, and yet all uniting to promote his glory.

His intimate friend, Mornai, is a rare character: he is a learned philosopher, a valiant soldier, a prudent and good man.

The invisible beings, without whose assistance no poet would dare to undertake a poem, are well managed, and not altogether incredible. Such, for instance, are the ghost of St. Louis and some personifications of the human passions; yet the author has invoked their assistance so seldom, and with so much judgment, that we always see they are allegories.

In observing how this poem always sustains its dignity, without being crowded with supernatural and omnipotent agents, I have been confirmed in an opinion, which I have frequently maintained, that the places and occupations of these invisible beings might be supplied by real actors, as in tragedy, without any loss to epic poetry. This remark may be justified by the examples of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and Milton, in whose works we shall find that the most admired parts are not those in which we are addressed by the gods, the devils, the fates, and the ghosts: on the contrary, all this excites our ridicule, without producing in the heart those sympathetic sentiments which we feel at the representation of a noble action, proportionate to the capacity of man, and which is not beyond the regions of probability. It is for this reason that I admire the judgment of the poet, who, in order to confine this fiction within the bounds of truth and the human faculties, has conveyed his hero to heaven and to hell in a dream, as in a vision all these things may appear very natural, and are credible.

Upon the constitution of the universe and the laws of nature, on morals, and on the ideas which we have of virtue and vice, of good and evil, Voltaire has written with so much force and elegance, that we are almost inclined to ascribe to him the knowledge of a superior being, intimately acquainted with all that is rational in the system of modern philosophy. He invokes all science to his aid, in order to inspire a general philanthropy, and a detestation of cruelty and fanaticism, throughout human nature. Equally the enemy of irreligion, he has, in the disputes which depend upon revelation, and which, therefore, cannot be determined by human reason, modestly, and yet decisively, given the preference to the Roman doctrine, many of the obscurities of which his pen has illuminated.

In order to criticise his style, it would be necessary to understand the full force and the nice discriminations of his language: a knowledge which is almost impossible to be attained by a stranger, but without which we cannot fully appreciate the purity of his diction. All that I will say of it is, that his verse appears easy and harmonious to the ear, and that in the poem I have found little puerile, little lame, and but few false sentiments, from which faults the best poets are not exempted. We find them sometimes, but rarely, in Homer and Virgil. I have often thought I discovered strong marks of resemblance with the Iliad, but I have also found an infinite number of beauties which belong only to the Henriade. Such are, for example, the excellent allegory in the fifth canto, where he relates the lamentable death of Henry III, and his noble reflections on his execrable assassin. There is also some novelty in the ingenious contemplations on future punishments. A single line gives us more insight into the character of the

amiable MORNAL, than we could derive from whole pages of ordinary writers:

"He fought without wishing to kill any one."

The death of the gallant young D'Ailly, killed by his own father, who did not know him, is told with such pathos, that I could scarcely refrain from tears when I read it. There is a similar incident in Tasso, but that of Voltaire, being related with greater elegance, appears equally new, and is more sublime.

His verses upon friendship are irresistably beautiful, and he has scarcely equalled them, unless it be in his description of the modest d'Estrées.

In this poem are dispersed a thousand beauties, which evince its author to have been born with an exquisite taste, which he has increased by an indefatigable study of all kinds of science.

The difficulties which he had to surmount are almost innumerable. He had the prejudice of all Europe, and especially of his own countrymen, who believed that an epic poem could not be written in the French tongue; he was intimidated by the sad example of many who had miserably failed in this glorious task; and he had yet to encounter the superstitious veneration of the learned for Homer and Virgil..... With all this he had a constitution so feeble and delicate, that any other, not so desirous of his own reputation, and the honour of his nation, would have been entirely deterred from undertaking any literary labour. But the genius of Voltaire rose superior to all these impediments. He showed to the world that his language would support an an epic; he taught his unsuccessful contemporaries that it was their want of genius which prevented their success; he convinced the admirers of Homer and Virgil that epic poetry was not confined to ancient times.

THE FEMALE SEX.

The benevolent author of the universe, consulting only the happiness of his creatures, has appointed various means to promote the sweet union of love. Probably for this reason alone he constituted a difference of sexes. And what has he not done for the female of our own species to make her amiable in our eyes?

All the soft and winning graces, the sweet smiles of winning beauty, the obedient blush of modesty, the charming fears of dependent weakness, and the tender apprehensions of the feeling heart, are for this purpose appropriated to that lovely sex. By what fine proportions, what nicely moulded features, what expressive eyes, what delicate complexions, are many of them distinguished! Many of them, whose beauty is their least praise: for theirs are the finer ornaments of the mind, sense embellished and humanised by a habitual softness of manners, and knowledge collected from the labours of the muses. Theirs is the practice of every moral and social duty. All the virtues that are founded in the sensibility of the heart are eminently theirs. Pity, the attribute of angels, and friendship, the balm of life, delight to dwell in the female breast. What a forlorn, what a savage creature would man be without the meliorating offices of the gentle sex! How much are his mind and manners refined by the delicate passion of love! Is it not for the fair object of his affections that he cultivates all the embellishing and elegant graces? Does he not imitate her polished manners, and acquire, as it were by sympathy, her tender and delicate sentiments? After the endearing union of their loves and interests, when mutual confidence has removed every apprehension, what are the pleasures he may not enjoy? How are his cares softened, his prospects brightened, his delights enhanced by communication! How ungrateful,

then, should he reproach that sex, from which he derives so great a portion of virtue and true felicity!

—

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

I beg my fair readers not to shrink from this unpromising title. I mean only to introduce to them an ancient critic, with whom I think the generality of them are unacquainted. His book is entitled "A comparison of the different worthiness of those great poets, Sternhold and Hopkins, by a learned Clerk."

"It hath full sorely grieved me," says the learned clerk, "that the name of Thomas Sternhold should stand before the name of John Hopkins in the book of psalmody; for I professe master Hopkins maketh much pleasanter melodie.

"Psalm XXX. The followinge verses runne marvellous smoothe and lightely from the toungue.

"What gain is in my blood, said I,
If death destroy my days?
Can dust declare thy majesty,
Or give thy truth its praise?

"Master Hopkins understoode the daintie arte of making his lines sound like his meaning, as appeareth from his forcing the voice to sound forth *ing*, in the word sounding, as followeth:

"With ten-string'd instrument sound*ing*, &c.

"There is, moreover, maney times a daintie simpleness, and eke a tendernesse of his expression, as in psalm XXXV.

"As they had been my brethren dear, &c.

"He interrogateth with good rhetorique and cleane language.

"What, is his goodnesse quite decay'd? &c.

"He was most covetous of the words *stout* and *strong*, which thing testyfyeth his judgemente, for these words bee exceedinge poeticalle.

"But I am most delighted with his XLVI psalm, where some of the verses are to be admired as the beautie of all poetrie.

"Master Sternhold was not so wise, forasmuch as he was full often vulgareley low. And he calleth upon God to get up, as if he might be the chamberlain, as in psalm XLIV, Up, Lord, &c. And he presenteth the Almightie as if he were smoking a pipe, as psalm XVIII. And he maketh him ride upon the backs of cherubim, as tho' he could not walk.

"On cherubim and cherubim,
Full royally he rode."

These remarks are copied promiscuously from different parts of the work. The critic very faithfully cites the original, but I had not time to copy the devout but absurd psalmody of Masterres Sternhold and Hopkins.

—

NOVELS.

The forms of nature being infinitely diversified, afford an inexhaustible fund for the imitative arts; and, as long as those who practice these arts, whether painters or poets, select their objects with taste, and copy them with fidelity, the world will never cease to be delighted with their productions. Poetry, in particular, though its clothing may vary, will, in its essential characters, ever remain the same, and will always continue to be a source of elegant pleasure; and under the general term, poetry, we comprehend, with the ancient critics, all those literary productions, in which fancy collects, judgment combines, and taste expresses in suitable language, images furnished by Nature, whether the expression be subjected to the artificial restrictions of metre.

The modern novel well executed, possessing the essential characters

of poetry, perhaps even more perfectly than the ancient romance, certainly deserves a place among the works of genius; nor ought the multiplicity of insignificant or contemptible pieces, which are poured forth under this title, to preclude from notice such as possess superior merit. This circumstance rather furnishes a reason for taking some pains to bring them forward from the promiscuous crowd, in which they first appear, and to give them that distinction, to which, in every path of literature, genius is entitled.

—

The preface to a poem, which I have just read, says that the work contains "a SIMPLE, perhaps a FOOLISH story; the author will not contradict him." My readers will no doubt rejoice to have this privilege, and, in order to enjoy it, I offer them a specimen of the style.

The heroine of the piece is violently smitten with a gay officer, whom she meets at a country ball. The *next morning*, her cross uncle finds her at a breakfast table in tears, till at length

———The clock strikes ten,
The hall re-echoes with a double rap.
John enters to announce the guest. Who comes?
An officer enquires for Ophelia,
The gentleman she danc'd with, and he hopes
She finds no inconvenience from the ball.
————With a smile
She welcom'd her gay spark, she shook her head,
And introduced him, &c.

My readers would not thank me if I were to detain them in order to relate, how her uncle, provoked at her perverseness, "hasting to his desk, with bills and draughts paid all her fortune to the utmost doit, with which she hastens to her *unknown* officer; how he pockets the *bills and draughts*, and coolly advises her to return to her guardian, saying, the *bills* were freely given, and they are mine." And yet there is some good poetry in the book....so unequal is genius!

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. I.

Quis novus hic hospes?

THE attentive observer of human life has often remarked the avidity with which men pursue any favourite object, without reflecting on their capacity for, or the propriety of it. Guided by the impulse of the moment, and led away by vanity, men often in imagination perform undertakings which the attempt to realize proves they were incompetent to. This possibly will be the opinion the readers of my first essay will form of me; for I present myself

"With all my imperfections on my head;"

and they, I fear, will be found great and numerous. Should I, however, in some measure succeed, should I be so fortunate as to hear my essays commended by those whose judgment I respect, and whose good opinion would confer an honour on the writer of them, I shall undoubtedly be highly gratified, and amply compensated. Though I shall not rise to superior excellence, I hope I shall not sink into total insignificance.

Literary undertakings are only great when contrasted with the abilities engaged in them. "Little things are great to little men;" but to the strong and comprehensive mind it is different. It was not a difficult task for Dr. Johnson, after meriting the eternal gratitude and admiration of the world, by his elegant and instructive essays, contained in the Rambler and Idler, after giving an elegant, though gloomy,

view of life in his Rasselas, after producing that stupendous work, his Dictionary of the English Language, and after he had arrived at the 70th year of his age, to begin and finish a body of the most elegant, elaborate, and critical biography that ever was written. To such a man to begin a work was almost to finish it. Conscious of his superior abilities, and possessing a confidence which his well earned fame had given him, he felt himself equal to any great work. Nor did he ever estimate them too highly: if he "wrote for immortality, immortality will be his reward." Though a portion of that confidence in himself, for which he was remarkable, must naturally have resulted from the favourable reception of his literary labours, yet how many are to be found without any such criterion to judge by, who possess a far greater portion than their abilities entitle them to! This confidence has induced them to launch out far beyond their depth, and has caused them to undertake works, which, when finished with great labour, pain, and study, have only served to render them ridiculous, or which, at best, have quietly sunk into oblivion.

It will be easy to produce numerous examples to prove the truth of this remark. A more striking one could not be given than that of sir Richard Blackmore, who was, from the commencement of his career to the end of it, the subject of ridicule, and butt of satirists. It has justly been remarked, that

"The curse of scribbling is an endless itch;"

and this was, in great measure, his inducement for continuing it so long and unremittingly. Elated too by the praise bestowed by some on his Prince Arthur, he fixed the highest value on his talents, and was no way intimidated by the censure and ridicule so plenteously bestowed on it, which, he conceived, arose from the envy and jealousy of the wits and critics of the day, whom he professed to hold in sovereign contempt. Having now become an author, he published three epic poems beside the one first mentioned, with numerous other works, when, according to Johnson, the world "became weary of contending about his heroes, and benevolence was ashamed to favour, while malice was weary of insulting. Of his four epic poems the first had such reputation as enraged the critics; the second was at least enough known to be ridiculed; the two last had neither friends nor enemies."

There are charms in literature peculiarly attracting. What arguments need be advanced in support of it, or to prove that it is a source of the most refined and captivating pleasure; that it is the cause of many joys; that it can alleviate the greatest miseries, and soothe the moments of the greatest mental anguish? None; for none are necessary to those who make it their study, and are acquainted with its never-failing streams of pleasure and delight, and those who are entirely absorbed in other and meaner pursuits would never be convinced of its advantages. It is not the man of extraordinary talents alone who is captivated by literature. He who, without possessing those intellectual gifts in a high degree, attempts to write, lays himself open to censure and sarcasm. How far I shall succeed, remains yet to be determined. My essays will be composed for the amusement of a solitary hour, and whatever may be their reception from you, gentle reader, to me the writing of them will be a source of pleasure. They will have the recommendation of being short; and, as I shall visit you but once a month, I hope I shall not be considered as a disagreeable intruder. Moral and literary topics will form the subjects of my reflections: "may I hope to be heard?"

"The numerous unsuccessful attempts," says Millar, in his Retrospect, "which have been made within these few years past to revive periodical publications, seems to in-

dicate, that it is a mode of writing almost exhausted, and that to renew and carry it on requires more diligence, ability, and leisure than usually falls to the lot of those who adventure in such a field."

My undertaking is similar to that of the periodical publications here alluded to. The ground I have begun to tread has been gone over before, by an Addison, a Johnson, a Hawkesworth, a Goldsmith, a Moore, a Thornton, a Mackenzie, and therefore my readers may often have to say, whilst perusing my numbers, "Nihil est jam dictum quod non sit prius dictum."

When a person first makes his appearance in a company, he cannot feel perfectly at ease, and will frequently appear formal and disagreeable. It is not till a further acquaintance that his good qualities are discovered. This remark will, with justice, apply to myself. I hope there are none so ungenerous as to condemn me on my first introduction, but that they will wait until they can form a more correct idea of my merit, or until they are convinced of my total want of it, after which they may applaud the *Visitor*, or "kick him out of company," as he shall deserve.

F.

For the Literary Magazine.

JOB STRUTT.

NO. I.

I WANT a name for her, said my friend Mrs. M....., when asked the name of a little thing which she had ushered into existence a few weeks before.

I am surprised, said I, you should be at a loss. Has not your little one a mother, a couple of grandmothers, a dozen aunts? Either of these will be highly gratified by the honour you do her in calling your infant after her. In the case of grandmothers and aunts, a similarity of name doubles the relationship, and, at their death, the girl will probably receive, for her name's sake, a larger share, or a more signal token of the old lady's bounty, than those who have the same claims upon her affections. I think your course is extremely obvious.

The thing that puzzles me, replied Mrs. M....., is not to find a name, but to find a pretty one. My own name is Ruth, the ugliest appellative that could be invented, and which no child of mine, if I have a score of them, shall ever have. My mother's name is Nabby, or Abigail, a name fit only for chambermaids and peasants' daughters. My stepmother's name is Hannah, which is far too prim and starch. I have no sisters myself.

But Mr. M....., said I, has three.

True, said she, but their names are Peggy, Polly, and Betsey, and they are too trite and vulgar for me.

Indeed, said I, if none of these suit you, you will find it difficult to make a choice.

She replied, that she found the choice very hard, not from the scarcity but from the multitude of names which were eligible. From a great number she had, after much deliberation, selected three, among which she had determined to make her choice; but the excellencies of each were so nicely balanced, that she was extremely puzzled to decide upon the preferable. These three were Clara, Sophia, and Constantia.

We entered into a very grave discussion of the respective merits of these names, but nothing contributed so much towards enabling her to make up her mind than my hinting at the probability that she would have hereafter an opportunity of conferring all these names upon as many cherubs, but that, meanwhile, the present laudable custom would permit her to confer all of them together upon the present little lady.

This little incident led me into many reflections on the motives which actuate fathers and mothers, in conferring names upon their off-

spring. The grand motive originates in the desire to give pleasure to some relation of the family, either through the mere wish to please, or through views of a mercenary nature. When this motive does not operate, the imagination is at liberty to range through the whole vocabulary of proper names, and to chuse that which is associated with ideas of the greatest beauty and dignity. Our notions on this head are very much under the influence of prejudice and fashion.

A remarkable proof of the last remark occurs in the history of New England manners. Every body knows the views and sentiments by which the early colonists of that part of America were actuated. They were all of a devotional and scriptural nature, and all their institutions and habits were strongly tinctured from this source. This temper appeared no where so conspicuous as in their proper names, which were taken, with few exceptions, from the Old Testament. Every body knows the instances of this passion for scripture names which historians are accustomed to give, when delineating the manners of the age of Cromwell. The list of jurymen, recorded by Hume, and the remark of one of the parliamentary leaders, that the first chapter of St. Matthew would serve as the roll-call of his company, are familiar to most readers. The earliest colonists of New England carried with them the most ardent zealots of the nation, and the use of Hebrew proper names became universal among them.

This course of things is natural and comprehensible enough, but I am greatly at a loss to conceive the cause of the revolution that has lately taken place in this respect. Now, the fashion is to confer upon females none but names borrowed from the Greek and Latin, through the medium chiefly of modern novels. Some years ago, as I passed a few months in Connecticut, I happened once to be present at a public or church christening. The parents of the child were of the humblest sort, and I was not a little surprised to hear the mother say, in answer to the minister's enquiry what name he should confer, "Lindamira Philomela." My surprise, however, was confined to myself; nobody around me seemed to be struck as with any thing extraordinary. My surprise was increased, when the clergyman proceeded to describe the infant as the daughter of Holofiernes and Jerusha Capper. The contrast which appeared, in this case, between ancient and modern manners, made nobody smile but myself, and I afterwards found that most of the young ladies present had names of the same romantic kind, while the old folks formed a long catalogue of Susannahs, Bulahs, Dinahs, and the like.

A friend of mine has since furnished me with a list of young ladies who were present at a ball, in one of the new settlements in Genesee. It is well known that this district is almost entirely inhabited by emigrants from New England. This list is so curious, that I cannot resist the temptation to insert it here. It is generally acknowledged, that proper names reflect no small light upon manners, and the following catalogue may be as instructive and amusing to the next generation as the Praise-God Barebones and the Kill-sin Pimples of the last age are to us.

Cynthia Mosely,
Clarissa Chapins,
Minerva Taylor,
Clarinda Taylor,
Roxalana Taylor,
Panthea Atwater,
Lavinia Sandburn,
Laura Barlow,
Lucinda Barlow,
Delia Williams,
Juliana Williams,
Ardella Fulton,
Electa Murray,
Artimesia Heard,
Lemira Heard,
Orilla Faunins,
Morinna Norton,
Louisa Phelps,

Monetta Vanilla Jillet,
Philomela Gill,
Theodosia Stirrup,
Statira Penny,
Sackarissa Stokes,
Laodamea Eccles,
Sophia Louisa Tubman.

I have rambled away into a dissertation upon the names of men and women, when I sat down merely to ruminate upon a name proper to confer upon my own lucubrations. I have formed the resolution to write a series of essays. As to their subject, I purpose to rely upon the suggestions of the moment; but a name must be immediately discovered and adopted.

Though a name, on such occasions, is matter of so little real moment, we are generally extremely puzzled to make a choice. Miscellaneous essays cannot be reduced to any comprehensive title, and there is generally a humourous opposition between the title and the theme of the lucubration. The Lounger, the Tatler, the Rambler, the Idler are all names which have not the least relation to the tenor of the works to which they are attached. They seem to have been adopted by chance, or through wantonness.

After much reflection, I have finally determined to affix to these essays *my own name*. I might, indeed, have hit upon imaginary names, more musical and pleasing to the ear, and have bestowed it on myself without any danger of detection. When I first took up the pen, I let it run on, under the conviction that it might light upon some grand and beautiful assemblage of sounds; but, by the time I reached the last name in the above romantic catalogue, I settled down into the sober and reasonable resolution to dispense with all affectation and fiction, and employ the identical name which I received in baptism.

Job Strutt is not the most musical and sounding of human names. It borrows not much dignity from association. Job the patient was, indeed, a respectable personage enough, but the name does not seem to have affected modern ears and fancies very agreeably, for I do not recollect a single personage of any consequence, in European annals, by the name of *Job*. No king, that I recollect, no general, no poet, no philosopher has ever honoured this name with his acceptance. In such general disrepute is this mouth-filling monosyllable held, that nobody ever dreams of conferring it even upon negroes, horses, dogs, or parrots, a fastidousness for which I never could account.

I have often thought myself unfortunate in being dubbed with this abrupt and surly appellation; and even at this day, which is the fortieth anniversary of my birth, I am never called upon to write it or pronounce it without being out of countenance. I know my scruples are silly, and that names borrow their significance entirely from the character of those that wear them, and that had I been honoured with the most superb appellation that a congress of grammarians could invent, I should be valued and esteemed exactly according to my personal merits. But though Alexander, Maximilian, or Horatio will not rescue the bearer from any contempt or detestation to which his character and conduct may justly entitle him, it is to be feared that a strong prejudice connected with a name, will operate a little to the disadvantage of the wearer. It is always desirable to have the first impression which we make upon others a favourable one, and the world, as every body knows, is governed by names.

I once asked my mother why she gave me this name. She told me it was entirely my father's doings..... The book of Job was his favourite study, and his grand consolation in all the evils and crosses of human life, and the poor man had his share. The old gentleman, indeed, was something of a poet; but the only sample now extant of his poetical propensities was a version of the

book of Job. He was determined to perpetuate his veneration for the patriarch, by giving the name to his first, and, as it turned out, his only son, and all my mother's gainsaying availed nothing. She was strenuous for *Theodore*, which, besides its beauty as a mere succession of sounds, and its merits, considering its significance as a compound word, was the name of her father and brother. The poor woman had set her heart upon *Theodore*, and to be thwarted in this darling hope was a misfortune she could hardly endure. When the death of my father put an end to the hopes she had never ceased to cherish, that she should have an opportunity of conferring her darling name on a second son, a scheme which my father acquiesced in, her grief was deepened by despair. It is hard to penetrate the motives of people, even in the most important actions of their lives; but, for my part, I have very little doubt that to rid herself of the odious name of *Strutt*, and procure an opportunity of giving to her offspring the name of *Theodore*, were the principal motives which reconciled her to a second marriage. Poor woman! Heaven cursed her, as is usual, with the grant of her own wishes, for her *Theodore* is unluckily distinguished by a hump on his back, and by a temper as crooked and perverse as his body.

As to my second name, Strutt, how the deuce my family came to be saddled with it I cannot imagine. All names were, probably, in their original, nicknames, that is, were descriptive, or designed to be descriptive, of some quality or circumstance about them. My ancestor, I suppose, was of a haughty and aspiring character and port: but they must have owed the loftiness of their deportment to some innate elevation of mind, for, so far as I have been able to trace their history, there was nothing, in their outward circumstances, of which they could reasonably boast. I am loath to say it, but it is in vain to deny, that my family, from my great-grandfather downward, have been hereditary coblers.

Upon second thoughts.....but I have drawn out this essay to a sufficient length, and shall, therefore, for the present, end here.

For the Literary Magazine.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A Fragment.

.....WHEN we reach a new year's day, we reach an eminence in the journey of life, where we are naturally prompted to pause, from which we have an opportunity of seeing a large portion of the road we have passed, and are powerfully induced to cast our view forward in search of futurity. Each one who has attained this height looks back and looks forward on a scene, and with emotions, peculiar to himself. What are my emotions? what is the scene which I have passed, and what the prospects which futurity discloses to *my* anxious view?

Thirty-four years have now gone over me. They still find me on the surface of the earth alive, erect. What has become of all those who came into existence at the same time! How many have come to an untimely end! How many have been cut off ere the prime of life! How many of my own favourite companions, my chosen friends, now sleep in an early grave! And how chequered have been their destinies!

My earliest and infantile playmate, with whom I used to *play horses*, and con the *ABC* together, though born to elevated prospects, endowed with good capacity, and improved by a learned education, trod the paths of idleness and dissipation, which terminated in the loss of reason. For years he resided in the hospital for lunatics, and it is not many months since his body, long infected with the decay which had previously devoured his mind, was consigned to a nameless grave.

The period of infancy past, it was my lot to form the most intimate alliance with a youth, whose moral habits were as blameless as his studious propensities were laudable. The neglect of a nurse, in childhood, made him an incurable cripple, and contributed, no doubt, to stimulate his zeal in those pursuits which promised him, in usefulness and glory, a compensation for his bodily infirmities.

After much self-debate he devoted himself to the medical science; but, alas! his intense application soon overturned his already tottering fabric, and he died before his twentieth year. Many times, during our intercourse, had he occasion to sit beside my sick bed, and often did he predict that ere the next sun should rise, I should draw my last breath. Yet it was my lot to follow *him* to his grave.

Since that period many have been the friendships which accident has led me to form. As often as my choice was made, did death step to ravish my beloved companion from my arms. It is not many months since I witnessed the departure of the third among them.

Why, in thus dealing out destruction, has a mysterious destiny spared me? My merits have been unspeakably inferior to those whose loss I lament. The spacious circle of the world, and the small circle of relations and friends, would have had much less reason to deplore *my* death than *theirs*. *They* were the pride, the boast, the hope of all connected with them. *I* have hitherto lived, and, such is the omnipotence of evil habits, shall hereafter live without glory to myself, or felicity or benefit to those around me.

I have been most unfortunate in possessing a character, and imbibing habits, which merit nothing but poverty and ignominy; which have invariably and incessantly committed to hazard life, health, fame, and competence. Most fortunate have I been in possessing friends, and meeting circumstances, which supplied the place of merit, and have given me every good that fancy could image, in spite of my own nefarious indolence, or perverse activity.

Always has my heart sighed for a conjugal companion. What has ever been my favourite, though hopeless, dream? That a woman, in whom personal, intellectual, and moral excellence should be enshrined, should give herself to me. That I should ever light on such a being; that such a being, when found, should ever deign to bind herself to me; that my own condition should ever be such, when such a consenting being were found, as to allow us the choice of the inseparable life, were always regarded as impossible. They were phantoms of a gay, ideal world, laboriously created, and illumining my fancy for a moment, merely to leave, when they withdrew, a more dreary and palpable obscurity behind them.

In this has a benign Providence been particularly propitious. Do I not possess all that I wished? All that surpassed my hopes, and far outstripped my deserts, has showered itself down upon me; and this anniversary has risen with more felicities to my view, than any former one: felicities which want nothing but stability and long continuance to make full the cup of my desires.....

Jan. 1, 1805. X.

For the Literary Magazine.

HUMPHREYS' WORKS.

THE Miscellaneous Works of David Humphreys, Esq., Minister Extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, have been lately republished in New York. Most of the poetical pieces contained in this volume were written and published either during the American war, or shortly after its termination. Their merit, therefore, has long ago been settled by the public opinion.

The author's modesty appears to have inspired him with a notion that his name was already not at all, or but little known to his readers. He has therefore thought proper to collect as many recommendatory scraps and notices as possible, and to put them in front of his book, that they may make a favourable impression. To appear in public with all the badges and insignia of our rank, and all the tokens of the public regard, conspicuously displayed and hung about us, may, at first, appear to argue a little vanity, but, rightly considered, it may more properly be deemed an indication of a self-disclaiming disposition.

To say truth, colonel Humphreys is no inconsiderable poet, and had he more rarely introduced *himself* into the poetical canvas, he would not, therefore, have attracted *less* notice. The reader is, indeed, frequently amused by the ingenuity displayed by the author in hitching in his own merits and exploits, where they would naturally be least expected.

His principal poems are of a kind not easily described. They are national or political descants, in which the nation is made the subject of encomium, and its future glories pourtrayed with a very liberal fancy. A poem on American industry has been written lately, and the views it contains are equally recommended by their truth, and by the ornaments with which a classical fancy has invested them.

Many passages might be selected from each of these poems, in which a high degree of poetical excellence is to be found; but their merit is too generally acknowledged, and their tenor too familiarly known, to justify quotation or comment. There are also, candour compels us to acknowledge, many passages which require the pruning or the lopping hand.

The principal prose performance in this volume is the life of Putnam: not a very profound, but a truly entertaining and agreeable piece of biography.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHESNUTS AND RAIL TIMBER.

TO prevent chesnuts being destroyed by the moles, when planted, let them be planted with the burs on; this has been successfully practised in New Jersey, on a large scale, by a Frenchman. At the age of three years, he cuts them down (or heads them down, agreeably to Forsyth), and when they have timber enough for a few rails, they may be again cut down.

In those parts of the United States in which the *beech and maple* predominate, rail timber is well supplied from the white ash, wild cherry, birch, and hemlock. This last will not split from the centre, but must be sliced from the outside, which makes the splitting easy. This is much practised in New England, and the rails are very durable.

For the Literary Magazine.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY EPOCHAS.

THE French revolution having now apparently drawn to a close, it may not be uninteresting to take a short view of the revolutionary epochas.

May 5, 1789. States general met at Versailles.

October 6. The king brought from Versailles to Paris.

June 21, 1791. The king fled from Paris....brought back from Varennes.

September 14. The king accepts the constitution.

June 20, 1792. The king assaulted in the Thuilleries.

August 10. The Thuilleries taken, and the king takes refuge in the legislative assembly.

September 22. Convention met..... royalty abolished.....republican year commenced.

January 21, 1793. The king beheaded.

May 31, 1793. Brissotine party

arrested....condemned 9th, and guillotined the 10th Brumaire.

July 27, 1794. Roberspierrian party guillotined....10th Thermidor, 2d year.

September 22, 1795. New constitution put in force of five directors.

September 4, 1797. Two directors and fifty-two deputies arrested for a conspiracy to introduce royalty....18th Fructidor, 5th year.

November 9, 1799. Bonaparte seizes the reins of government (18th Brumaire) and establishes the consulat.

December 15, 1799. Bonaparte named first consul.

June 14, 1800. Battle of Marengo.

August 4, 1802. Bonaparte made first consul for life, with power to name a successor.

———— 1804. Bonaparte made emperor.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONNET, BY HAYLEY.

In a letter to a correspondent in America.

"The remark you make on Pope's too limited prospect of his own posthumous renown had occurred to me, a few years ago, and gave rise to a sonnet (reserved with many others in manuscript), which I will transcribe as a proof of our sympathy on this subject."

"READ in one island! in one age forgot!"
Such was the poet's view of bounded fame,
When pensive Pope explained his serious aim;
But as the palace rises from the lot,
See Fortune aggrandize his narrow spot!
See a new Britain in the west proclaim
Through social regions his re-echoed name,
While boundless glory is his brilliant lot!

Earth thus expanding to befriend the bard;
Poetic genius! with a grander scope
Spread thy bold wing; and with thy eagle-Hope,
Bask under heaven's illuminated cope.
Be this thy task, a task sublimely hard,
Improve the growing world, and win its just regard.

SELECTED.

TO THE NEW MOON.

OH stay awhile thy silver horn,
That hastens now so fast away,
Adown the western pathway borne,
Closing the rear of parting day!

Sweet queen of heaven! thou canst not find
In all thy daily circled course,
One who more feels within his mind
Thy soft persuasive beauty's force.

Thou goest o'er the lonely deep
To waste thy splendour on the tide,
Where only sea-born monsters sweep,
Unheeding of thy beamy pride;

Or on some woody mountain's head,
Canadian wilds shall drink thy ray;
Where savage tygers prowling tread,
And savage men more fierce than they;

Or on the long Atlantic shore,
The realm of trade thy view shall greet,

Where busy labour plies the oar,
And jostles in the crouded street.

Unhonour'd and unnotic'd there,
Thou shalt illume the lonely sky:
Then why to these dull sons of care,
Bright queen, dost thou so quickly fly?

Do these allure thee to the west?
Dost thou prefer these scenes to me?
Nor can a poet's woe-fraught breast
Claim any privilege from thee?

The idlest of the idle train,
The meanest too, with heart forlorn,
He pours to thee his lonely strain,
And gazes on thy parting horn.

He hails thee as a well known friend,
A friend of past and better days;
To thee his fond affections tend,
His sad heart lightens in thy rays.

But not for man's frail plaints her laws
Shall constant nature e'er suspend,
Or stop th' unintermitting cause,
Whence planets in their orbits tend.

Ah no! tho' once a hero's tongue
Bade thee on Ajalon stand still,
No wandering poet's feeble song
Can stay thee on thy western hill.

Unmindful of his ardent prayer,
Thou shalt thy steady course pursue,
And to each clime alike shalt bear
Of light and joy proportion due.

Oh could I mount and soar with thee,
Far, far above this world of care!
And, sailing with thee o'er the sea,
Look down upon the nether air!

Then, as upon the mimic sphere,
We'd trace each river's waving line,
Each gloomy wood, each desart drear,
Each long-drawn mountain's craggy spine;

And view where Europe roll'd beneath,
Her plains to despot pow'r resign'd,
Her streams so late distain'd with death,
Nor sigh to leave the scene behind;

And where old Ocean heav'd below
In billowy pride his vast expanse,
Mark how his swelling waters glow,
As shifting moon-beams o'er them dance.

And there, perhaps, we should survey,
While o'er their barks the sea-spray flies,
Unhappy men who long for day;—
But day on them shall never rise.

Still westward in our course we glide,
And to our view the land appears,
Once the lov'd source of swelling pride,
Still lov'd, but ah! the source of tears.

That land whence Order slow retires,
And headlong Faction rears her claim;
Where Freedom kindled patriot fires,
* But Commerce quench'd the rising flame.

Yet tho' the realm of trade it be,
Full gladly there with thee I'd roam;
It still has many charms for me,
For 'tis my country—'tis my home.—

And liberal Nature there has spread,
To soothe the feeling mind, her stores:
Green groves there nod the lofty head,
And winding waters wash the shores.

And there, more worth than groves or streams,
The living life of beauty shines,
From many an eye its lustre gleams,
And many a heart its force refines.

And tho' with thee secure I range
Across the blue star-sprinkled plain,
'Tis beauty bids me wish to change,
And lures me back to earth again.

But ah, I dream!—no starry plain
My weary wandering footsteps tread;
No native land appears again,
Beneath in varied prospect spread;

* The author does not mean to depreciate the value of commerce, of whose importance to the national prosperity, when confined within its proper channel, he is fully sensible. His only aim is to protest against a mercantile spirit which has been so frequently manifested in the legislative deliberations of his country, where there have been found men, who, when the dearest interests of the nation are at stake, sit down calmly to calculate the expence of defending them, and who conclude when money is saved nothing is lost.

No once lov'd beauty cheers my sight;
But whilst I cast my eyes around,
Yon castle, on the rocky height,
Tells me I tread on Scottish ground.—

Go then, and from this troubled breast
Its vain regrets, its wishes bear!
Go, give thy glories to the west!
Go! while the *Wanderer* tarries here,

And thou wilt find one little spot,
Where busy Trade does not intrude,
By pompous Art almost forgot,
But lov'd by musing Solitude.

When o'er that spot thy rays shall stream,
Roll not unheeding through the sky,
Steal gently down one brighter beam,
And let it glance on Delia's eye.

That eye, responsive to thy light,
Shall tremble with a brighter ray,
For well she loves to woo the night,
When thou thy crescent dost display.

And often when the young and gay,
Crouded the lustre-lighted room,
She, not unmark'd, has hied away,
To hail the twilight's dusky gloom.

And oft alone shall she be seen,
When thou shalt in the west be found,
And by the wonted pillar lean,
Where twines the honey-suckle round.

Let then no cloud obscure thy face,
No brooding tempest threaten near,
But one mild blue the welkin grace,
And silence rest upon the air.

For while to lonely musing given,
Her thoughts to former days may flee,
And 'mid the pleasures of the even,
Perhaps that she may think on me;

Then, could the skies a message bear,
Each wandering fire that rolls above
Should waft unto her listening ear,
The truth that still I love, I love.

But how should'st thou my Delia know?
And who is she the maid so dear,
For whom I bid my numbers flow,
And weary evening with my prayer?

O! thou wilt know her, should'st thou spy
A maid that meekly moves along,
And shrinks from the obtrusive eye,
Nor mingles with the giddy throng.

Yet tho' unconscious of her power,
None with my Delia may compare,
For she is sweet as May's first flower,
And midst the fairest she is fair.

And thou wilt know her, for thou oft
Hast seen me fondly by her side,
With stolen sighs and whisper soft,
A suitor to her virgin pride.

Oft when thy rays illum'd the dome,
That near her mansion rose to view,
With secret step I left my home,
To meet my love so fair, so true.

To tell my tale of love I came,
Nor she disdain'd to hear me speak,
But sometimes own'd a mutual flame,
While night half hid her blushing cheek;

And when above the southern tree,
Orion's starry baldrick shone,
With sweet reproof she chid my stay,
And gently warn'd me to be gone.

But ah! these times are past, and drear
Unlovely prospects greet the eye:
And tho' Orion rises here,
Orion glides unheeded by.

For now ten times thy growing horn,
Has glisten'd on Night's forehead high,
Ten times to full perfection borne,
Thy orb has waned in the sky;

Since far from Delia, far from love,
Far from my native Severn's strand,
Lonely and comfortless I rove,
An exile in a foreign land;—

Go then, and from this troubled breast
Its vain regrets, its wishes bear,
Go, give thy glories to the west!
Forlorn and sad I tarry here.

ITHACUS.

Edinburgh, October 22, 1802.

FAREWELL TO PHILADELPHIA.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye,

But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh nature! tho' blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown;
How faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own.

Nor long did the soul of this stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet.
Ah! scarce did he hope it would bless him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boy-hood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him (with flattery welcome and dear)
That they found in his heart something dearer than fame.

Nor did woman—Oh! woman, whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue.
Whether sunn'd in the tropic, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had loved, was HER eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft'
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream,
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam.

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell with a sigh, what endearments he met
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

SELECTIONS.

THE HYBERNATION OF SNAKES.

THEY awaken from their annual sleep in the first warm days of the spring; but what may appear singular is, that like oviparous quadrupeds, and almost all animals which pass the cold weather in a state of torpor, they awaken from it when the weather is colder than that which at the end of autumn was sufficient to keep them in activity.

It has been observed, that these different animals often retire, during the autumn, to their winter retreats, and begin to fall into a torpid state when the heat is equal to which revives them in the spring. Whence then proceeds this difference in the effects of the warmth of the spring, and that of autumn? Why does the same degree of heat towards the winter, produce a greater degree of activity in animals? It is because the warmth of the spring is not the only agent which then re-animates them, and restores life to their torpid bodies. At that season the atmosphere not only begins to be pervaded by a

genial heat, but it is also filled with a large quantity of the electric fluid, which is dissipated by the summer storms, and this is the reason why we never experience during the autumn such a number of tempests, or so loud claps of thunder, though the heat of the two seasons may be equal. This electric fluid is one of the greatest agents employed by nature to animate living beings. It is not therefore surprizing, that when it abounds in the atmosphere, animals already roused by this powerful cause, have occasion for nothing else to make them resume all their motions, but of a heat equal to that which would leave them in their state of torpor did it act alone. The greater part of animals which have a sufficiency of internal heat to prevent them from becoming torpid, and even man, experience this difference in the effects of the warmth of spring, and that of autumn..... Equal in other respects, they have all more vital force and internal activity in the beginning of spring, than on the approach of winter, because they are both equally susceptible of being more or less animated by the electric fluid, the action of which is much weaker in the autumn than in the spring.

A NEW MODE OF LUXURY.

By a traveller.

IN possession of an ample fortune, and willing to enjoy it according to his fancy, Mr. B....., an Englishman, purchased in Paris a magnificent house, but constructed on a small scale, where every thing the most refined luxury could suggest was assembled.

Mr. B..... had made it a rule to gratify his five senses to the highest degree of enjoyment of which they were susceptible. An exquisite table, perfumed apartments, the charms of music and painting; every thing most enchanting that nature, assisted by art, could produce, successively flattered his sight, his taste, his smell, his hearing, and his feeling.

In a superb saloon, whither he conducted me, were six young beauties, dressed in an extraordinary manner, whose persons, at first sight, did not appear unknown to me: it struck me that I had seen their faces more than once, and I was accordingly going to address them, when Mr. B....., smiling at my mistake, explained to me the cause of it.

I have, in my amours, said he, a particular fancy. The choicest beauty of Circassia would have no merit in my eyes, did she not resemble the portrait of some woman, celebrated in past ages: and while lovers set great value on a miniature which faithfully exhibits the features of their mistress, I esteem mine only in proportion to their resemblance to ancient portraits.

Conformably to this fancy, I have caused the intendant of my pleasures to travel over Europe, with select portraits, or engravings, copied from the originals. He has succeeded in his researches, as you see, since you thought you recognized these ladies on whom you have never before set your eyes; but whose likenesses you may, undoubtedly, have met with. Their dress must have contributed to your mistake: they all wear the attire of the personage they represent; for I wish their whole person to be picturesque. By these means, I have travelled back several centuries, and am in possession of beauties whom time had placed at a great distance.

Supper was served up. Mr. B..... seated himself between Mary, queen of Scots, and Anne Bullein. I placed myself opposite to him, having beside me Ninon de l'Enclos, and Gabrielle d'Estrees. We also had the company of the fair Rosamond and Nell Gwynn; but at the head of the table was a vacant elbow-chair, sur-

mounted by a canopy, and destined for Cleopatra, who was coming from Egypt, and whose arrival Mr. B..... hourly expected.

OSAGE INDIANS.

IT is well known that captains Clark and Lewis, with a party of twenty men, are now performing a journey into the interior of Louisiana. Their attention being directed to exploring that country, as far as the western shores of the continent, and passing through numerous tribes of Indians, many of which are connected with, and in some instances tributary to, the Osages, it was sound policy to induce their chiefs to visit our cities. Here they may be considered as hostages for the safety of the American adventurers. Their countrymen will not, in all probability, attempt to surprize our party, while some of their principal chiefs are in our hands, and, before their return, captains Clark and Lewis will have accomplished the object of their expedition.

If these gentlemen find it hazardous to return by the way they proceeded, they will endeavour to procure a passage from the western coast of America to China. Several American vessels, trading for sea-otter skins, are known to be on the coast, and a passage to Canton will be readily procured. If this route is pursued, and they return home by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, captains Clark and Lewis will be the first persons who have circumnavigated the globe in a similar direction. The Scots traveller, Mr. Mackenzie, only passed from Canada to the western shore, peeped at the sea, and rashly returned very much in the track he went. But he accomplished all that could be expected of him, considering that he pursued a northern passage, for he never passed under the latitude of 45 in the first journey in 1789, and then he had not progressed in that latitude farther than Lake Huron, and saw the ocean, in lat. 52, 21, N., long. 123, 2, W., on the 22d July, 1793, while on his second journey. Mackenzie wished to divert the fur trade from the Americans, and it appeared to be of primary importance to him that the English should secure the head waters of the Mississippi, and by that channel transport their furs to the Atlantic ocean; and how far his government has endeavoured to second his views, by a late convention, remains to be seen.

Captains Clark and Lewis will direct their passage at least 15 or 20 degrees of latitude more towards the south, where it is expected the country will afford skins and furs in as great abundance as the northern regions of Canada. The tribes of Indians in Louisiana are more numerous. They kill much game. The rivers are larger, and communicate directly with the Mississippi. The Missouri is navigable more than a thousand or fifteen hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi. The Arkansas river has been navigated nine hundred miles. Red river is a long, and highly important river, but its navigation is said to be in part obstructed by a considerable fall in the neighbourhood of Natchitoches. All these rivers empty their waters into the Mississippi. The tract of country about Red river is known to afford gold and silver mines, and large quantities of salt. The buffaloe, which abounds in Louisiana, as well as other animals, resort to the salt springs, and are killed by the hunters without much difficulty. It is said to be only nine hundred or a thousand miles from the mouth of the Ohio, on a due west course, to the Spanish mines of St. Fé, and the boundaries of Louisiana, on that side, are supposed to run not far from, if not across, these rich mines. The public have a right to expect important discoveries from the American travellers, and we shall wait in anxious suspense for their safe return.

ADMIRAL LATOUCHE TREVILLE,

LOUIS RENE MAGDALEINE LEVASSOR LATOUCHE TREVILLE, grand officer of the empire, one of the inspectors general of the coast, grand officer of the legion of honour, and vice-admiral commanding the squadron of his imperial majesty in the Mediterranean, died lately on board the Bucentaur, in the road of Toulon.

This general officer, the issue of a family highly distinguished in the records of the navy, was born at Rochefort, on the 3d of June, 1745.

He had not attained his thirteenth year, when he was appointed *garde de la marine*, and in this capacity he bore a share in many actions which took place during the year 1756.

His preference of the sea service, and the progress he made in it, did not, however, prevent his family from making him accept a company of cavalry, in the year 1768; but, unable to resist his first inclinations, he was not long in returning to his first career.

He was exercised in it in different commands, when the American war broke out; he was appointed to several ships of war during its continuance; and was likewise employed on many private and difficult missions.

In 1780, he commanded l'Hermione, of 32 guns, in the seas of the United States, on board of which he attacked the Iris English frigate, of the same force. The action was very obstinate, and the Iris was only indebted for her safety to her superior sailing, by means of which she sought shelter in New York.

In 1781, in company with l'Astrea frigate, commanded by the celebrated La Perouse, he maintained a very warm action against two frigates and four sloops of war, and induced them at length to sheer off.

In 1782, having the command of l'Aigle and la Gloire frigates, he fell in, during the night, off Delaware, with the Hector English man of war, of 74 guns, which he so much disabled, that he could have forced her to surrender, had not the importance of his mission been such as to impose on him the duty of continuing his course for the river Delaware, up which he was to sail, with a sum of four millions, and dispatches of the highest importance. The Hector was so ill used, that she foundered a few days afterwards.

The frigates were not yet repaired, when he was attacked by a squadron under the command of admiral Elphinstone. Obliged to enter the Delaware very precipitately, he took such measures as insured the safety of la Gloire; and even he himself would have escaped the enemy, had not the aukwardness of a pilot run his vessel on a sand bank. In this critical position, he maintained himself against the fire of the whole squadron, until he had landed his dispatches, together with the treasure, with the general officers he had on board, and the major part of his crew.

Peace being concluded shortly afterward, his experience and knowledge induced the government to call him first into the superior administration of ports, and afterwards to the councils of the ministry: here it was that his meditations produced the ordinance of 1786, a military code the most complete that has appeared to the present day.

In 1787, he was appointed chancellor to the first prince of the blood.

In 1789, he was deputed by the bailiage of Montargis to the states general, where he took his seat among the friends of well regulated liberty: as deputy to this illustrious body, no one could charge him with exaggerations of opinion.

In 1792, the appearances of an approaching war recalled him to active service, with the rank of rear-admiral. He commanded a division of ships employed in the Cagliari and Oneille expeditions, and which reduced Nice: being dispatched with a squadron to Na-

ples, under such delicate circumstances, he nobly supported the dignity of the French name and flag.

His services, the amenity of his character, and the purity of his patriotism, did not, however, screen him from those persecutions which but too strongly marked that unfortunate period of our history: he was deprived of his rank, and imprisoned until the beginning of the year 3.

Scarcely had he recovered his liberty, when he again solicited employment at sea; but circumstances proving unfavourable, he devoted himself to useful labours, until the 18th Brumaire, when he was restored to a service in which he was still to distinguish himself.

He first commanded a squadron at Brest; shortly afterwards, on being sent to Boulogne, he prepared the first elements of that flotilla, which has since been so considerably augmented; and the glorious actions he fought with admiral Nelson, on the 17th and 27th Thermidor, year 9, are in the recollection of every one.

Peace did not set bounds to his indefatigable activity. Scarcely were the preliminaries signed, when he was appointed to the command of a squadron destined for St. Domingo. Having special orders to attack Port au Prince, he entered the road fighting, subjugated the forts, caused the troops to be landed, and contributed, in a most effectual manner, towards preserving the town from being burnt.

Remaining as commander in chief to the naval forces at St. Domingo, it is to the activity and wise combination of the measures he took to execute the orders of government that we are indebted for having saved almost the whole of the squadron that he commanded, and which the war surprised whilst cruising off that island.

He did not quit St. Domingo until Brumaire, year 12, when illness and fatigue had brought him to the brink of the grave.

He was no sooner recovered than he solicited the honour of rendering new services. Accordingly, in last Germinal, his imperial majesty conferred on him the rank of vice-admiral, and commander of the Mediterranean squadron.

From that period he has been continually in presence of superior forces, which have in vain attempted to blockade Toulon. The activity to which he had accustomed all the ships of his squadron, and the strict discipline he had kept up, were the means of preventing the enemy from appearing in the road, without being pursued, harassed, and at length forced to sheer off.

His majesty appointed him, in last Messidor, grand officer of the empire, and inspector general of the Mediterranean coast.

Seized, on the 22d Thermidor, with a grievous sickness, of which he did not conceal the danger, he was in vain solicited to suffer himself to be carried on shore, in order to receive that assistance of which his situation stood in need; he constantly refused, and expired on board Le Bucentaur, in the night of the 2d Fructidor.

His last words were, "A sea officer ought to die under his ship's flag."

Vice-admiral Latouche carries with him the regret of the navy: his life recalls to mind long and honourable services, and his death leaves the great example of an unbounded attachment to discipline.

THE NAJA.

THE *naja*, or serpent with spectacles, which makes a beautiful appearance, on account of the richness of its colours, is one of the most venomous in the East Indies, yet in that country there are jugglers bold enough to exhibit it as an amusing spectacle to the curiosity of the public. By means of processes, related by travellers, they tame

this formidable animal, diminish the quantity of its poison, and make it perform a kind of dance.

The juggler takes in his hand a root, the virtue of which, as he pretends, is a preventative against the bite of the serpent, and drawing the animal from a vase, in which he generally keeps it shut up, he irritates it by holding out his stick to it, or only with his fist; the naja immediately raising itself upright against the hand that attacks it, resting on its tail, elevating its body, swelling up its neck, opening its mouth, stretching out its forked tongue, agitating itself with vivacity, darting fire from its eyes, and making a hissing noise, begins a sort of combat with its master, who then singing in a loud strain, holds his fist to it, sometimes on the right side, and sometimes the left, while the animal, which keeps its eyes always fixed on the hand that threatens it, follows all its motions, balances its head and body on its tail, and thus exhibits the appearance of a kind of dance. The naja can continue this exercise for nearly ten minutes, but as soon as the Indian perceives that, fatigued by its motions and vertical situation, the serpent is ready to make its escape, he puts an end to his singing, the naja ceases to dance, stretches itself out on the ground, and its master puts it back into its vessel.

SLOUGH.

IT is well known that serpents cast their skins every year; but this difficult operation has perhaps never been clearly explained. This skin is turned inside out. The reptile must have begun to get rid of it by the head, having no other opening but the mouth, by which it could get out of this kind of bag. The scales which cover the jaws are the first that turn backwards, by detaching themselves from the palate, and by remaining always very even with those above and below the head. The latter afterwards turn back as far as the corner of the mouth, and the head of the serpent may be then seen covered from the muzzle to the eyes with a new skin, while the animal makes continual efforts to disengage itself from the kind of case in which it is enclosed. This case continues to turn back like a glove, in such a manner, that while the real head of the serpent advances in one direction to get rid of it, the muzzle of the old skin, which is always very entire, advances, as one may say, towards the tail, that the old skin may be entirely stripped off. The eyes cast their coats, like the rest of the body; the cornea divests itself entirely, as well as the eyelids, of that scaly substance which surrounds it, and which preserves its form in the dry skin, where it appears with the concave side uttermost. The scales rise entirely with part of the epidermis, to which they were attached. This epidermis forms a kind of frame around each scale, whether great or small: it does not exactly follow the circumference of each, but it surrounds that part which adheres to the skin, and which, by the different motions of the animal, could not be separated from it. These frames, which touch each other, form a kind of net, less transparent than the scales, which appear to fill up the intervals of it like so many facets and diaphonous plates.

By rubbing themselves against the earth, and every thing they meet with, serpents get rid of their old skin, which always rolls itself back to the last scale of the tail: this detaches itself without folding back.

NUMBER OF BANKS IN THE UNITED STATES.

MAINE.

Portland	-	2
Wiscassett	-	1
Hallowell	-	1
		— 4

NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
Portsmouth	2	
Exeter	1	
	—	3
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Boston	5	
Salem	2	
Newburyport	1	
New Bedford	1	
Plymouth	1	
Nantucket	1	
Marblehead	1	
Gloucester	1	
Beverly	1	
Worcester	1	
Northampton	1	
	—	16
RHODE ISLAND.		
Providence	2	
Newport	3	
Bristol	1	
Warren	1	
Westerly	1	
	—	8
CONNECTICUT.		
Newhaven	1	
Hartford	1	
Norwich	1	
Middletown	1	
New London	1	
	—	5
NEW YORK.		
New York	4	
Albany	1	
Hudson	1	
Troy bank (voluntarily dissolved)		
	—	6
NEW JERSEY.		
Newark	1	
	—	1
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Philadelphia	4	
Lancaster	1	
Pittsburg	1	
	—	6
DELAWARE.		
Wilmington	1	
	—	1
MARYLAND.		
Baltimore (before the Union Bank)	3	
	—	3
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		
Washington	1	
Georgetown	1	
Alexandria	2	
	—	4
VIRGINIA.		
Richmond	1	
Norfolk	2	
Fredericksburg	1	
	—	4
SOUTH CAROLINA.		
Charleston	3	
	—	3
GEORGIA.		
Savannah	1	
	—	1
Total, including the Union Bank of Maryland,		66

THE BOIGA.

IF nature seems to have exhausted all her ornaments upon an atom, such as the humming bird, she has been no less lavish towards a harmless species of serpent in India, named the *boiga*.

The lively colours of precious stones, and the brilliant splendour of gold, says the count de la Cepede, shine forth on the scales of the *boiga*, as well as on the feathers of the humming bird; and as if in the embellishment of these two beings nature wished to give a perfect model to art, of the most beautiful assortment of colours, the brownest tints laid one over the other, amidst the brightest shades, are arranged in such a manner as to produce, by a happy contrast, the splendid colours which they display.

We should have but an imperfect idea, says he, of the beauty of the *boiga*, did we only represent to ourselves that azure and white agreeably contrasted, and set off by these three embroideries, ornamented with a gold colour; we must paint all the different reflections from the upper and lower parts of the body, and the different tints of silver colour, yellow, red, and black which they produce. The blue and white through which you imagine that you perceive these tints wonderfully blended, unite also the softness of

their shades to the vivacity of these different reflections in such a manner, that when the *boiga* moves, you imagine that you see shining below a piece of chrystal, transparent, and sometimes bluish, a long chain of emeralds, topazes, sapphires, and rubies. It is to be remarked that it is in the beautiful and scorched plains of India, that chrystal and the hardest stones exhibit the liveliest shades, and where nature has thought proper, if I may say so, to represent on the skin of the *boiga* a faithful picture of these rich ornaments.

The *boiga* is very slender in proportion to its length. Those from which the preceding description was taken were more than three feet in length, and scarcely a few lines in diameter. Their tail, almost as long as the body, still continues diminishing, and resembles a very fine needle.

The *boigas* to richness of colour add slenderness of proportion; they are, therefore, extremely nimble, and can, by forming their bodies into several folds, dart forward with rapidity, easily twist themselves round different objects, mount or descend, suspend themselves from them, and, in an instant, display, on the branches of the trees which they inhabit, the gold and azure of their smooth shining scales.

The *boiga* draws towards it different kinds of birds, by imitating certain sounds, which are familiar to them; and, for this reason, some authors have called its hissing its song; but it simply emits a hissing noise. So many beauties and graces united in this animal are still heightened by its innocence. It seems even to acknowledge the caresses bestowed on it by the young Indians, and to take pleasure in being turned over and over again by their delicate hands.

AGILITY OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

IN the great Dutch war, in the reign of Charles II, the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the channel for three days successively, engaging in the day, and lying to at night. But just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exercise mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which lay along side an English first rate, was a sailor so remarkably active, as to run to the mast-head and stand upright upon the truck, after which he cut several capers, and concluded with standing upon his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from his exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby signifying triumph over the English. One of the English tars, piqued for the honour of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed, with all his might, to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, and, not having the skill, he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech, he ran to the side, and exultingly cried out to the Dutchmen, "*There, do that if you can.*"

PRETENDED DAUPHIN OF FRANCE.

THE following account of a person, who had obtained considerable credit in France, as the son of Louis XVI, is given in Kotzebue's journey from Berlin to Paris:

Jean Marie Hervagault is the son of a tailor at St. Lo, of a prepossessing figure, features bearing resemblance to those of Louis XVI, fair, slender, lively, communicative without suspicion, quickly penetrating, and feigning innocence in a masterly manner; of course a person of great endowments, but no education. He is supposed to be a natural son of the late duke of Valentinois, who

possessed estates in Normandy..... The strange events of the revolution disordered his senses; he saw that many had raised themselves from obscurity, and he wished to do the same.

In September, 1796, he left his father's house, and strolled as a vagabond about the country, declaring himself to be the son of a family of rank, reduced to distress by the revolution. His youth, his innocent appearance, and the plausibility of his story, every where procured him a favourable reception and relief. He had no passport, but was never asked for one. He became bolder, and attempted likewise to carry on his trade in the towns. He came to Cherbourg, but was soon taken up as a vagrant. His father, the tailor, being apprised of this, hastened to fetch him, and was not a little surprised to find him richly provided with money and jewels. He brought him back to St. Lo, where the brisk young blade did not, however, stay long, but soon ran away a second time, strolled through the department of Calvados, and, having improved both in body and mind, he became more ingeniously inventive in his stories than at first. He sometimes passed for a son of the prince of Monaco, and sometimes for the heir of the duke d'Ursel, in the Netherlands. He thus raised himself, step by step, and, ere long, made himself a relation of Louis XVI, of France, of the emperor Joseph II, and of the king of Prussia. For the sake of his safety, which was threatened, he travelled in women's clothes, pretending that he had just returned from England, where he had been taking some money to his emigrant father.

Many, very many people of rank and education were deceived, for he flattered their former prejudices; the ladies, in particular, showed a decided partiality for him, because he addressed their hearts..... His adventures began to attract some notice, and he was arrested a second time in female attire, and conducted to prison at Bayeux, at the distance of only ten leagues from St. Lo. His father came again to procure his deliverance, which, in consideration of his youth, was indulgently granted, and the lad replaced under paternal authority. He was now to learn the trade of a tailor; an insufferable thought to his mind. He broke loose a third time.

In 1797, he was in the diligence or stage coach, between Laval and Alencon, very plainly and decently habited according to his sex. Not far from the latter place he alighted, and brushed off to a village by the road side, called *Les Joncherts* Being benighted, he begged quarters of a peasant, who directed him to the house of mademoiselle Talon Lacombe for better accommodation. To this lady he declared himself to be one of the family of Montmorency, who had a castle and estates near Dreaux, but was obliged to fly from his persecutors. She conceived a lively interest for his situation, and supplied him with money and clothes, which he promised to repay upon his arrival at Dreaux. Here he lived, for a while, much at his ease, acted the part of a man of quality, and presented, for instance, the hostler, who saddled his riding horse, with a louis-d'or.

At last he felt himself induced to set off, and mademoiselle Lacombe accompanied him to Dreaux, to get back the value of what she had advanced to him. They safely reached the place; but both castle and estates had vanished. Can any thing be more natural? Poorer by fifty louis-d'ors, and richer in experience, the lady returned home.

The young hero continually gained in boldness. In the month of May, 1791, he ventured in the diligence to Meaux, only eight leagues from Paris, and alighted at the inn, where he, indeed, obtained some refreshment, but, having no passport, was refused a night's lodging. The wife of a Paris merchant, Laravine, who happened to be at Meaux, took pity on him, and permitted him to sleep in her warehouse. This en-

couraged him to ask further favours, and he succeeded. He represented himself as a rich farmer's son at Domery, who had fled to avoid being enrolled as a recruit, and madame made him a present of four louis-d'ors, upon which he hired a place in the diligence for Strasburg.

About one league from Chalons he disappeared, and the postillion in vain waited his return. He went to the village of Mery, and wished to make good his story at the castle of Guinancourt; but, being suspected, he was put under arrest, and taken before the justice of peace at Cernon. Being asked who he was, he mysteriously replied, "He had no answer to make to such a question." He was sent to Chalons, where, being asked to give his name, he proudly said, "You will learn it but too soon." At last he said, he was called Louis Antoine Jean Francois de Langueville; that his father was dead, and that his mother, madame Sainte Emilie, lived at Bauzeville, near Pont Audemar, in the department of Eure. It must be confessed that it is impossible to tell a lie more circumstantially.

Confined in the prison of Chalons, Hervagault assumed an air of grandeur, and a mysterious deportment; he tempted the curious, gave significant hints, and, in short, ere long, it was whispered about, "It is the dauphin! the son of Louis XVI!" The jailor himself believed the story, and advanced him money. The wives of two merchants of the town, Saignes and Felize, were initiated in the secret, which soon spread about; and no one any longer doubted. His figure, his manners....."You need but see him," exclaimed the credulous souls, "to recognize him at the very first look." All the inhabitants of Chalons, of the privileged orders, were, by degrees, made confidents and adherents; and they all vied with each other in supporting this last ill-fated offspring of their kings..... His table was daily served with dainties of every description, his rooms were elegantly furnished, masters were given him, the jailor treated him with deference and respect; his prisoner was allowed to walk about as often as he pleased, but always in the disguise of a female; in fine, his dungeon was, as it were, metamorphosed into a pleasure house.

Meanwhile the persons who were let into the secret were not sufficiently discreet. A word dropped here and there, in the gladness of their hearts, aroused the vigilance of the magistrates; and, after this masquerade was played two months, Hervagault was made to undergo stricter examinations. With artifice and gestures that seemed to belie his words, he now declared that he was the son of a tailor at St. Lo. The father was applied to in writing, confirmed the truth of the declaration, and the offender was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. This mild punishment was considered as a victory by those who thought they really knew the secret: during his trial they trembled lest the real origin of the prisoner should not escape discovery. In order to free him from the prying vigilance of the police, they abundantly furnished him with money and jewels, and thus facilitated his retreat. He was very well satisfied with the issue, and now began to act his part at Vire, in the department of Calvados. Here he made but a few proselytes, was soon arrested again, and, with greater severity, doomed to two years imprisonment. As the inhabitants of Vire only considered him as a young vagabond, he would have passed these two years very sorrily, had not his faithful adherents at Chalons continued to support him, on which occasion the consoling madame Saignes conducted the correspondence. This woman really wished him well, and advised him to apply the time of his confinement to the improvement of his education; but he gave way to drinking, and, at the end of two years, left the prison worse than when he entered. Ma-

dame Saignes herself went to fetch him from Vire to Chalons, into the bosom of his faithful and devoted friends. The most splendid preparations were made for his reception. He arrived, received congratulations, had flowers strewed at his feet, and was treated with the most distinguished respect. In short, the horn of plenty was again most copiously poured out on the tailor's son of St. Lo.

When the police discovered these proceedings, his partisans, upon deliberation, found it expedient to send the dauphin on his travels. His route was so contrived that he every where found confidential friends, who, being previously informed of his supposed high birth, showed him all the respect due to that exalted station. He was once at Rheims, twice at Vitry le Francais, and often at different little country seats, where balls, concerts, and feasts of every kind, were given in honour of him. At Vitry he was splendidly and conveniently lodged at the house of madame de Rambecour, whose husband closely followed all his footsteps, waited upon him with the most attentive zeal, and served him like a valet. On St. Louis's day a superb *fete* was prepared for him; it being the feast of the saint whose name he bore. The ladies sung songs composed in honour of him. In the confidential circles which he frequented they always called him *mon prince!* his portrait was handed about as that of the dauphin, and it was reported that the pope himself had imprinted a mark on his leg, to know him again by; finally, a letter was handed about from a bishop, in which that deluded prelate writes in expressions of the profoundest respect for this young vagabond; and, by his example, convinced many who were still wavering in their belief. Already was a court formed round Louis XVII. He had immediately his favourites, and was going to nominate those who were to hold the great offices of his household. Many names of consequence were to be found among them. They all glowed with enthusiasm, and prepared to make the greatest sacrifices. Men of birth and rank deemed themselves fortunate in being able to perform the meanest drudgery of menial service for him. Misers turned spendthrifts, that they might have the honour of entertaining him. It was very natural that such proceedings should not escape the eye of a vigilant police. Fouche was informed, at Paris, of all that was going forward at Vitry; and a warrant put an end to the farce.

But, even when taken into custody, Hervagault conducted himself with a loftiness and dignity that struck all present with a dubious awe. His most downcast confidants surrounded him with the most heartfelt reverence; one of them, highly moved, begged leave to embrace him, and the tailor's son negligently tendered his hand to kiss. The very first night of his incarceration a most splendid feast was given at the prison. Intercessions were made for his release upon bail, but in vain; all that could be obtained was to mitigate, as much as possible, the rigours of his captivity. He was constantly served in the most sumptuous manner, and so accustomed to this high style of living, that once a chicken, a pigeon, with a sallad and custard being served for his supper, he thought proper to find the fare incomplete, and indignantly dashed the mess on the ground.

Admet the notary called him, in his prison, *monseigneur*, and was most graciously rewarded with the appellation of "*Mon petit page, mon petit valet de chambre d'amitie.*" Thus he acted his part dispassionately, and with an air of the utmost importance. Going to mass, a servant carried his prayer-book and cushion. He appointed a secretary, and made him sign, in his name, that of Louis Charles. Where a man bears a great name, said he to the justices, he is sure to be exposed to persecution. The mayor of Vitry, owing to the great

concourse of people, found himself, at last, under the necessity of putting him under closer confinement, and, at the same time, intercepted the enormous supplies of wine and good cheer sent for his use. No person, but those absolutely to attend him, was permitted admission without a ticket.

Meanwhile, his offence was by no means considered in a political view, but merely as a matter belonging to the correctional police, to the enquiry and punishment of which he was accordingly left..... Madame Saignes was likewise taken up as his accomplice; but, there being no proof to convict her, she was acquitted in consequence. Hervagault, in the beginning of the year 1802, was sentenced to four years imprisonment, as a sharper and abuser of the credulity of the people, and confined accordingly in the house of correction at Ostend. Both the delinquent and the attorney-general, though upon different grounds, appealed against this sentence to the government.

The matter was now to be treated at Rheims, when a new and very important actor suddenly burst upon the scene of this tragi-comedy..... There the late L. de S——, bishop de V——, remarkable for his integrity, universally respected for the austerity of his manners, and his profound learning, expressed his conviction, that Hervagault was the real and genuine dauphin. He had even spoke to the surgeons that had anatomised the corpse of the pretended dauphin in the Temple, who had informed him it was not that of the real one. He resolved upon freeing his young monarch from the chains of captivity, lent out considerable sums to effect this purpose, abandoned the very functions of his office, came to Rheims, corresponded with the prisoner by means of the keeper of the jail, and thought himself sure of his being the identical person. The dauphin's death appeared to him a mere political lie of the national convention. He even thought it his duty to give to the neglected prince a good education, and endeavoured to accomplish this end with the purest and sincerest intentions. He sent him, amongst other works, one day, *Le Genì du Christianisme*, by Chateabriant, and the tragedy of Athilla; upon which he received, to his surprise, this answer: "Do you mock me? All this I know by heart."

All the fears of the prelate were, lest the object of his care should be sentenced to transportation. To prevent this, he strained every nerve, and made use of the interest of every friend he could command in Paris. He drew up a list of those persons to whom he intended to entrust the fate of the dauphin. In it were found, among others, the names of Brissac, Necker, madame de Stael, Montesson, Roquelare, Augouleme, Talleyrand, Puys de Segur, Boufflers, La Harpe, &c. Some believed him, some did not; some called him a Blondel, some a Joab. The correspondence was carried on in cyphers. It even went so far that the project was formed to marry the dauphin with a distant relation of the royal family. Hervagault at first seemed to wave the proposal, for he had, according to his own account, sworn the oath of fidelity and affection to the queen of Portugal's most amiable sister; but, from political movements, he yielded, and it was resolved to make levies of men for his service.

But, ere these negociations could possibly ripen, the trial before the criminal tribunal at Rheims was once more publicly revised, and that in the presence of a numerous multitude of people, who all were in favour of the accused, loudly murmured against the prosecuting attorney-general, and, with enthusiastic fervor, applauded the official defender of Hervagault. The judges, however, would not suffer themselves to be misguided, and confirmed the original sentence. While they were deliberating on the subject in another room, the most painful anxiety was depicted in the countenance of every spectator in

court. Hervagault heard his sentence with composure, with a smile of contempt; and his partisans, instead of giving credit to the juridical decision, obstinately persevered in their former preconceived opinion. They continued to wait on him with royal service in the place of his detention. He had by him, amongst other effects, a silver cup, on which the letters L. C. (Louis Charles) were engraved and decorated with an antique French crown. This, he pretended to the jailor, was his cypher.

None of his adherents deserted his cause; on the contrary, their zeal redoubled, and the venerable bishop of V—— always headed them. Nay, the latter did not confine his zeal to presents and good advice, he even resolved most actively to exert himself; and, being informed that it was intended to bring his illustrious pupil from Rheims to Soissons, he determined to rescue him on the road from the hands of his prosecutors. This youthful project of an old head was betrayed; the bishop and his papers were seized; and it evidently appeared, upon proof, that it was his intention to make the tailor's son of St. Lo act the part of the dauphin. The government, however, had compassion on the hoary dotard, and gave him his liberty. Hervagault himself had fared better, if the least prospect of amendment had appeared in his conduct; but, as he formed another junto of partisans at Soissons, it was thought proper to make him disappear.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LINDLEY MURRAY, ESQ.

THIS gentleman's literary character, the extensive circulation of his works, and his solicitude for the guarded education and happiness of young persons, will doubtless render some traits of his history interesting to the public, especially to those who have derived benefit from his writings.

Mr. Murray is a native of Pennsylvania; he was born in the year 1745. His parents were persons of respectable characters, who were solicitous to endue his mind with pious and virtuous principles. He was carefully and regularly educated, and made a rapid progress in learning. His father, who removed to New York, and was a distinguished merchant there, placed him, at the age of fifteen, in his counting house, intending to form him to mercantile business. But this employment not agreeing with young Murray's taste for reading, and desire of improving his mind, he solicited permission to study medicine or law. His father, perceiving his strong bent towards learning, procured for him a private tutor, a person of erudition and respectability, under whose care and direction he closely applied to the liberal studies, and gratifying himself in his favourite pursuits.

At the age of nineteen, he commenced the study of the law, under the auspices of a gentleman eminent in his profession; and he had the happiness of having for his fellow student Mr. Jay, late plenipotentiary to the court of Britain. At the expiration of four years, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and received a licence to practice, both as counsel and attorney, in all the courts of the state of New York. In this profession he continued, with increasing reputation and success, till the troubles in America interrupted all business of this nature. He then removed from New York, and remained some time in the country. But impatient of an inactive life, and desirous of improving his fortune, he returned to the city, and engaged in the mercantile line. By his diligence, abilities, and respectable connections, he acquired, in the course of a few years, a very handsome competency. He then concluded to retire from business, and made a correspondent arrange-

ment of his affairs. He purchased a beautiful country residence, a few miles from the city of New York, where he hoped to enjoy much pleasure in rural occupation, and in the social intercourse of a wide circle of relations and friends. But pleasing prospects soon disappeared; for, not long after his determination to retire, he was arrested by the hand of sickness. The fever with which he was afflicted left a great weakness in his limbs, and his health and strength became so much impaired as to induce him, by the advice of his physicians and friends, to try the air and climate of England.

In the year 1785, he went to England, and, in a short time, found himself considerably relieved in the general state of his health, but not to that degree as to render it prudent for him to return to America.

He settled in Yorkshire, and purchased a house pleasantly situated about a mile from York, where he continues to reside. The weakness of his limbs gradually increased, so that for some years he has found himself incapable of walking more than a few steps in the course of a day, without great inconvenience. He is, however, able to ride in his carriage an hour or two every day, and in summer he is frequently drawn about his garden, in a chair conveniently made for the purpose. To a person distinguished, as Mr. Murray had been, for health, strength, and agility, this confinement must have been, at first, a heavy misfortune. At present, no one would suppose him to be under the influence of affliction. Time and reflection seem to have perfectly reconciled him to his situation.

Deprived of the usual occupations and amusements of life, and of the common occasions of doing good to others, he has very happily and generously turned his attention to compose literary works, for the benefit chiefly of the rising generation. In this benevolent employ he has found great satisfaction, and met with uncommon success. His English Grammar, with the exercises and the key, has been much approved of by the public, and adopted in most of the principal seminaries in England. It has passed through many large editions in that country, and been frequently reprinted in Ireland and America.

The merit of this work, and the high character given of it in the different reviews, induced his booksellers to offer him a very considerable sum for the copy-right, which he thought proper to accept. The copy-right of his Introduction to the English Reader, the English Reader itself, and the Seqtel to that work, together with the abridgment of the Grammar, all of which have been much commended for their chaste and judicious execution, were disposed of for very liberal prices. Mr. Murray's latest work is "Le Lecteur Francais," a book on the plan of the English Reader. It has already received some very favourable and respectable public as well as private testimonies, and it bids fair to enhance Mr. Murray's reputation, as a writer who is solicitous to improve the taste and understanding, and to form the heart of his young readers. The copy-right of this work also has been disposed of very advantageously.

But this gentleman's views in writing are not mercenary. Having began his literary career from disinterested motives, he has constantly devoted all the profits of his works to charitable purposes; to the benefit of institutions for the relief of the poor and distressed; to assist the needy in procuring education for their children; and to render comfortable those who are more in straitened circumstances.

The work which Mr. Murray first published, and which appears to afford him peculiar satisfaction, is "The Power of Religion on the Mind, in Retirement, Affliction, and at the approach of Death." Having been himself struck and edified with the sentiments expressed by a variety of characters, at the most solemn period of life, he naturally thought that others would receive

similar impressions from perusing a collection of such testimonies..... Animated by this expectation, he formed the compilation, and interspersed it with many occasional observations and reflections of his own. The book has passed through eleven editions. The first impression was made wholly at Mr. Murray's own expence, and given away, chiefly in the neighbourhood of his own residence. Perceiving that the work met with approbation, he enlarged and improved it. In its present state it has been much praised, and warmly recommended to the perusal of all classes of readers.

Time thus employed, and the rewards of labour thus distributed, prevent that gloom which ill health and long confinement are so apt to produce, and contribute to render Mr. Murray cheerful and happy, in a situation that many would think must be highly distressing. He appears to make the best of his condition, and to look at the bright side of the objects around him.

He is a member of the society called quakers, and is much respected and esteemed by them; but, in all his writings, he has scrupulously avoided introducing, in any shape, the peculiar tenets of the sect. On moral and religious subjects, he confines himself to the leading principles of piety and virtue, and to the general spirit and precepts of christianity. For this judicious care, as well as for the exemplary chasteness of his works, he has received particular commendation.

He married early in life, but he has no children. Mrs. Murray is a person of great merit and respectability, and is faithfully and tenderly attached to him.

Mr. Murray is as highly distinguished by the excellence of his heart as by the powers of his mind. He is a most affectionate husband, a warm and sincere friend, a pleasing and instructive companion. His sentiments are liberal and refined; and the tenour of his life, in conformity with his writings, demonstrates him to be the uniform, zealous, and judicious friend of virtue and of piety.

LIFE PRESERVER.

From a London paper.

AN experiment was tried lately on the river Thames, to ascertain the utility of this invention, which is intended not only to preserve the lives of those who wear it, but to enable them, from the buoyancy it affords them in the water, to afford relief to others who may be in danger of drowning, and that without hazard to themselves.

At 12 o'clock at noon, six persons, who had previously had the machines girthed on, leaped out of their boats opposite Parliament stairs, Westminster bridge, and afforded a very curious sight to the spectators, the body being in a perpendicular position, the head and upper part of the shoulders only appearing above the water. In this state, their arms, legs, and all their limbs being at perfect liberty, they went down with the tide through Black-friars bridge, surrounded by a great number of boats; they went though the middle of the stream, until they passed Strand-lane, where they came closer on the shore: they then came abreast of the Temple, where they again put off, which they did with no further trouble than a trifling steerage with their hands.

The machine is very simple in contrivance, being composed of eight divisions, each made of strong sheet copper, firmly soldered and japanned, much on the principle of the balls used to float on cisterns: these are connected by straps, and when the machine is put on, the lower girth fastens round the chest; from thence it is rolled up over the breast, but not higher than the arm-pits; from the upper part straps go over the shoulders, and are secured to the girth round the chest. When on, it has much the appearance in shape

of a horse's collar, the large end downwards. It is very safe, because if even two or three of the divisions should by any accident, but which is hardly possible, lose their wind and take water, there will still be buoy enough to keep up the body.

A numerous concourse of spectators, on land and water, appeared very highly pleased with the experiment, which met with complete success.

GEZZAR PACHA.

THE last accounts from Constantinople bring many particulars respecting the present state of Egypt and Syria. Gezzar Pacha, whose object was to attain the supreme authority in Egypt, was succeeded by Ismail Pacha, who acknowledged the supremacy of the porte, but, at the same time, endeavouring to establish himself independent. The particulars which have transpired, relative to Gezzar Pacha, will throw some light upon the politics of the porte and its agents.

The real character of Gezzar Pacha, the tyrant of St. John d'Acre, has never been well known. After a life spent in the commission of the most horrid cruelties and enormities, for the attainment of the supreme authority in a once famous country, this wretch closed his days with the following merciless soliloquy, which he uttered a few moments previous to his decease: "I perceive," said he, "that I have but a short time longer to live; what must I do with those rascals in my prisons? Since I have stripped them of every thing, what good will it do them to let them loose again naked into the world? The greatest part of them were governors and men of consequence in the country, who, if they return to their posts, will be forced to ruin a great many poor people, in order to replace the sums I have taken from them; and so it is best, for their own sakes, and for that of others, that I should dispatch them. They will then soon be in a place where proper care will be taken of them; a very good place, where they will neither be permitted to molest any one, nor be themselves exposed to molestation. Yes, yes, that's best; dispatch them."

In consequence of the above order, twenty-three victims, who had formerly enjoyed the highest stations in Turkey and Egypt, were charitably thrown *en masse* into the sea, as the most expeditious mode of execution; many others were destroyed by the bowstring.

The object of Gezzar was to obtain the whole government of Syria and Egypt. At the time of his death, he had united in his own person the pachalick of Servia, Damascus, and Tripoli, and the nominal viceroyship of Egypt. The pachalick of Aleppo alone remained for the completion of his desire.

Ismail Pacha accompanied the grand army to Egypt, in the year 1800, and being patronized by the Napif Pacha, obtained the dignity of bashaw of three tails; after this he was put into possession of the government of Marash, but did not long hold it, owing to his great extortions, which surpassed every thing formerly practised by Turkish oppression. He was ordered to suffer capital punishment; to effect which, the grand vizier appointed him to the government of Suwas, whilst a plan was concerted to waylay him on his road thither, and bring him in chains to the Turkish camp; the meeting, however, between the assassins and Ismail served only to establish his reputation for extraordinary courage and fortitude; for he displayed such gallantry and vigour on their attack, that they were obliged to fly. He then flew for protection to Gezzar, and was kindly received by that chieftain on his complaining that he suffered from the grand vizier's persecution; he followed the fortunes of Gezzar till within a year and a half prior to the latter's decease, when Ismail lost his favour, and was con-

sequently committed to prison in Acre, where he remained till the day of Gezzar's decease. Gezzar, having no children, considered Ismail as a man fit to inherit his wealth and power, as he had been bred up in a rancorous hatred to the grand vizier, and in independence of the porte.

As Gezzar lay on his death bed, he sent for Ismail Pacha from his confinement, who had so little expectation of the change of fortune that awaited him, that he requested to be allowed a few moments to prepare himself for death. On his being brought into Gezzar's presence, he would have begged for mercy, but Gezzar said, "there, I leave you plenty of troops, plenty of money to pay them, and good fortifications to fight in. If you are a man, you will keep them, and my enemies shall have no reason to exult in my death."

Immediately on the death of Gezzar, Ismail seized on the reins of government, and the most perfect obedience ensued in the neighbouring provinces. He however declared that he held the government only until the will of the porte should be known, and, in consequence, affixed the public seal to the immense magazines of treasures left by the deceased.

When the last accounts left Constantinople, the captain bashaw had taken the city of St. Jean D'Acre out of the hands of Ismail Pacha; the latter, however, was expected shortly to be reinstated in his authority.

TRISTRAM SHANDY CHARACTERIZED BY RICHARDSON.

Letter from S. Richardson to the Rev. Mr. Hildesley.

London, Sept. 24, 1761.

HAPPY are you in your retirement, where you read what books you chuse, either for instruction or entertainment; but, in this foolish town, we are obliged to read every foolish book that fashion renders prevalent in conversation, and I am horribly out of humour with the present taste, which makes people ashamed to own they have not read, what, if fashion did not authorise, they would, with more reason, blush to say they had read! Perhaps some polite person, from London, may have forced this piece into your hands; but give it not a place in your library; let not Tristram Shandy be ranked among the well chosen authors there. It is, indeed, a little book, and little is its merit, though great has been the writer's reward! Unaccountable wildness, whimsical digressions, comical incoherencies, all with an air of novelty, has catched the reader's attention, and applause has flown from one to another, till it is almost singular to disapprove: even the bishops admire and recompence his wit, though his own character, as a clergyman, seems much impeached by printing such gross and vulgar tales, as no decent mind can endure without extreme disgust! Yet I will do him justice; and, if forced by friends, or led by curiosity, you have read, and laughed, and almost cried at Tristram, I will agree with you, that there is subject for mirth, and some affecting strokes; Yorick, Uncle Toby, and Trim are admirably characterized, and very interesting, and an excellent sermon, of a peculiar kind, on conscience, is introduced; and I most admire the author for his judgment in seeing the town's folly, in the extravagant praises, and praises heaped on him, for he says, he passed unnoticed by the world till he put on a fool's coat, and since that every body admires him!

But mark my prophecy, that, by another season, his performance will be as much decried as it is now extolled, for it has not intrinsic merit sufficient to prevent its sinking, when no longer upheld by the short-lived breath of fashion: and yet another prophecy I utter, that this

ridiculous compound will be the cause of many more productions, witless and humourless, perhaps, but indecent and absurd, till the town will be punished for undue encouragement, by being poisoned with disgustful nonsense.

LETTERS BY DR. JOHNSON, LATELY PUBLISHED BY MRS. BARBAULD.

To S. Richardson.

DEAR SIR, March 9, 1750-1.

THOUGH Clarissa wants no help from external splendour, I was glad to see her improved in her appearance, but more glad to find that she was now got above all fears of prolixity, and confident enough of success to supply whatever had hitherto been suppressed. I never, indeed, found a hint of any such defalcation, but I regretted it; for, though the story is long, every letter is short.

I wish you would add an *index rerum*, that when the reader recollects any incident, he may easily find it, which at present he cannot do, unless he knows in which volume it is told; for Clarissa is not a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside for ever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious; and therefore I beg that this edition, by which I suppose posterity is to abide, may want nothing that can facilitate its use.

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DEAR SIR, Sept. 26, 1753.

I return you my sincerest thanks for the volumes of your new work*, but it is a kind of tyrannical kindness to give only so much at a time, as makes more longed for; but that will probably be thought even of the whole, when you have given it.

* Sir Charles Grandison.

I have no objection but to the preface, in which you first mention the letters as fallen by some chance into your hands, and afterwards mentioned your health as such, that you almost despaired of going through your plan. If you were to require my opinion which part should be changed, I should be inclined to the suppression of that part which seems to disclaim the competition. What is modesty, if it deserts from truth? of what use is the disguise by which nothing is concealed?

You must forgive this, because it is meant well.

I thank you once more, dear sir, for your books; but cannot I prevail this time for an index? Such I wished, and shall wish, to Clarissa. Suppose that in one volume an accurate index was made to the three works: but while I am writing, an objection arises; such an index to the three would look like the preclusion of a fourth, to which I will never contribute: for, if I cannot benefit mankind, I hope never to injure them.

SKETCH OF JOSEPH CAPPER, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was, perhaps, the most eccentric character living since the celebrated Elwes. He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents. His family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, as he used to say, to shift for himself, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. Capper soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life, that he had gained the confidence of his employer, and never betrayed it.

Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Capper commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recom-

mended him so strongly to the dealers in his line, that credit to a very large amount was given to him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to decline all business whatever.

Mr. Capper, having now lost his old master, was resolved to lead a sedentary life. This best suited his disposition; for although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion..... For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns, at Kennington, took a chop, and spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner, when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. Capper was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the growling fellow, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years. During that time he made no agreement for lodging or eating, but wished to be considered a customer only for the day. For many years he talked about quitting this residence the next day. His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to knives and forks, plates, &c.

In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and, when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apartments without the assitance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the parapharnalia of the tea-table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon-peel, and porter, mixed together: the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner..... From this economical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight amounted regularly to 4*l*. 18*s*. He called himself the champion of government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was exceedingly choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair, and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it, whenever he could say any thing ill-natured.

Mr. Capper's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious; he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would enquire; when being answered in the affirmative he would add, "tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want; and if ever I hear they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling."

Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan: "I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend; you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done, Mr. Townsend? I have sworn never to lend, I must therefore give it thee;" which he accordingly did the following day. Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer to him every comfort the

house would afford; and what was perhaps more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities.

Mr. Capper was elected steward of the parlour fire, and if any person were daring enough to put a poker in it without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In summer time, a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane; but, as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the bye-standers, he would, with great ingenuity, introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest, and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about in all quarters of the room.

This truly eccentric character lived to the age of 77, in excellent health, and it was not until two days before his death that a visible alteration was perceived in him. Having risen at an earlier period than usual, he was observed to walk about the house, exceedingly agitated and convulsed. Mr. Townsend pressed him to suffer medical assistance to be sent for, which Mr. Capper then, and at all times, had a great aversion to. He asked for a pen and ink, evinced great anxiety to write, but could not. Mr. Townsend, apprehending his dissolution nigh, endeavoured, but in vain, to get permission to send for Mr. Capper's relations, and tried to obtain their address for that purpose. He refused, saying that he should be better. On the second day, seeing no hopes of recovery, Mr. Townsend called in four respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and had seals put upon all Mr. Capper's property. One of the four gentlemen recollected the address of Mr. Capper's two nephews of the name of Dutton, who were immediately sent for. They resided in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane.

As soon as the old gentleman's dissolution had taken place, his desks, trunks, and boxes were opened by the Messrs. Duttons and their lawyer; when they found 100*l.* in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many government securities, and a will; which the parties present proceeded to read. It was curiously worded, and made in the back of a sheet of banker's checks. It was dated five years back, and the bulk of his property, which was then upwards of 30,000*l.*, he left equally amongst his poor relations. The two nephews were nominated executors, and were bequeathed between them 8000*l.*, in the three per cents. What has become of all the property which has been accumulating since the will was made, does not appear. From Mr. Capper's declaration in his lifetime, there was reason to suppose he had made another will, as the one found did not appear to be witnessed.

REPORT TO THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW JERSEY ON THE MANUFACTURING SOCIETY AT PATTERSON, IN THAT STATE.

THE number of shares originally subscribed were four thousand, at one hundred dollars each; seventeen hundred have been forfeited, two thousand three hundred shares have been paid. The original stock, two hundred and thirty thousand dollars, has been expended in erecting the works, and in fruitless attempts to carry them on: there now remains of the original stock unexpended twenty thousand dollars, put out at interest. I have made a faithful enquiry in order to find the books containing the particular items of expenditures, but have not come at them. I was informed these accounts were in the hands of a person who is gone into the western country. During the time the works were carried on by the society, there were no rents or profits

arising, but a considerable loss in capital.

	Dolls.	*Cts.*
In the year 1800, part of the lands, houses, and machinery were rented out for the sum of	268	38
The year 1801, at	420	37
The year 1802, at	255	00
The year 1803, at	1,146	50
The year 1804, at	1,390	62
Amount of rents for five years	3,520	87
There has been expended for repairs and erecting one new house	2,100	00
One person employed to superintend the business, at two hundred and fifty dollars per year	1,250	00
	3,350	00
Remains unexpended on the last five years' rents	170	37
There are belonging to the society seven hundred and fifty acres of land, valued at thirty dollars per acre	22,500	00
One mill seat leased to Kinsey and Crane, for seventy-five dollars per year, making a principal of	1,071	43
The dwelling houses, shops, and out houses, fifteen in number, valued at	7,500	00
One grist mill, and new saw mill	2,500	00
MACHINERY.		
Fourteen carding machines, value	2,100	00
Eight drawing and roving machines	340	00
Seventeen frames for spinning, &c.	4,000	00
Six mules with eight hundred and eighty-two spindles	1,373	00
Ten jennies, with seven hundred and fifty-one spindles	550	00
Two batting frames, with reels	340	00
The large machinery to drive the whole	2,500	00
The manufacturing house	6,000	00
The weaving, bleaching, and printing apparatus, with the looms and warping	150	00
The chemical bleaching apparatus	60	00
Two capares and singing machines	120	00
Stoves and boilers	100	00
Sundry tools, timber, lumber, &c.	250	00
	51,446	00
Of the original stock unexpended	20,000	00
	71,446	00

The society have leased one mill seat to Kinsey and Crane for seventy-five dollars per year, on which they have erected a paper mill..... There is room for forty others, equally as good, which, at some future time, will become valuable; at present the value cannot be ascertained.

JOHN DODD.

October, 1804.

GENERAL HAMILTON.

GENERAL HAMILTON'S grandfather, Alexander Hamilton, Esq., of Grange, in Ayrshire, married Elizabeth Pollock, daughter of sir Robert Pollock, in Renfrewshire, by whom he had a very numerous family. The general's father, James Hamilton, being the fourth son, was obliged to seek his fortune in the West Indies, when the general was born in the island of St. Vincent's. His mother was an American lady, and to her relations at New York he was sent, at the age of sixteen, for his education. After attending the college at New York for three years, he entered the American army as captain of artillery, and, soon after, by general Washington's invitation, became his aid-de-camp, in which station he

served until the capture of lord Cornwallis' army, at York Town, in Virginia. In 1780 he married the second daughter of general Schuyler, a gentleman of one of the most respectable families in America.

CLIMATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE inhabitants of Britain, in the southern part of the kingdom, enjoy the light of the sun, at the winter solstice, for eight hours, and at the summer, sixteen; on the borders of Scotland, the shortest day is six hours and a half, and the longest seventeen and a half; but, in the northernmost of the Shetland isles, the shortest day is only four hours and three quarters, while the longest extends to nineteen and a quarter: indeed here the inhabitants see to read at midnight.

A table of the mean annual and monthly temperatures, which the atmosphere, in the different latitudes of the country, has a tendency to observe, gives the following results: from which it will be seen, that the climate is, in general, milder than could have been expected in so northerly a latitude, owing to insular situation, high state of cultivation, and, perhaps, to other causes.

Lat.	50	53	56	59	61
Annual	52.9	50.2	47 5	45.09	43.5
January	42.5	40	37	34	32
April	52.9	50.2	47.5	45.09	43.5
July	63.5	61	58	56.5	55.5
October	50.5	48	45	42	40

The average quantity of water supposed to be evaporated from the surface of the globe, in the course of a year, is 35 inches: in Britain, it is calculated at about 30; whereas the mean quantity of rain in that country is found to be 32,532 cubic inches.

In Ireland, and the western coasts of Britain, the quantity of rain is much greater than on the eastern coasts of England and Scotland, arising probably from the vicinity of the former to the vast Atlantic.

PUBLIC PLACES AT PARIS IN 1802.

UNDER the monarchy, nothing like the present number, which amounts to seventy, was ever known. Such a variety of amusements is almost incredible, in the midst of a war, unexampled in its consumption of blood and treasure. It proves that, whatever may have been the public distress, there was at least a great *show* of private opulence. Indeed a spirit of indifference, prodigality, and dissipation, seemed to pervade every class of society.... Placed at the bottom or top of Fortune's wheel, a thirst of gain and want of economy were alike conspicuous among all ranks. Those who strained every nerve to obtain riches, squandered them with equal profusion.

No beings can be fonder of diversion than the Parisians. Like the Romans, they are content with *panem et circenses*, which a Frenchman would render by *spectacles et de quoi manger*. On the score of amusement, at least, the republic is one and indivisible. In times of the greatest scarcity, many went dinnerless to the theatre, eating whatever scrap they could procure, and consoling themselves with being amused for the evening, and saving fire and candle at home.

The following list of public places, though fewer than existed here two years ago, will show the ardour of the Parisians for "running at the ring of pleasure." Few of these are shut up, except for the winter; and new ones succeed to such as are finally relinquished.

Theatre des Arts
——— Francais
——— Feydeau
——— Louvois

Theatre Favart, *now* Opera Buffa
——— de la Porte St. Martin
——— de la Societe Olympique, *late* Opera Buffa.
——— du Vaudeville
——— Montansier
——— de l'Ambigu Comique
——— de la Gaiete
——— des Jeunes Artistes
——— des Jeunes eleves
——— des Delassemens Comiques
——— sans Pretension
——— du Marais
——— de la Cite
——— des Victoires
——— de Moliere
——— de l'Estrapade
——— de Mareux
——— des Aveugles
——— de la Rue St. Jean de Beauvais
Bal masque de l'Opera
——— de l'Opera Buffa
Bal du Sallon des Etrangers
— de l'Hotel de Salm
— de la Rue Michaudiere
Soirees amusantes de l'Hotel Longueville
Viellees de la Cite
Phantasmagorie de Robertson
Concert de Feydeau
Ranelagh au bois de Buologne
Tivoli
Frascati
Idalie
Hameau de Chantilly
Paphos
Vauxhall d'hiver
——— d'ete
——— a Mousseaux
——— a St. Cloud
——— au Petit Trianon
Jardin de l'hotel Biron
——— Thelusson
——— Marbœuf
——— de l'hotel d'Orsay
Fetes champetres de Bagatelle
La Muette
Colisee
Amphitheatre d'equitation de Franconi
Panorama
Exhibition de Curtius
Experiences Physiques
La Chaumiere
Cabinet de demonstration de Physiologie et de Pathologie.

Before the revolution, Paris could boast of no more than three principal theatres, exclusively of *l'Opera Buffa*, introduced in 1788. These were *l'Opera*, *les Francais*, and *les Italiens*, which, with six inferior ones, called *petits spectacles*, made up ten in the whole. The subaltern houses were checked by the privileges granted to the *Comedie Francaise*, which alone had the right to play first-rate productions: it also possessed that of censorship, and sometimes exercised it in the most despotic manner. Authors, bickering with comedians, who dictated the law to them, solicited in vain for a second French theatre. The revolution took place, and the unlimited number of theatres was presently decreed. Many new ones were opened; but novelty dispersing the amateurs, the number of spectators did not always equal the expectation of the managers; the profits, so much divided, proved insufficient for them all, and several were soon reduced to bankruptcy.

Three theatres of the first and second rank have been destroyed by fire within two years, yet upwards of twenty are at present open, almost every night, besides several associations of self-denominated *artistes-amateurs*.

Amidst this glare of dramatic wealth, theatres of the first rank have imperceptibly declined, and at last fallen. The *Theatres Favart* and *Feydeau*, at which French comic operas were chiefly represented, have been obliged to unite their strength, and their disgrace has not affected any of those which do not disdain scenes more coarse, and language more unpolished.

At present (1802), government appears to have taken this decline of the principal theatres into consideration. It is rumoured that the stage is to be subjected to its former restrictions. The benefit resulting to the art itself, and to the public, from rivalship, is questioned, and

some assert, that the direction of the *gentilhommes de la chambre* was, in general, beneficial. Formerly, the theatres were under the control of the *gentilhommes de la chambre*, but, at the establishment of the directorial government, they were placed in the power of the minister of the interior, in whose department they have since continued. Of late, however, it is asserted, that they are to be under the direction of a prefect of the palace.

Doubtless, the liberty introduced by the revolution has been, in some respects, abused. But why should we fall into a contrary excess, and resort to arbitrary measures, which are equally liable to be abused? Their number may justify the interference of the government; but the liberty of representing pieces of all kinds, such only excepted as may be hurtful to morals, seems to be a salutary and incontestible principle. By disengaging the French comic opera from the narrow sphere to which it was confined, this licence has effected a musical revolution, at which all persons of taste must rejoice, by introducing on that stage the harmonic riches of Italy. This too has produced, on theatres of the second and third rank, pieces deficient, neither in regularity, connexion, representation, nor decoration. Before the revolution, the spirit of dramatic authors was fettered by a set of privileged comedians, who discouraged them by ungracious refusals, or disgusted them by unjust preferences. Hence the old adage in France, that, when an author had composed a good piece, he had performed but half his task; the more difficult half of getting it read and represented still remained to be accomplished.

It certainly belongs to the government to limit their number, not by privileges which might be granted through favour, or obtained, perhaps, for money. The taste of the public being known, the population should first be considered, as that which furnishes both money and spectators. It would be easy to ascertain the proportion between the population of the capital and the due number of its theatres. But all public places should be free as to the species of amusement. All would then be well attended, and all concerned secure against the consequences of failure, and the true interest of the art be likewise promoted. Neither absolute independence nor exclusive privilege should prevail, but a middle course be adopted, to fix the fate of those great scenic establishments, which, forming an essential part of public diversion, have great influence on the morals of the nation.

The playhouses have been well attended this winter, particularly the principal ones; but, in Paris, every rank has not exactly its theatre as at a ball. From the *spectacles* on the *Boulevards* to those of the first and second rank, there is a mixed company. Formerly, the lower classes confined themselves to the former, but now they visit the latter. An increase of wages has enabled the labourer to gratify himself with some kinds of luxury, and he now takes a peep at those scenes, of which he before acquired, from hearsay, but imperfect notions.

If you wish to see a new or favourite piece, you must not neglect to secure a seat early, for, on such occasions, the house is full long before the curtain rises. You cannot take places as in England, except you take a box, which is expensive. In that case you pay for it at the time you engage it, and it is kept locked till you make your appearance..... Besides the boxes reserved for the officers of the staff of the city of Paris, and those at the head of the police, who have free admission to all the *spectacles*, on producing their ivory ticket, there is a box at each appropriated to the minister of public instruction.

In Paris you are kept outside of the house till you receive a ticket for your money, through a hole in the wall. A few paces from the door of the principal theatres are two receiver's offices, which are no

sooner open, than candidates for admission begin to form long ranks, extending from the portico into the very street, and advance to them two abreast in regular succession. A steady sentinel, posted at the aperture, repeats your wishes to the receiver in a mild, conciliating manner. Other sentinels are stationed for the preservation of order, under the immediate eye of the officer, who sees that every one has his turn; however, it is not uncommon for forestallers to procure a certain number of them, especially for a new or favourite piece, and offer them privately at a usurious price, which many are glad to pay rather than fall in the rear.

The method I take is this: having informed myself what *spectacle* is worth seeing, while at dinner I send my *valet de place*, or desire him to dispatch a *commissionnaire* for the tickets wanted, so that when I arrive, I have only to walk in, and place myself to the best advantage.

It is wise not to establish the receiver's offices inside of the house, as in our theatres. By this plan, however great the crowd, the entrance is always unobstructed, and those violent struggles and pressures, which have cost the lives of many, are effectually prevented..... No half price is taken, but in different parts of the house there are *bureaux de supplement*, where, if you want to pass from one part to another, you exchange your counter-mark on paying the difference.

Nothing can be better regulated both inside and out. You are not shocked, as formerly, by the presence of black-whiskered grenadiers, occupying different parts of the house, and, by their inflexible sternness, awing the spectators into a suppression of their feelings. No fusileer, with fixed bayonet and piece loaded with ball, now dictates to the pit that such a seat must hold so many, though some among them might be as broad-bottomed as Dutchmen. If you find yourself incommoded by heat or pressure, you are at liberty to declare it, without giving offence. Criticism is no longer silenced by a military despot, who, for an exclamation or gesture, not exactly coinciding to his liking, pointed him out to his myrmidons, and transferred him at once to prison.

This despotism has been denied: but I will relate an instance of it.

Some years ago, I was present at the *Theatre Francais*, when, in one of Corneille's pieces, mademoiselle Raucourt, the tragic actress, was particularly negligent in the delivery of a passage, in which justice to the author required the nicest discrimination. An amateur in the *parterre* reproved her, in a very gentle manner, for a wrong emphasis. Being, at this time, a favourite of the queen, she was, it seems, superior to admonition, and persisted in her misplaced shrieks, till it became evident that she set the audience at defiance. Others joined in expressing their disapprobation. Instantly the *major* singled out the leading critic: two grenadiers forced their way to the place where he was seated, and conveyed him to prison, for having had the audacity to reprove an actress in favour at court. From such improper exercise of authority, the following verse had become a proverb:

"Il est bien des sifflets, mais nous avons la garde."

A guard outside of a theatre is necessary for preserving order; but that the audience should not be at liberty to approve or condemn such a passage or actor, is to stifle the expression of that general opinion which alone can produce good performers. The interior police of the theatre being, at present, almost entirely in the hands of the public themselves, it is more justly observed and duly respected.

Considering the natural impetuosity of their character, one is surprised at the patient tranquility with which the French range themselves in their places. Seldom do they interrupt the performance by loud talk, but converse in a whisper.

When one sees them applaud, with rapture, a tender scene, which breathes sentiments of humanity or compassion, one is tempted to question whether the Parisians of the present day belong to the identical race that could, at one time, display the ferocity of tygers, and, at another, the tameness of lambs, while their nearest relations and best friends were daily bleeding on the scaffold.

No theatre can be opened without the permission of the police, who depute proper persons to ascertain that the house is solidly built, the passages and outlets unincumbered and commodious, and that it is provided with reservoirs of water, and an adequate number of fire-engines.

Every public place is shut up immediately, if, for a single day, the proprietors neglect to keep the reservoirs full of water, the engines in proper order, and the fire-men ready.

No persons can be admitted behind the scenes, except those in the service of the theatre; nor must the tickets distributed exceed that of the persons the house can conveniently hold.

No coachman, under any pretext, can quit the reins of his horses, while the persons he has driven are getting out of or into their carriage. Indeed the necessity of his doing so is obviated by porters stationed at the door of the theatres, and appointed by the police. They are distinguished by a brass plate, on which their permission and the name of the theatre are engraved.

At every theatre there is an exterior guard, at the disposal of the *civil* officer, stationed there for the preservation of order. This guard cannot enter the theatre unless the safety of the public is endangered, and at the express requisition of the said officer, who must first, in a loud voice, apprize the audience of his intention.

All are bound to obey, *provisionally*, the officer of police. Every one invited, or summoned by him to quit the house, is immediately to repair to the police-office of the theatre, in order to give such explanations as may be required of him, whence he may either transfer him to the competent tribunal, or set him at liberty, according to circumstances.

Proper places are appointed for carriages to wait at. When the play is ended, no carriage in waiting can move till the first crowd coming out of the house has disappeared. The commanding officer of the guard on duty decides the moment when carriages may be called.

No carriage can move quicker than a foot-pace, and but on a single rank, till it has got clear of the streets in the vicinity of the theatre. Nor can it arrive thither but by the streets appointed for that purpose.

Two hours before the rising of the curtain, sentinels are placed in sufficient number to execute these orders, and prevent any obstruction in the different avenues of the theatre.

Indeed, obstruction is now seldom seen: I have more than once had the curiosity to count, and cause to be counted, all the *private* carriages in waiting at the grand French opera, on a night when the boxes were filled with the most fashionable company. Neither I nor my *valet de place* could ever reckon more than from forty to fifty; whereas, formerly it was not uncommon to see here between two and three hundred; and the noise of so many equipages rattling through the streets, from each of the principal theatres, sufficiently indicated that the performance was ended.

A PARIS BALL.

By a traveller, in 1802.

IN this gay capital, balls succeed to balls in an almost incredible variety. There are an immense num-

ber every evening, so that persons fond of dancing have full scope for the exercise of their talents in Paris. It is no longer a matter of surprise to me that the French women dance so well, since I find they take frequent lessons from their master, and almost every night they are at a dance of one kind or another. The same set of dances lasts the whole season, and go where you will, you have a repetition of the same thing. However, this detracts not, in the smallest degree, from the merit of those who shine as first-rate dancers. The mechanical part of the business they may thus acquire by constant practice; but the decorative part, if I may so term the fascinating grace which they display in all their movements, is that the result of study, or do they hold it from the bounteous hand of Nature?

I have been at several private balls, in which pleasure, not profit, was the motive for which they were given, and the company was select. In this line madame Recamier takes the lead; but though her balls are more splendid, those of madame Soubiran are more agreeable. On the 21st of Frimaire (December 12th), I was at a public ball, of the most brilliant kind now known in Paris. It was the first of the subscription given this season, and, from the name of the apartment where it is held, it is styled the *Bal du Salon des Etrangers.*

Midnight is the general hour for the commencement of such diversions; but, owing to the long train of carriages setting down company at this ball, it was near two o'clock before I could arrive at the scene of action, in the *Rue Grange Bateliere*, near the Boulevards.

After I alighted, and presented my ticket, some time elapsed before I could squeeze into the room where the dancing was going forward..... The spectators were here so intermixed with the dancers, that they formed around them a border as complete as a frame to a picture. It is astonishing that, under such circumstances, a Parisian Terpsichore, far from being embarrassed, lays fresh claim to your applause. With mathematical precision, she measures with her eye the space to which she is restricted by the curiosity of the by-standers. Rapid as lightning, she springs forward till the measure recalling her to the place she left, she traces her orbit, like a planet, at the same time revolving on her axis. Sometimes her "light, fantastic toe" will approach within half an inch of your foot; nay, you shall almost feel her breath on your cheek, and still she will not touch you, except, perhaps, with the skirt of her floating tunic.

Among the female part of the company, I observed several lovely women; some who might have been taken for Asiatic sultanas, irradiating the space around them by the dazzling brilliancy of their ornaments; others without jewels, but calling in every other aid of dress for the embellishment of their person; and a few, rich in their native charms alone, verifying the expression of the poet.

In a well-educated French woman, there is an ease, an affability, a desire to please and be pleased, which not only render her manners peculiarly engaging, but also influence her gait, her gestures, her whole deportment in short, and captivate admiration. Her natural cheerfulness and vivacity spread over her features an animation seldom to be found in our English fair, whose general characteristics are reserve and coldness. Hence that striking expression which exhibits the grace of the French women to superior advantage.

Three of the most remarkable women in the ball-room were madame la princesse de Santa-Croce, who displayed more diamonds than any of her competitors; mademoiselle Lescot, who was the best dancer among several ladies renowned for dancing; and madame Tallien, who was, on the whole, the handsomest female that I saw in the room.

I had previously seen madame

Tallien at the *Opera Buffa*, and was struck by her appearance, before I knew who she was. On seeing her again at the *Salon des Etrangers*, I inquired of a French lady of my acquaintance, whose understanding and discernment are pre-eminent, if madame Tallien had nothing to recommend her but her personal attractions? "In madame Tallien," said she, "beauty, wit, goodness of heart, grace, talents, all are united. In a gay world, where malice subsists in all its force, her inconsistencies alone have been talked of, without any mention being made of the numerous acts of beneficence, which have balanced, if they have not effaced, her weakness..... Would you believe," continued she, "that, in Paris, the grand theatre of misconduct, where moral obligations are so much disregarded, where we daily commit actions which we condemn in others; would you believe, that madame Tallien experiences again and again the mortification of being deprived of the society of this or that woman, who has nothing to boast of but her depravity, and cannot plead one act of kindness, or even indulgence?..... This picture is very dark," added she, "but the colouring is true." "What you tell me," observed I, "proves that, notwithstanding the irruption of immorality, attributed to the revolution, it is still necessary for a woman to preserve appearances at least, in order to be received here in what is termed the best company." "Yes, indeed," replied she; "if a woman neglects that main point in Paris, she will soon find herself lowered in the opinion of the fashionable world, and be at last excluded from even the secondary circles. In London, your people of fashion are not quite so rigid." "If a husband chooses to wink at his wife's incontinence," rejoined I, "the world on our side of the water is sufficiently complaisant to follow his example. Now, with you, character is made to depend more on the observance of etiquette, and certainly hypocrisy, when detected, is of more prejudice to society than bare-faced profligacy." The lady then resumed thus concerning the subject of my inquiry. "Were some people to hear me," said she, "they might think that I had drawn you a flattering portrait of madame Tallien, and say, by way of contrast, when the devil became old, he turned hermit; but I should answer, that, for some years, no twenty-four hours have elapsed without persons, whom I could name on occasion, having begun their daily career by going to see her, who saved their life, when, to accomplish that object, she hazarded her own."

Here then is an additional instance of the noble energy manifested by women, during the most calamitous periods of the revolution. Unappalled by the terrors of captivity or of death, their sensibility impelled them to brave the ferocity of sanguinary tyrants, in order to administer hope or comfort to a parent, a husband, a relation, or a friend. Some of these heroines, though in the bloom of youth, not content with sympathizing in the misfortunes of others, gave themselves up as a voluntary sacrifice, rather than survive those whose preservation they valued more than their own existence. Rome may vaunt her Porcia or her Cornelia; but the page of her history can produce no such exaltation of the female character as has been exhibited, within the last ten years, by French women. Examples like these, of generosity, fortitude, and greatness of soul, deserve to be recorded to the end of time, as they do honour to the sex, and to human nature.

If, according to the scale of Parisian enjoyment, a ball or rout is dull or insipid, *a moins qu'on ne manque d'y etre etouffe*, how supreme must have been the satisfaction of the company at the *Salon des Etrangers!* The number present, estimated at seven or eight hundred, occasioned so great a crowd, that it was by no means an easy enterprise

to pass from one room to another. Of course, there was no opportunity of viewing the apartments to advantage: however, I saw enough of them to remark that they formed a suite elegantly decorated. Some persons amused themselves with cards, though the great majority neither played nor danced, but were occupied in conversing with their acquaintance. There was no regular supper, but substantial refreshments of every kind were to be procured on paying, and other smaller ones gratis.

From the tickets not being transferable, and the bearer's name being inserted in each of them, the company was far more select than it could have been without such a restriction. Most of the foreign ambassadors, envoys, &c. were present, and many of the most distinguished persons of both sexes in Paris. More regard was paid to the etiquette of dress at this ball than I have ever witnessed here on similar occasions. The ladies were all *en grande toilette*, and the men with cocked hats, and in shoes and stockings, which is a novelty here, I assure you, as they mostly appear in boots.

A circumstance which occurred there, from the extravagant credulity it exhibits, as to the effects of sympathy, may amuse you.

A widow, about twenty years of age, more to be admired for the symmetry of her person than for the beauty of her features, had, according to the prevailing custom, intrusted her pocket-handkerchief to the care of a male friend, a gentleman-like young Frenchman of my acquaintance. After dancing, the lady, finding herself rather warm, applied for her handkerchief, with which she wiped her forehead, and returned it to the gentleman, who again put it into his pocket. He then danced, but not with her; and, being also heated, he, by mistake, took out the lady's handkerchief, which, when applied to his face, produced, as he fancied, such an effect on him, that, though he had previously regarded her with a sort of indifference, from that moment she engaged all his attention, and he was unable to direct his eyes, or even his thoughts, to any other object.

Some philosophers, as is well known, have maintained, that from all bodies there is an emanation of corpuscles, which, coming into contact with our organs, make on the brain an impression, either more or less sympathetic, or of a directly opposite nature. They tell you, for instance, that of two women whom you behold for the first time, the one the least handsome will sometimes please you most, because there exists a greater *sympathy* between you and her than between you and the more beautiful woman. Without attempting to refute this absurd doctrine of corpuscles, I shall only observe, that this young Frenchman is completely smitten, and declares that no woman in the world can be compared to the widow.

This circumstance reminds me of a still more remarkable effect, ascribed to a similar cause, experienced by Henry III of France. The marriage of the king of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV, with Marguerite de Valois, and that of the prince de Conde with Marie de Cleves, was celebrated at the *Louvre*, on the 10th of August, 1572. Marie de Cleves, then a most lovely creature, only sixteen, after dancing much, finding herself incommoded by the heat of the ball-room, retired to a private apartment, where one of the waiting-women of the queen-dowager, seeing her in a profuse perspiration, persuaded her to make an entire change of dress. She had scarcely left the room, when the duke of Anjou, afterwards Henry III, who had also danced a great deal, entered it to adjust his hair, and, being overheated, wiped his face with the first thing that he found, which happened to be the chemise she had just taken off. Returning to the ball, he fixed his eyes on her, and contemplated her with as much surprise as if he had never

before beheld her. His emotion, his transports, and the attention which he began to pay her, were the more extraordinary, as during the preceding week, which she had passed at court, he appeared indifferent to those very charms, which now made on his heart an impression so warm and so lasting. In short, he became insensible to every thing that did not relate to his passion.

His election to the crown of Poland, say historians, far from flattering him, appeared to him an exile; and when he was in that kingdom, absence, far from diminishing his love, seemed to increase it. Whenever he addressed the princess, he pricked his finger, and never wrote to her but with his blood. No sooner was he informed of the death of Charles IX, than he dispatched a courier to assure her that she should soon be queen of France; and, on his return, his thoughts were solely bent on dissolving her marriage with the prince de Conde, which, on account of the latter being a protestant, he expected to accomplish. But this determination proved fatal to the princess; for, shortly after, she was attacked by a violent illness, attributed to poison, which carried her off in the flower of her age.

No words can paint Henry's despair at this event: he passed several days in tears and groans, and when he was at length obliged to show himself in public, he appeared in deep mourning, and entirely covered with emblems of death, even to his very shoe-strings.

The princess de Conde had been dead upwards of four months, and buried in the abbey-church of *St. Germain-des-Pres*, when Henry, on entering the abbey, whither he was invited to a grand entertainment given there by cardinal de Bourbon, felt such violent tremblings at his heart, that, not being able to endure their continuance, he was going away; but they ceased all at once, on the body of the princess being removed from its tomb, and conveyed elsewhere for that evening.

A NEW MODE OF SCANDAL.

A BLIND man of Paris, retiring in the dusk to his hovel, after having spent the day in begging, with little success, was accosted by a person, who told him, that if he would go home with him, he should find his account in it. The blind man joyfully consented to be conducted to his new friend's house, and was thus addressed by him: "I am not rich, and yet wish to show charity to the poor, which I have no other possibility of doing, unless by giving them parcels of tales and novels, which I compose, to sell at a very moderate price, for their own benefit. Here, my friend, is a good parcel of them, which you shall dispose of at the rate of two-pence each, although they are intrinsically worth thrice the money." The poor fellow, after loudly expressing his gratitude, groped his way home, exulting, and sallied out the next morn, to enjoy the profits of his benefactor's productions. He cried his pamphlets by the title of a new novel, as he had been directed, and, for some time, had no custom; but one of his books having been purchased and examined, the rest met with a most rapid sale, and the blind man returned homewards with his pockets well loaded. His pleasant ideas were, however, soon checked, by his finding himself in the custody of an officer of the police, who told him that the book which he had sold was a most virulent and impudent satire against a person of rank. The poor blind man protested his innocence, and told his tale, which, luckily for him, was believed; but he could give no information which could lead to the contriver of this very ingenious and new way of spreading abroad scandal with impunity.

The present age, far from encou-

raging obsolete defamation, seems rather to indulge in the opposite extreme. Sir John Falstaff has found an ingenious advocate, to affirm that cowardice never formed a part of his character. Richard III, tyrant as he was, has not been without a friend, who has exhausted the powers of every engine, which wit and reading could supply, to set his character and his back straight: and volumes upon volumes are written, to prove the immaculate purity of Mary, queen of Scots.

JULIA GONZAGA.

THE story of Julia Gonzaga is well known. Her exquisite and far-famed beauty tempted a corsair to fit out a small squadron, and to land near her castle, in order to make himself master of so rich a prize. A domestic burst into her room, while the pirates were actually scaling her walls, and snatching her, naked as she was, from her bed, conveyed her on horse-back out of the reach of the assailants. When they had gained a place of security, the lady's high sense of modesty obliged her to cause her honest, although perhaps indelicate, preserver, to be assassinated. Thus much is always told; but it is very little known, although certainly true, that during their flight from the castle, the fugitives fell in with one of those roving parties of banditti, which Italy, in those days, abounded with. This paragon of beauty was, a full week, detained by the band of outlaws, before she had leave to pursue her journey, and to execute her plan of vengeance on her deliverer. Had she been honoured by a La Fontaine for her historian, her adventures might perhaps have eclipsed those of the princess of Garbes. Possibly she might not be sorry to be rid of one who had been a witness to the hospitality of her late entertainers.

VARIETIES OF SUPERSTITION.

IT is amusing to notice the various forms which superstition has assumed among mankind. The ancients adopted a very peculiar method of pacifying the wandering spirits of such as had been slain by treachery. The murderer never thought himself safe from being haunted by the spectre of the person whom he had killed, until he had cut off the feet, the hands, the nose, and the ears from the slaughtered corpse, and hung them to his own neck, or under his arm-pits. This appears from the Greek scholiasts on Sophocles, Æschylus, &c. Deiphobus, the husband of Helena, was probably treated in this way, which accounts for the uncouth appearance which he made before Æneas, in the shades.

.....Lacerum crudeliter ora,
Ora, manusque ambos, populataque tempora, raptis
Auribus, & truncas, in honesta vulnere nares.

And this naturally introduces the Roman method of getting rid of those troublesome nocturnal visitors, the Lemures, so named from a transversion of the word Remus, who was said to have haunted his brother and murderer, Romulus. On this account the hag-ridden prince instituted a festival, called Lemuria, to appease the unquiet dead. The haunted person was to rise at midnight, and to walk barefooted, silently, only making a small noise with his thumb and finger, to keep the disturbed spirit at some distance. He then must wash his hands three times, in spring water, and fill his mouth with beans, which he was to throw behind him, for the spectre, who watched his motions, to pick up; he was, at the same time, to pronounce, "With these beans I redeem me and mine," without turning back his head..... Then, after one more ablution, after striking a vessel of brass, and

after adjuring the ghost, nine several times, by name, to depart, he might turn his head, and the ceremony was ended.

It should seem that a person who had resolution enough to pass through a form so very alarming, must have too firm a mind to give any credit to such childish, expiatory ceremonies.

In what manner are we to account for the difference between that noble wildness found in the tales of superstition, handed down to us by our Celtic ancestors, and the uninteresting insipidity of all the ghost and witch stories, which the latter ages have produced? Perhaps the cause may be found in that universal allowance of preternatural visitations, which, in former times, pervaded every rank of society, and, of course, encouraged the greatest and most fanciful wits of the time to busy themselves in inventing and recounting picturesque relations, while, in modern days, since the belief of such events has been confined wholly to the ignorant, the poor, and the superannuated, neither genius nor imagination are at hand to raise the tale one degree above a white sheet, or a pair of saucer-eyes, nor to supply the spectre with any language more expressive than that of scratching, knocking, or fluttering.

Let us, for example's sake, recount one, out of a hundred stories, told by the ancient northern writers. Asuithus and Asmundus were heroes and companions in arms..... They had fought and conquered together during many years, and their friendship was spoken of as a pattern to the warriors of the north. At length the one, after a desperate conflict, was slain in battle. The survivor, after causing a spacious vault to be constructed for his friend's body, and, after having seen his arms, his horse, and his favourite dog, as was the mode of the times, placed within his reach, besides a large store of provisions, entered the cavern, armed as he was, and, in consequence of a mutual vow which had passed between them, insisted on being closed in with his deceased comrade. The orders of such a man were not to be disputed. The soldiers walled up the opening of the vault, heaped over the whole the usual mound of earth, and departed, lamenting the loss of two such leaders.

It chanced that, a century afterwards, Eric, a Swedish prince, marching with his army near the scene of this awful event, was incited, by the hopes of finding some vast treasure, to violate this asylum of the dead. His pioneers instantly levelled the hillock, and the arch of the vault soon gave way; when, instead of the expected solemn stillness of a tomb, the ghastly figure of the surviving hero rushed forth, all covered with blood, and deprived of half his visage.

The tale he told to the Norwegian was frightful as his own appearance.* "As soon," he said, "as the tomb had been closed, a hungry and cruel spirit had taken possession of the body of his slaughtered friend, and had, without ceasing a moment, employed all the force and arms of the deceased, in order to conquer and devour the buried survivor..... He added, that the spectre had so far prevailed, as to have feasted on the horse, the dog, and half the face of the wretched narrator, but that he had, at length, by the exertion of his old prowess, overpowered the spectre, and beheaded and buried the possessed carcase."

Here the story ends, and, perhaps, one of the most singular parts of it is, that it was told to the Norwegian prince in extempore verse. A circumstance which, in the mouth of a man who had been one hundred years fighting with a goblin, and who had but half a face left, seems uncommon. But such effusions of poetry were usual, in former ages, in all remarkable occurrences. The modern vampire has strong traces of descent from the above quoted gothic phantom.

Thus we are told by Matthew Paris, that as Gilbert Folliot, afterwards bishop of London, was, one

night, revolving in his head certain points in politics, a science to which he had a stronger turn than to divinity, he was most fearfully interrupted in his meditation by Satan, who, with an unpleasant tone of voice, thus accosted him in rhyme: "O Gilberte Folliot!....Dum revolvis tot & tot....Deus tuus est Astarot." To whom the unterrified priest replied with greater presence of mind than civility, "Mentiris, Dæmon! Qui est Deus....Sabboath, est *ille* meus."

Near the abbey of Clairvaux, in Switzerland, there is a tradition, that an evil spirit lies beneath a mountain, enchained by St. Bernard; and the smiths of that neighbourhood, when they go to work in the morning, always think it their duty to strike three strokes on their anvils, to rivet his fetters.

This infernal being deserves much less compassion than those industrious phantoms, who, according to a reputable tradition, are still to be heard near a southern cliff in Wales, constantly employed in hammering on the brazen wall, which Merlin intended for the defence of Britain. But the heedless enchanter having, after he had set them to work, been decoyed by the lady of the lake, into a perpetual confinement, the poor spirits still continued their unavailing labour, and must hammer on till Merlin regains his freedom.

Should a glass-house fire be kept up, without extinction, for a longer term than seven years, there is no doubt but that a salamander would be generated in the cinders. This very rational idea is much more generally credited than wise men would readily believe.

In a folio book, of some price, we meet the following receipt:

How to make a Basiliske.

"I deny not," quoth the author, "but a living creature may be generated, that shall poison one by seeing and touching, as if it were a basilick. But take heed, you that try to produce this creature, that you do not endanger yourself, which, I think, may easily come to pass. Infuse fruitful eggs where you have a liquid moisture of arsenic, or serpents' poison, and other deadly things, and let the eggs lie therein for some days; set them under hens that do cluck, but shake them not in your hands, lest you destroy the mischief sought for. There is no greater cause to be found to produce divers monsters, than by eggs."

No man ever gave into popular and superstitious prejudices more readily than the otherwise ingenious and entertaining antiquarian, John Aubrey. His method of relation was always quaint, and sometimes too general, as in the following instance:

"Anno 1670, not far from Cirencester, was an apparition. Being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared, with a curious perfume, and most melodious twang."

The annals of France report, that, in 793, there fell out an uncommon scarcity; the ears of corn were all void of substance, and strange preternatural beings were heard in the air, proclaiming themselves to be demons, who had ravaged the harvests, in order to revenge the clergy for the reluctance of the people as to the payment of tythes, which, in consequence of this diabolical interference, were ordered to be regularly discharged.

James I defines a necromancer to be the devil's master, and to command him by art. A witch, his servant, for whom he works by compact.

St. Augustine, treating of the resurrection, introduces, as an instance of the unaccountableness of some among the works of nature, a peculiar property belonging to the flesh of the peacock. This, he affirms, will never corrupt, although, from its colour and consistence, and from the species of food by which it is generated, one would suppose it at least as liable to putrefaction as any other kind of animal substance.

The learned Godwin, in his antiquities of the Jewish nation, fa-

vours us with the method of composing the teraphim, which were a species of image endued by magic art, with the power of prophesying. "The teraphim have spoken vanity." Zach. 10, 2. Rabbi Eliezer is quoted as the author.

Receipt for making the Teraphim.

"They killed a man that was a first born son, and wrung off his head, and seasoned it with salt and spices, and wrote upon a plate of gold, the name of an unclean spirit, and put it under the head on a wall, and lighted candles before it, and worshipped it." With such as these, the rabbis assert that Laban spake.

Dr. Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," after repeating the old prophetic proverb,

"When our lady falls in our lord's lap,
Then let England beware a mishap,"

and after bringing fifteen instances of singular misfortunes, which have happened to England, when such a conjunction of feasts has occurred, warns the next generation to beware of what may fall out in the year 1722. Happily that year is past, and probably another like era, without any signal misfortune happening to the kingdom.

ON THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

IT seems strange that a passion for the arts should have been often made a pretext for the most exquisite barbarity. The story of Giotto and his dying Christ, is within every one's reading: that of Parrhasius, the Athenian painter, which seems to have been Giotto's model, is not so well known. When Philip of Macedon had taken Olynthus, and consigned the inhabitants to slavery, Parrhasias, who had resided in the Macedonian camp, walking among the ruins of the place, was struck with the exquisite expression of sorrow which agonized the features of an old captive, a man of some rank, whose children had been just torn from him, and exposed to public sale. He purchased him immediately, carried him to Athens, and, whilst he made the wretched Olynthian perish under every torment which art could inflict, he drew, from the writhings of his tortured frame, a Prometheus under the beak and talons of the vulture, which was allowed to be a masterpiece of art. If any circumstance could add to the horrors of this story, it is, that Olynthus had actually suffered in the cause of the very city in which Parrhasius acted this detestable scene of cruelty. The piece was given by the artist to the temple of Minerva, in Athens; and Seneca coolly argues the point, whether it ought to have been received.

An act of greater inhumanity has seldom been perpetrated than that of the cardinal of Lorraine, who, being at the head of the council, under Francis II, and finding the avenues of Fontainebleau thronged with wounded officers, and with the widows of such as had lost their lives in the king's service, had the brutality to erect a gibbet, "in order to get rid of the beggars," as he expressed himself, and, by sound of trumpet, proclaimed, that whosoever of the petitioners should not be gone, within twenty-four hours, should be executed, without mercy, upon the same.

The same age, however, produced instances of cruelty almost beyond belief, and, from their abundance, it seems they did not strike the minds of men with that degree of horror which they would raise at a milder period. Coconnas, an Italian of rank, having been executed in the reign of Henry III, of France, on suspicion of treason, the king rendered him the following public testimony of his character. "Coconnas was brave enough, but he was one of the wickedest fellows in my realm. I have often heard him boast of having, at the massacre of St. Barthelemy, purchased upwards of thirty Huguenots out of the hands

of their enemies, merely for the sake of killing them in a more cruel method. He began with making them renounce their religion, and then he tortured them to death, by slow degrees." To this eulogium the tender-hearted prince added.... "I never *liked* Coconnas *thoroughly* after I knew this story, and am not sorry for the end to which he has brought himself."

All is not inhumanity which goes under that name. It is true, the effect is the same to the sufferers, but the motive is less detestable.

The cook-maid, who weeps at a tale of woe, although, as a poet sings....

"All the while she skins live eels,"

is by no means to be blamed for inconsistency. The same tenderness which makes her weep at a melancholy narrative, would interest her in favour of the wretches whom she tortures, were but any one kind enough to reason with her, on a barbarity, in which she is hardened by custom, and to acquaint her that, by putting the animal's head in boiling water, she might shorten its pains.

"They be used to it," was the reply made by a thoughtless fair one, to a friend who began an argument on the subject.

The drayman who cruelly lashes the poor animals trusted to his care, thinks himself only chastising them for their perverseness. For, ridiculous as it may appear, there is no doubt but he believes that they *might* comprehend all he says to them if they pleased. Listen to a carter, who thinks himself not over-heard; he will talk to his fore-horse; he will give his orders to him in a language which he thinks very intelligible. The horse turns this and that way, but unhappily cannot hit the right species of obedience. Then the driver, after, with the strictest impartiality, blasting the horse's eyes and limbs, and his own too, begins to use his whip, and actually believes himself only chastizing an obdurate rebel. These mistaken men ought surely not to be punished merely for doing what appears to them to be just. No, they should be sent to some Bridewell, as to a school, there they should be ordered in the Latin language to perform some task, and should be heartily flogged, not for idleness, but for not comprehending the directions of their teachers.

When a boy, I was charmed with the tricks which an itinerant rat catcher had taught to a beautiful white ferret. "But what mean those bloody marks round his mouth?" "Why, that is where I sows up his chaps, that he ma'ant bite the rabbits in their berrys." "How can you be so barbarous," I cried, "to so tame, and so lovely an animal?" "Laud, master, a' likes it. A' will hold up his chaps to be sewed!"

That species of cruelty which has given occasion to so many elegant effusions of poetry, has scarcely ever been more beautifully lamented than by the celebrated Buchanan, in the following epigram:

Illa, mihi semper presenti, dura, Neæra,
Me quoties absum, semper abesse dolet.
Non desiderio nostri, non mœret amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

THE merry sin of drunkenness has met with so many, not only apologists, but even panegyrists, that every thing which can now be said on the subject must have been long anticipated. That most poets should have ranged themselves under the banner of Bacchus cannot be wondered at. Their jovial and easy manners suit well with those of *his* worshippers. Anacreon, who was one of the heartiest friends to the cause, after describing the elevation of spirit which his wine had blessed him with....

κατὰ δ' ἀκρατα θυμὸς,

I kick the world before me,

proceeds to make a very simple excuse for losing his senses by too much liquor....

Μεθυοντα γαρ με κτισθαι
Πολυ κρεισσων η θανοντα.

I'd rather die to revive again, than to die for good and all.

Horace, who did every thing with grace, makes an elegant eulogium on wine, in the 21st ode of his 3d book, and in his epistles, in order completely to unite poetry with drinking, after having denied all possibility of fame to water-drinking bards, he intimates that the muses themselves had no objection to good liquor.

"Vina fere dulces oluerunt manè Camenæ."

The muses themselves betray their tippling by their morning breath.

Many philosophers have defended tippling. Even Seneca carries his complacency so far, as to advise men of high-strained minds to get drunk now and then....

"Non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat."

Not to stupify but only to relieve us.

He adds, afterwards, Do you call Cato's excess in wine a vice? Much sooner may you be able to prove drunkenness a virtue than Cato to be vicious.

The grave Lucretius must have been pretty well acquainted with good liquor, to have so perfectly described its effects.

——"Cum vini vis penetravit.
Consequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur
Crura vacillante, tardescit lingua, madet mens,
Nant oculi, clamor, singultus, jurgia gliscunt."

When once their pates with wine are fraught,
Their limbs begin to totter,
Their speech is check'd, confus'd each thought,
Each passion, too, grows hotter;
With fluttering tongue, and staring eye,
They hiccup mutual wrath and obloquy.

The humorous French philosopher, Montaigne, adduces a thousand arguments in favour of wine, although he professes himself not to be attached to it. "Lucius Piso," he remarks, from Seneca, "and Cornelius Cossus, were successively entrusted with secrets of the utmost importance, the first by Augustus, the other by Tiberius. These they were never known to betray, although each was noted for such excess in wine, as to have been carried from the senate-house, repeatedly, in a state which we should call dead-drunk."

"Hesterno inflatum venas, de more Lyæo."

VIRGIL.

The Germans always loved the pleasures of Bacchus: it was one of them, either the celebrated Daniel Heinsius, or Petros Paganus, poetical professor, at Marpourg, in Hesse, according to Duchat, that was the author of a well-known comic distich, which attempts to stutter and stagger like its author.

"Sta, pes! Sta, mi pes! Sta, pes! Ne labere, mi pes!
"Ni steteris, lapides hi, mihi lectus erint."

Which may be thus attempted in English....

"How you totter, good feet! Have a care of my bones!
"If you fail me, I pass all the night on these stones."

One might presume that the Zaporavian Cossacks were truly addicted to the pleasures of the table, since their chief magistrate, chosen by themselves, is not, as Bell informs us, called their prince, or duke, or general, but cashavar, which literally signifies chief cook.

Were honest Howel's remedy against the love of drinking effectual, it might be of service to the

world to repeat it. But although its success be doubtful, its oddity may entertain. "The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put owls' eggs into a cup of rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which, twingling in the wine, while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor, and have an antipathy to wine, all their lives after."

The following passage is quoted from Hollingshead: "As for drink, it is not usually set on the table in pots or cruses, but each one calleth for a cup of such as he listeth to have, or as necessity urgeth him, so that when he hath tasted of it, he delivereth his cup again to some one of the standers by, who, making it clean, restoreth it to the cupboard from whence he fetched the same. By this occasion much idling tippling is cut off."

It is singular that the same custom should still continue to distinguish the meals of the English from those of their neighbours, though perhaps not always with the effect mentioned in the last sentence.

It is true of late it has become the fashion to put wine on the table during meal time in England, but it has not long been introduced, and the custom is very far from being general.

The elegant, polished females bred in the court of Louis XIV, were far less scrupulous in point of temperance than we should readily believe, had we not so indisputable an evidence as the duchess of Orleans, Charlotte Elizabeth, in a letter dated May 21, 1716. "The duchess of Bourbon, daughter of madame de Montespan, can drink a vast deal without having her senses disordered. Her daughters wish to follow her example, but they have not heads strong enough to bear so much liquor." The editor of those letters remarks, that about this period, the practice of hard-drinking prevailed much among women of the best education and highest rank.

We shall close these illustrations with those laws of conviviality which Lipsius has handed down to the present age.

Vinum, purum, putum, puer infundito....
A sumno ad imum, more majorum, bibunto....
Decem Cyathi, summa potio, sunto....
Musis nonum....Decumum Apollini libanto....
Dominan si quis habessit, indicium facito....
Rixæ, clamor, contentio, ad Thracas
Abligantor....Eorum vice, carmen
Aliudve quid musæum, proferunto.

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

MORE than half the happiness of life depends on trifles: great events happen but seldom, and, when they occur, if unfortunate, every thing possible is done to mitigate their ill effects. Not so the chagrin produced from *trifles:* they do not appear of magnitude enough to engage the sympathy of others for you, and they teize away your comfort, corrode your temper, and destroy your ease. Only self-felt; at first sight, perhaps, it may seem absurd to say, that our happiness in general depends more upon trifles than events of magnitude, but this may easily be shown to be true.

Trifles occur every half hour, every minute, and, if they are of a galling irksome nature; if tinctured with the irritability of a husband or wife; with the peevishness of a parent; with the acrimonious jealousy of a sister; or the overbearing manners of a brother; our feelings will certainly be chafed and wounded; and the repeated stroke will as certainly undermine affection as the washing of the sea will undermine the bank against which it is continually dashing.

SUBSTANCE OF THE

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

November 19th, 1804.

REVENUE.

THE nett revenue, arising from duties on merchandise and tonnage, during 1802, amounted to ten millions one hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars. The nett revenue, from the same source, during 1803, amounted to eleven millions three hundred and six thousand dollars. The nett revenue, during the three first quarters of 1804, considerably exceeds that of the corresponding quarters of the year 1803. That branch of the revenue may, exclusively of the Mediterranean fund, be estimated at ten millions seven hundred and thirty thousand dollars, which is the average of the two years 1802 and 1803. The actual payments in the treasury, on account of those duties, during the year ending on the 30th September last, amount nearly to the same sum, and there is no reason to suppose that the receipts of the ensuing will fall short of those of last year.

The revenue from the sale of public lands is gradually encreasing. Exclusively of the September sales at Cincinnati, three hundred and fourteen thousand acres have been sold, during the year ending on the 30th of September last. The proceeds of these sales, purchasers being entitled to the discount allowed in case of prompt payment, would yield five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is believed that the receipts from that source will, for the ensuing year, exceed four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The permanent revenue of the United States may, therefore, including the duties on postage, and other small incidental branches, be computed at eleven millions two hundred thousand dollars.

And the payments in the treasury, during the year 1805, on account of the temporary duties which constitute the Mediterranean fund, are estimated at five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, making in the whole, for the probable receipts of that year, a sum of eleven millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. $ 11,750,000

EXPENDITURES.

The expences of the year 1805, defrayed out of that revenue, consist of

1. Eight millions for the principal and interest of the public debt, of which near three millions seven hundred thousand will be applicable to the discharge of the principal, and the residue to the payment of interest		8,000,000
2. For the civil department, and all domestic expences of a civil nature, including military pensions, light house and mint establishments, and the expence of surveying public lands		952,000
3. For the intercourse with foreign nations, including the payment of awards under the British treaty, and for Algiers		294,000
4. For the military and Indian departments		954,000
5. For the naval establishment	650,000	
Extraordinary expences of the last expedition against Tripoli, payable in 1805, and chargeable to the Mediterranean fund	590,000	
		1,240,000
Carried forward		11,440,000

	Brought forward	11,440,000
6. Reserved out of the Mediterranean fund, for meeting extraordinary expences		100,000
Making		11,540,000
Deduct from		11,750,000
Leaves		210,000

MEDITERRANEAN FUND.

The value of merchandise, paying duties *ad valorem*, imported in 1802, amounts, after deducting the exportations of the same year, to thirty-one millions seven hundred and six thousand dollars. The value of the same, imported in 1803, amounts to thirty-four millions three hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The additional duty of two and a half per cent. constitutes the Mediterranean fund, and, calculated on the importations of two years, would yield annually eight hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars. But several articles, which, in 1802 and 1803, paid duties *ad valorem*, have since been charged with specific duties: the deduction on that account will not amount to fifty thousand dollars, and the proceeds of the additional duty may be computed at seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars; and for the eighteen months commencing on the 1st July, 1804, and ending on the 31st December, 1805, at one million one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

The expences authorised by the act constituting the fund are,

1. For the navy, in addition to the annual appropriation of 650,000 dollars, viz.		
There had been advanced from the ordinary revenue, prior to the 30th September, 1804	350,000	
A further payment will be made before the 1st January, 1805, of	150,000	
To be paid during 1805, on account of this fund	590,000	
		1,070,000
2. Reserved for other extraordinary expences which may be incurred for the same object		100,000
		1,170,000

These duties began to operate on the 1st of July last; but as they are payable six, eight, nine, ten, and twelve months after importation, no part will be paid in the treasury in the present year, and a sum of only 550,000 dollars is expected to be received during the course of 1805. For that sum only credit has been taken in the estimate of receipts for that year, while a part of the 1,170,000 dollars, chargeable to the fund, has already been expended, and the rest is included in the preceding estimate of expences for 1805. The difference (620,000 dollars) will, at the end of next year, consist of outstanding bonds, payable in 1806; and, if the additional duty should cease at that time, that outstanding balance will, as collected, replace the sum advanced from the ordinary revenues, in anticipation of the proceeds of the fund; for it is hoped that the situation of the treasury will render it unnecessary to borrow on the credit of the fund.

BALANCE IN THE TREASURY.

The greater part of the balance of 5,860,981 dollars, 54 cents, which, on the 30th day of September, 1803, remained in the treasury, was then

considered as applicable to the payment of certain extraordinary demands. As no such payment has been made during last year, besides the first installment of 888,000 dollars, due to Great Britain, nor any other extraordinary expences been discharged than the advance of 350,000 dollars, in anticipation of the Mediterranean fund, the balance remaining in the treasury, on the 30th of September, 1804, still amounted to 4,882,225 dollars and 11 cents. That sum, with the surplus for 1805, the sum advanced to the Mediterranean fund, and the arrears of direct tax and internal revenue, may be sufficient to discharge the balance of 1,776,000 dollars due to Great Britain, the loan of 200,000 dollars to Maryland, and 2,000,000 dollars on account of American claims assumed by the French convention. As the greater part of these demands will be paid in 1805, the balance will not probably, at the end of that year, exceed the sum which it is always expedient to retain in the treasury.

PUBLIC DEBT.

The payments on account of the principal of the debt are, during the year ending on the 30th of September last	3,652,887 15
And are, during the three years and a half, commencing on the 1st day of April, 1801, and ending on the 30th September, 1804	13,576,881 86

During the same period, a new debt of thirteen millions of dollars has been created by the purchase of Louisiana, viz.

Six per cent. stock	11,250,000
Amount of American claims assumed by the convention, two millions thereof being already provided for, out of the surplus in the treasury	1,750,000
	13,000,000

Another view of the subject may be given in the following manner:

The balance in the treasury, on the 1st day of April, 1801	1,794,044 85	
And on the 30th of September, 1804	4,882,225 11	
Making		3,088,180 26
From which deducting (proceeds of sales of bank shares)		1,287,600
Leaves for encrease from ordinary revenue		1,800,580 26
From the 1st day of April, 1801, to the 30th September, 1804, the following debts contracted prior to that period have been discharged:		
1. On account of the domestic and foreign debt	13,576,891 86	
2. First installment to Great Britain, in pursuance of the treaty of 1794	888,000	
		14,464,891 86
Making		16,265,472 12
From which deduct		15,000,000
Being the purchase money of Louisiana, leaves difference in favour of the United States.		1,265,472 12

If the revenue during the ensuing year prove, as is probable, more productive than has been estimated, the surplus will be applied to pay 1,750,000 dollars, yet unprovided for, on account of American claims, and will so far diminish the amount of the loan authorized for that object.

Hence it appears, that the United States have, during three years and a half, ending on the 30th of September last, discharged a larger amount of the principal of their old debt than the whole amount of the new debt, created in consequence of the purchase of Louisiana; and that their existing and growing resources will, during the ensuing year, suffice, after defraying current expences, and paying more than 3,750,000 dollars, on account of the engagements resulting from the French and British conventions, to discharge near three millions and seven hundred thousand dollars of the principal of the public debt.

PUBLIC EXPENCES OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR 1805.

CIVIL list, including the civil expences of the territory of New Orleans	611,911	50
Miscellaneous expences	310,982	31
Intercourse with foreign nations	269,550	
Military establishment	942,992	48
Naval establishment, including 71,340 dollars, 76 cents, as an appropriation for the crew of the frigate Philadelphia	1,240,445	29

ESTIMATE.

Legislature, including stationary, printing, fuel, &c.	228,565	
Executive, president and vice president	30,000	
Department of state	27,304	
Treasury department	78,277	27
War department	29,450	
Naval department	21,170	
General post-office	11,360	
Compensations to loan-officers, &c.	26,250	
Surveyor general department	2,000	
south of Tenessee	3,200	
Officers of the mint	10,600	

GOVERNMENTS IN TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Territory of New Orleans	21,240	
Mississippi territory	5,500	
Indiana territory	5,500	
Valuation of lands, &c.	13,595	23
Miscellaneous	2,000	

JUDICIARY.

Chief justice and five associates	21,500	
Nineteen district judges	26,200	
District of Columbia	5,200	
Attorney general	3,000	
District attornies	3,400	
Marshals	1,600	
Expences of courts, &c.	4,000	
Light-house establishment	126,776	52

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

THE number of patients of the Philadelphia dispensary, from December 1, 1802, to December 1, 1804, is 2,129

Remaining since last year 60
Admitted since last year 2,069

Of whom cured	1,861	
Dead	96	
Relieved	49	
Removed	25	
Irregular	36	
Remaining	62	
		2,129

RECEIPT.

Balance in the treasury, December 20, 1803	606	31
Contributions and life subscriptions	965	
Legacy of W. Sheaff	342	
Ebenezer Cresson's legacy	133	33
A donation from G. Jones	400	82
One year's rent of the Dispensary cellar	80	
Balance due the treasurer	411	53
	$ 2938	99

EXPENDITURE.

House expences, medicines, and stationaries	1212	32
Apothecary's salary	266	67
Note discounted at bank	500	
Interest to Pennsylvania Hospital	160	
Principal due to do.	800	
	$ 2938	99

—

A map of Virginia, laid down from actual surveys, and the latest as well as most accurate observation, is now preparing by Mr. Madison, president of William and Mary college; a rough draft of which will, in the course of two or three weeks, be submitted to the inspection of the members of the general assembly of Virginia. The labour and expence attending the execution of this important work has been very great, and a considerable length of time has been employed in collecting the necessary materials. Every county, and most of the public roads, will be accurately delineated, and the whole work will be rendered so correct, as to merit the confidence and patronage of the public.

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December 6. Was executed at Jacksonborough, South Carolina, pursuant to his sentence, James Harvey, for the murder of Richard Johnston. He was the overseer of Mr. Johnston, and in the most wanton, cold-blooded manner, without being even able to allege any injury received, or cause of enmity, did he decoy him out of his bed to his door, where he was lying in wait to shoot him.

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12. About ten o'clock at night, a man dressed in sailor's apparel was found at the rear of the Exchange Coffee-house, Norfolk, frozen to death.

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On the evening following, at Portsmouth, Virginia, a young man blew his brains out with a horse pistol.

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New York, Dec. 18.

For many years past, New York has not witnessed a fire so extensive as that which, on the 18th of December, in the morning, dealt destruction to a valuable portion of the city. At an early hour, the flames burst with dreadful fury from the house, No. 104, Front-street, where the fire originated, and the adjacent buildings. The night was very cold, and at three o'clock very few persons had assembled; at four the bucket ranks were very imperfectly formed. At this time, owing

to the force of the wind, which blew fresh from the west, and the combustible nature of the houses, and especially of their contents, the flames were spreading with frightful and fatal haste. In the course of an hour, between twenty and thirty houses had become a prey to the fire, and, with regard to them, the engines were altogether unavailing. Great exertions were made to supply the engines; but as the water in the harbour was at ebb, and as the pumps and cisterns furnished a very small quantity, they were not served as the occasion required. The floating engine, however, stationed at a convenient spot, proved of essential benefit, and plentifully supplied the small engines in its immediate neighbourhood. The progress of the fire was in the direction of the gale; and as it commenced at 104, Front, it of course proceeded towards the Coffee-house-slip, involving in destruction almost every building situate in Front-street, and on the east side of Water-street, between Gouverneur's-alley and the slip. Meantime, the coals and brands, carried along by the wind, fell on the shipping in the wharf, and the houses on the opposite side, and thus the fire was communicated to a still greater extent. Fortunately, however, the vessels sustained no material damage, and the progress of the fire on this side of the wharf, after it had consumed a few wooden houses, was arrested.

About five o'clock in the morning the conflagration was at its height, and the general scene at this moment, as seen from the roof of the Tontine, was grand and awful. Forty houses wrapped in flame; columns of murky smoke ascending in thickening volumes, and sweeping before the wind; showers of red-hot embers scattering danger far and wide; the hiss of blazing timbers; the crash of falling walls; the busy stir of thousands, carrying furniture, serving water, and working engines; the melancholy appearance of women and children, driven from their homes, now involved in ruin; all conspired to fill the mind with horror. The destruction of property on this occasion has been immense. The value of goods destroyed is more than a million of dollars. Among other buildings, we have to mention the excellent fire-proof stores of Bailey and Bogert, and Joshua Jones, the office of the Morning Chronicle, and old Coffee-house.

The following is a list of the particular houses, owners, and occupants affected:

Seventeen buildings in Front-street.

One three story wood building, occupied by J. Sullivan, wholesale and retail grocer.

One three story wood building, occupied by M. Blake as a flax-seed warehouse.

One four story fire-proof building, occupied by J. D. Martin and W. R. Wheaton, merchants.

One two story wood building, occupied by D. Sullivan as a flax-seed warehouse.

One two story wood building, occupied by M. Ward.

Two four story fire-proof stores, occupied by Bailey and Bogert, commission merchants.

One three story wood store, occupied by J. Forbes.

One three story brick building, occupied by Mr. Shonnard, boarding-house.

One three story brick building, occupied by J. B. Kursheedt, merchant.

One three story brick building, occupied by J. Sullivan as a dwelling.

One small wood building, occupied by C. M'Carthy, grocer, where the fire is said to have begun.

One three story wood store, occupied by Hannah Russel, tobacconist.

One three story wood store, occupied by Roche and Betts, grocers.

One three story wood store, occupied by A. Ogilvie, grocer.

One three story wood store, occupied by W. Bradbury, grocer.

One three story wood store, owned and occupied by J. Brier, tobacconist.

Twelve houses in Wall-street.

One wooden three story building, occupied by Steddiford and Marschalk as an auction store, and by Mr. Gavister, retail grocer.

One small brick building, occupied by J. Place as a dwelling and retail grocery.

One two story wooden building, occupied by Byrne and Smith as an auction store.

One two story brick building, owned and occupied by Mr. Post as an office.

One three story brick building, occupied by E. Backus and Co., auctioneers.

One small brick building, occupied by Mr. Hyde, watch maker, and owned by the widow Douglass.

One two story wooden building, occupied by Mr. Cavener, and owned by J. Jones.

One two story wooden building, occupied by Mr. Fisher, and owned by J. Jones.

One three story brick building, occupied by Mr. Petit, and owned by J. Rathbone.

One two story brick building, occupied by Mrs. Berry, and owned by the estate of W. Bruce.

One brick three story building, occupied by Mrs. Wentworth, and owned by the estate of commodore Nicholson.

One two story wooden building, occupied by H. J. Hassey, hair-dresser, and owned by W. Bingham.

Four buildings on Jones's wharf.

One three story wooden building, occupied as a wholesale grocery by J. Jones.

One three story wooden building, occupied by H. Norton, commission merchant.

One three story wooden building, occupied by Gen. Gibbs and W. Seabury, commission merchants.

One three story wooden building, occupied by J. A. Robinson, wholesale grocer, and owned by John Jones.

Eight three story brick buildings in Water-street.

Old coffee-house, occupied by Edward Barden, owned by the widow of G. Douglass.

One dwelling, owned and occupied by James Patterson.

One occupied by J. H. Hurton as a grocery, and by B. Baily as a dwelling, owned by captain Maxwell.

One owned and occupied by Isaac Gomez, jun. and Say and Noah, auctioneers.

One occupied by H. Wylie as a wholesale dry good store, owned by the widow Hallet.

One occupied as a printing office, by the Morning Chronicle, and by Mr. Wilkey, pilot, owned by M. Price.

One occupied by captain Story, owned by widow Stocker.

One occupied by captain Curtis, owned by the estate of I. Governeur.

The following list is an estimate of the value of the buildings, exclusive of the property they contained:

FRONT-STREET.

Brick houses occupied by		
	G. Shonnard	3000
	I. B. Kursheedt	3500
	J. Sullivan	4000
Wood store	C. M'Carty	1800
	H. Russel	1600
	Roche and Betts	1800
	A. Ogilvie	1300
	W. Bradbury	1400
	J. Bryar	1800
	J. M'Gaviston	2200
Brick and wood store		
	J. Jones	4500
Wood store	J. Forbes	1300
Brick store	Baily & Bogert	12000
Wood store	W. Ward	1400
	Carried forward	41600

Brought forward	41600
Wood store D. Sullivan	1800
J. Jones	1800
Brick store owned by J. Jones	5000
Wood store occupied by V. Blake	1800
J. Sullivan	1800
Total	53800

WALL-STREET.

Wood store occupied by J. A. Robertson } owned	1900
N. Horton } by	1800
J. Jones } J. Jones	1800
Steddiford & Marschalk	1800
Small house occupied by J. Place	300
Brick and wood house Byrne and Smith	1600
H. Maddin	1600
D. I. Daniels	1800
owned by widow Douglass	600
Total	13200

WATER-STREET.

Old coffee-house (brick) occupied by E. Bardin	7500
Brick house owned by J. B. Patterson	5000
Do. do. B. Bailey	6000
Do. do. owned and occupied by I. Gomez, jun.	4500
Do. occupied by Henry Wylie	4500
Do. do. Morning Chronicle	4000
Do. do. owned by widow Stocker	4000
Do. occupied by C. Curtis	2200
Water-street	39700
Wall-street	13200
Front-street	53800
Grand total	$ 106700

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Captain Lewis had reached, on the 19th of August, 800 miles up the Missouri. He had met with no accident, and had been received in a very friendly way by all the Indians. It is expected he will winter 1300 miles up the river, among the Mandan Indians, about lat. 48.

—

New York, December.

A young man, of the name of Smith, a native of Ireland, and who was on the eve of sailing for that country, went a sleighing with a party of his friends, when the horses by some means taking fright, he was thrown out of the vehicle, and had his neck broken. He was a young man of fair character and respectable connections.

—

Philadelphia, Dec. 21.

At a stated meeting of the American Philosophical Society, the *Magellanic gold medal* was awarded to the author of an essay on *A Number of the Pernicious Insects of the United States;* and the sealed letter accompanying the essay being opened, Dr. B. S. Barton, of Philadelphia, was announced as the author of the crowned subject.

—

December 26. About two o'clock, P. M. a fire was discovered in a building back of No. 95, Mulberry-street, Philadelphia. From its confined situation, fears were excited for the contiguous property. Fortunately, there was a constant supply of Schuylkill water, which, together with the laudable exertions of the hose companies, afforded a copious stream immediately directed to the fire, which in half an hour was totally extinguished.

—

December 31. Conformably to the directions of the law incorporating the company for erecting a permanent bridge over the river Schuylkill, at or near the city of Philadelphia, public notice was this day given, that the bridge erected in virtue of that law, on the west end of High-street of said city, was com-

pleted, and on the first day of January, 1805, would be ready for passengers.

The above arduous, very ingenious, and singularly useful public improvement has long been anxiously desired, though success was frequently doubted by many of its real friends; it is, however, finally, through many formidable difficulties, brought to a happy conclusion. While it affords an incalculably valuable improvement, as well as a pattern for future similar undertakings, it exhibits a pleasing ornament to one of the most important approaches to the city. Every friend to the arts, and every intelligent mechanic, admires the correctness of the structure, the beauty and symmetry of the design, and the excellence of the workmanship.

—

The flour, butter, and lard, inspected in Baltimore, for the quarter ending the 31st day of December, 1804, amounted to

75,157	barrels	wheat	flour
2,632	half barrels	do.	
524	barrels	rye	flour
20	half barrels	do.	
162	barrels	Indian	meal
50	hhds.	do.	
2,495	kegs and firkins	butter	
396	do.	do.	lard

—

Newhaven, Con., Jan. 8.

On Wednesday morning last, at about half past two o'clock, a fire commenced in a store in Fleet-street, owned by Mr. Lent Hotchkiss, supposed to have been communicated from the stove. Before the alarm was given, the flames had made such progress, that all efforts were unavailing, except to save some of the property from the cellar of the building in which it originated, and also a part of the furniture contained in the adjoining dwelling, owned by J. Chatterton, and occupied by Mr. Daniels, baker, and Mr. Manice, tobacconist. The store, dwelling, and an old building belonging to Messrs. Atwater and Daggett, were consumed; and it is probably owing to the snow storm then prevailing, which protected the roofs of neighbouring houses, that we had not a far more extensive destruction of property; as flakes of fire were continually carried upon them by the wind, and the best exertions would have been scarcely sufficient to rescue them, unaided by this circumstance. The loss of property is considerable. The principal sufferers are Messrs. Hotchkiss and Chatterton.

On Thursday evening, about eleven o'clock, another alarm was made. The building in which the fire originated was situated on a lane between Fleet-street and Meadow-street, occupied as a stone-cutter's shop, and was consumed, without extending farther.

—

Philadelphia, Jan. 5.

Dr. B. S. Barton, one of the vice-presidents of the American Philosophical Society, having been appointed by the society to deliver a eulogium to the memory of their late associate, Dr. Joseph Priestley, the same was this day delivered in the first presbyterian church in Philadelphia, before the society, who went in a body from their hall to the church, preceded by their patron, the governor of the state. Invitations were given, on this occasion, to the rev. clergy of the city; the college of physicians; the medical society; the gentlemen of the bar, with the students of law; the trustees and faculty of the university of Pennsylvania, with the students in the arts and in medicine; the judges and officers of the federal and state courts; the foreign ministers, and other public characters then in the city; the mayor, aldermen, and city councils; the trustees and session of the first presbyterian church; the directors of the city library; the managers and physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital, of the almshouse, and of the dispensary; the proprietor and director of the Phi-

ladelphia museum; the contributors towards the cabinet and library of the society.

After the conclusion of a very interesting eulogium, the society returned their thanks to the orator, and requested a copy for the purpose of publication.

—

Providence, R. I., Jan. 9.

About sun-rise, fire was discovered in the paper-mills of S. Thurber, jun., at the north end. One building was consumed, with the chief of the stock and implements included. The loss is about 4000 dollars, but the property was in some proportion insured.

—

New York, Jan. 14.

As a ferry boat was passing over to Brooklyn, she got jammed between a field of ice and the ship Experiment, which was dropping down, and was upset. Fortunately no lives were lost, though it required considerable exertion on the part of the crew and passengers to save themselves, by laying hold of the rigging attached to the bow of the ship.

—

Philadelphia, Jan. 18.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock, P. M., a fire broke out in the rope and twine manufactory of Abraham Wolford, at the corner of Mulberry and Thirteenth-streets.

The place, adjoining the walk, was built with the intention of preserving hemp, in which there was a considerable quantity, and supposed to be secure from fire, by being cased with glass. One of the panes, however, being broken a few days before, and the wind, blowing through it, carried the spark under the hatchel, unperceived by Mr. Wolford, until the whole was nearly enveloped in flames. Mr. Wolford finding it impossible to make his escape out of the doors, they being fastened, he rushed up stairs, and precipitated himself out of the second story window, and fortunately reached the ground without breaking any of his limbs, but was considerably burnt. The loss sustained is supposed to be about seven hundred dollars.

—

Births and Deaths in Boston, during the month of December, 1804.

Births, both sexes,	83
Deaths, ditto	32

A view of the births and deaths, during the last six months, presents a difference in favour of the health of Boston, which few large cities can boast. This will appear more remarkable, if compared with the births and deaths of the southern cities.

Births during the last 6 months	526
Deaths	268

So that the births are about two to one of the deaths.—*Anthology.*

Unless the yellow fever be introduced, the deaths seldom exceed half the number of births, in the city of Philadelphia. If the legislature of Pennsylvania, now in session, would pass a law to compel a faithful register of the births and deaths, we have no doubt the result would effectually repress comparisons injurious to the reputation of that city.

—

Bill of Mortality for Newhaven, Connecticut, during 1804.

January	7
February	6
March	8
April	7
May	8
June	5
July	6
August	12
September	12
October	7
November	7
December	10
	95

Males	50
Females	45
Whites	83
Blacks	12
First society	22
United society	17
Episcopalians	35
Of neither society	14
Strangers	7

—

Bill of Mortality for New London, Connecticut, during 1804.

5	between 70 and 80 years		
1	—— 60 —	70	
3	—— 50 —	60	
6	—— 40 —	50	
3	—— 30 —	40	
4	—— 20 —	30	
0	—— 10 —	20	
0	—— 3 —	10	
6	birth —	3	
	Males	10	
	Females	18	
			28

Population, according to the census taken in 1801, two thousand nine hundred and thirty-one.

—

Deaths in the city of New York, from the 8th to the 15th December, 1804.

Adults 23, children 15; total 38.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	9
Between one and two	3
Between the age of 2 and 5	3
5 and 10	1
10 and 20	2
20 and 30	5
30 and 40	4
40 and 50	0
50 and 60	1
60 and 70	4
70 and 80	4
80 and 90	1
90 and 100	*1
Total	38

* A native of America, in her 94th year.

DISEASES.

Apoplexy	1
Asthma	1
Consumption	12
Convulsions	4
Debility	1
Decay	3
Dropsy	1
Dropsy in the head	2
Inflam. of the brain	1
Inflam. of the bowels	1
Old age	1
Rash	1
Small pox	4
Sore throat, malignant	1
Sprue	2
Suicide	1
Teething	1
Total	38

From the 15th to the 22d.

Adults 34, children 24; total 58.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	12
Between one and two	4
Between the age of 2 and 5	3
5 and 10	4
10 and 20	0
20 and 30	8
30 and 40	11
40 and 50	5
50 and 60	5
60 and 70	3
70 and 80	1
80 and 90	1
90 and 100	*1
Total	58

DISEASES.

Consumption	17
Convulsions	5
Debility	3
Decay	2
Dropsy	2
Epilepsy	1
Fever, typhus	1
Hæmoptysis, or spitting of blood	1

* A native of France, aged 93.

Hæmorrhage	2
Hives	7
Old age	1
Palsy	1
Pleurisy	1
Small pox	8
Sore throat, putrid	1
Sprue	1
Still born	1
Sudden death	1
Syphilis	1
Teething	1
Total	58

From the 22d to the 29th.

Adults 14, children 19; total 33.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	7
Between one and two	3
Between the age of 2 and 5	6
5 and 10	8
10 and 20	0
20 and 30	4
30 and 40	1
40 and 50	2
50 and 60	1
60 and 70	2
70 and 80	1
80 and 90	2
90 and 100	1
Total	33

DISEASES.

Cold	1
Consumption	6
Convulsions	4
Debility	1
Dropsy	1
Dropsy in the head	1
Fever, nervous	1
Fever, scarlet	1
Hives	1
Inflammation	1
Inflammation of the lungs	1
Old age	2
Peripneumony	1
Phthisis	1
Quinsey	1
St. Anthony's fire	1
Small pox	7
Still born	1
Total	33

From the 29th of December to the 5th of January.

Adults 26, children 16; total 42.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	5
Between one and two	6
Between the age of 2 and 5	4
5 and 10	1
10 and 20	1
20 and 30	5
30 and 40	4
40 and 50	7
50 and 60	4
60 and 70	5
70 and 80	0
80 and 90	0
90 and 100	0
Total	42

DISEASES.

Casualties	2
Child-bed	1
Consumption	9
Convulsions	6
Decay	3
Dropsy	4
Dysentery	1
Fever, typhus	1
Hives	1
Inflammation of the head	1
Inflammation of the stomach	1
Lethargy	1
Locked jaw	1
Lunacy	1
Peripneumony	1
Pleurisy	1
Small pox	6
Worms	1
Total	42

From the 5th to the 12th.

Adults 24, children 16; total 40.

OF THESE THERE WERE

Of the age of one year and under	8
Between one and two	4
Between the age of 2 and 5	2
5 and 10	0

Between the age of 10 and 20	1
20 and 30	8
30 and 40	7
40 and 50	2
50 and 60	2
60 and 70	5
70 and 80	0
80 and 90	1
90 and 100	0
Total	40

DISEASES.

Abscess	1
Asthma	1
Casualty	1
Consumption	5
Convulsions	6
Croup	1
Debility	1
Decay	2
Diarrhœa	1
Dropsy	1
Fever, nervous	1
Fever, typhus	3
Frost bitten	1
Hives	3
Locked jaw	1
Old age	1
Pleurisy	2
Small pox	3
Still born	5
Total	40

Meteorological observations, made in the garden of the Alms-house, New York, from the 8th December, 1804, to the 11th January, 1805, inclusive.

December.	Thermometer. Sun rise.	2 P. M.	Sun set.	Barometer. Sun rise.	2 P. M.	Sun set.
8	38	35	34	29 33	29 42	29 45
9	25	33	32	29 38	29 30	29 29
10	25	29	27	29 45	29 60	29 65
11	28	26	31	29 60	29 60	29 60
12	27	27	23	29 55	29 57	29 60
13	16	26	20	29 78	29 90	29 90
14	18	22	21	29 95	29 90	29 90
15	27	30	31	29 70	29 60	29 58
16	38	37	32	29 72		
17	20	24	22			
18	16	27	30			
19	15	23	19			
20	8	19	18			
21	24	27	20			
22	27	32	30			
23	22	33	32			
24	30	37	35			
25	29	38	33			
26	20	33	30			
27	47	37	35	29 00	28 90	29 52
28				29 45	29 50	29 50
29	32	39	43	29 40	28 90	28 75
30	31	29	27	29 05	29 30	29 90
31	25	31	29	29 65	29 65	29 70
Jan.						
1	18	28	25	29 80	29 65	29 60
2	20	27	25	29 35	29 50	29 50
3	23	35	33	29 50	29 35	29 35
4	14	10	6	29 40	29 58	29 70
5	16	16	17	29 57	29 35	29 35
6	11	20	18	29 90	30 00	30 05
7	17	23	25	29 85	29 55	29 50
8	23	29	22	29 75	29 85	29 90
9	33	33	32	29 60	29 45	29 40
10	32	26	25	29 80	29 80	29 75
11	22	25	19	29 95	30 10	30 15

WIND AND WEATHER.

December 8th, NNW. cloudy. N. cloudy. do. hazy.

9. NE. fair. NNE. cloudy. do. hail.

10. NW. fair. do. do. WNW.

11. W. cloudy. do. do. WNW. do.

12. E. snow. NE. do. do. N. cloudy.

13. NW. cloudy. WNW. fair. NW. do.

14. ENE. cloudy. do. do. do. do.

15. NE. snow. N. sleet. do.

16. W. fair. do. do. do. hail.

17. W. fair. do. do. WNW. do.

18. W. cloudy. do. fair. WNW. do.
19. W. fair. do. do. do. do.
20. NE. fair. do. do. do. do.
21 NE. cloudy. N. cloudy. NE. snow.
22. N. fair. do. do.
23. N. fair. NNE. cloudy. do. do.
24. NW. snow. NNE. cloudy. do. do.
25. NW. clear. do. fair. do. do.
26. W. clear. do. fair. WNW. do.
27. SSW. rain. W. hail. do. cloudy.
28. W. fair. do. do. do. clear.
29. SE. snow. E. rain. SE. hazy.
30. WNW. cloudy. do. do. do. do.
31. W. clear. do. cloudy. do. do.
1805.
January 1. W. clear. do. cloudy. do. do.
2. WNW. cloudy. do. fair. do. do.
3. W. cloudy. SSW. fair. S. fair.
4. NW. fair. do. do. do. do.
5. NW. cloudy. W. cloudy, snow. W. cloudy.
6. NNW. clear. WSW. clear. NW. clear.
7. W. cloudy. WSW. rain and sleet. WSW. rain.
8. WNW. clear. N. cloudy. NE. clear.
9. E. hard rain. SW. rain. SW. hazy.
10. NNE. cloudy. NE. snow. do. do.
11. N. fair. NW. fair. do. do.

RAIN GUAGE.

	Inches.
December 8	.7
27	1.50
29	.50
January 9	1.80
10	10.35

SNOW.

December 24, 9 inches on a level.
January 1 and 2, 8
3, ½
10, 7

MARRIAGES.

AT Baltimore, Alexander Hazlehurst, Esq., to Miss Frances Purviance, daughter of Robert Purviance, Esq., all of that city.

At Philadelphia, Mr. A. Snyder, printer, to Miss Margaret Wial, of that city.

December 13, at Abingdon, Pennsylvania, Mr. Joseph Ely, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Ann Wilson, only daughter of Mr. Oliver Wilson, of Bristol township.

19. At Philadelphia, Mr. George Ritter to Miss Ann Wilt, both of this city.

20. At Philadelphia, Mr. Nathan Pawling to Miss Priscilla Thomas, of East-town, Chester county, Pennsylvania.

20. At Philadelphia, Mr. John Turner, to Miss Ann M'Leod, daughter of Mr. John M'Leod, merchant, of Southwark.

20. Mr. James Cooper, of Woodbury, to Miss Barbary Wilks, of Philadelphia.

26. Mr. Caleb Cobourn to Miss Ann Dizer, of Chester township, Delaware county.

26. Mr. Jacob Creemer, of Wilmington, Delaware, to Miss Sarah Hunt, of Philadelphia.

27. At Rahway, New Jersey, Christopher Marshall, jun. of Philadelphia, to Phœbe Shotwell, jun., of that place.

January 9. At Philadelphia, Mr. William J. Baker to Miss Margaretta Wager, daughter of Philip Wager, Esq., of Philadelphia.

9. At Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Mr. Charles S. Sewel, of the eastern shore of Maryland, to the amiable Miss Ann Catharine Keag, of that place.

17. At Philadelphia, Thomas B. Zantzinger, Esq., to Miss Sheaff, daughter of the late Mr. William Sheaff, all of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

AT Middletown, Pennsylvania, a negro man, named Jack, the proper-

ty of colonel W. Chambers, aged about one hundred and sixteen years.

At Norwich, Connecticut Mr. Samuel Brown, aged ninety years..... He was the first owner of a chaise in the town of Norwich, and was prosecuted, in those early days, for a breach of the Sabbath, and fined for riding in his carriage on a Sunday, to attend public worship.

At Louisa county, Virginia, John Woodger. He wanted about three weeks of ninety years. He was a native of Virginia; plain and temperate in his diet, and his constant drink, for many years, was hard cyder. He never took a doze of physic, nor had a vein opened in his life. He was remarkable for scrupulous honesty; plain and blunt in his manners, he had some oddities, but none that ever injured his neighbour; a warm friend and indulgent master. By mere economy he saved a handsome property. It is supposed that, at his death, he owed no man a dollar.

December 19. At Philadelphia, of a consumption, Mr. Thomas Dalton, printer, a native of Canada, but, for some time past, resident in Philadelphia.

19. Mrs. Margaret Swift, the wife of Joseph Swift, Esq., who, for many years, was a respectable merchant in Philadelphia. Her remains were decently interred in Christ's church burial ground, attended to the grave by her numerous relatives. On these occasions the partial pens of friends too frequently delineate virtues and perfections which never belonged to the deceased; but, in the present instance, we can declare, with the utmost truth, that the conduct of Mrs. Swift, during a long life of seventy-five years, has been highly meritorious and exemplary.

20. At Chester county, Pennsylvania, Richard Humpton, adjutant-general. He was a native of the west of England, and entered very early into the military profession, in which he distinguished himself as a gallant soldier.

20. In the Pennsylvania hospital, John Kennedy. His death was occasioned by a fall on the ice, in the street, on the 30th December; his leg was fractured in several pieces, and his head very much injured. He has left a wife and two children.

21. At Belmont, the seat of judge Peters, Mrs. Sarah Peters; a woman whom those who knew her best, loved her most; whose heart was the repository of all the virtues; whose person once united all the graces, and even at the age of fifty-two, retained an unusual share of loveliness; whose cheerfulness of disposition, elegance of manners, benevolence of mind, and purity of friendship, endeared her to every society in which she moved; but who, in the nearer relations of wife, and mother, and sister, shone with superior excellence; creating and concentering, in her domestic circle, all the felicity that, perhaps, human nature can obtain, and leaving, to the fond affections of her family, no other wish than that of perpetuity.

22. After a short indisposition, Mr. John Taylor, formerly a merchant, and for many years an inhahitant, of Philadelphia. As a member of the community, he was respectable and exemplary, and has left a numerous and amiable family of children long to lament a deprivation to them irreparable.

24. Mr. William Drew, merchant, in the forty-second year of his age. He was an inhabitant of Dover, state of Delaware. From a long establishment in business, he was known to a large circle of acquaintance, who sincerely regret his premature death. He was an honest man, a sincere friend, and a faithful companion; his last accents were spent in supplication to his Maker.

24. Mr. William Donally, aged twenty-seven years, a native of Ireland. His remains were interred with the honours of war, by the company of American blues, of which he was a member, and the first light infantry, commanded by captain Irwin.

26. At New York, Mr. Thomas

Gardner, merchant, one of the wealthiest inhabitants of that place.

28. At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in the twenty-eighth year of her age, Mrs. Mary Huber, wife of Mr. John Huber, and daughter of the late Mr. John Hirst, sen., of Philadelphia, after a very lingering and painful illness, which she bore with that christian fortitude and resignation which gave her friends, in the midst of deep sorrow, unspeakable satisfaction. When her spirit took its flight, her body was not discovered to move, nor was there a sigh heard at its departure; a clear and indubitable evidence, that death was a friendly, welcome messenger, sent to waft her blessed spirit into the arms of her adorable Redeemer, where uninterrupted happiness reigns.

29. At Philadelphia, Mr. Jacob Anthony, musical instrument maker, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, of a nervous complaint. He was a German by birth, and resided in Philadelphia for more than forty years. His great skill in his own line of business, as well as in other branches of mechanism, his unaffected modesty, his inflexible honesty, and his sincere good will to all mankind, rendered him very much esteemed by all who knew him.

30. At Philadelphia, Mr. Thomas Nayler, of Sheffield, in England. He was a truly worthy man, and much regretted by his friends and acquaintance.

31. At Philadelphia, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, Elizabeth Fox, relict of the late Joseph Fox, Esq. The tenour of her life confers the best meed of eulogium, and her peaceful departure affords a flattering hope that her spirit hath gained an admission into the mansions of eternal rest.

January 4. At Philadelphia, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Ann Abercrombie, wife of the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, a lady deservedly beloved, and justly lamented, by all who knew her.

. At New York, after a short illness, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, Mrs. Susan Stuyvesant, wife of P. G. Stuyvesant, Esq., and daughter of Thomas Barclay, Esq., the British consul general. The virtues and amiable qualities of this much beloved and deeply lamented lady occasions her loss to be deplored by her relations and friends with the most poignant grief.

9. At Philadelphia, Mr. Matthew Pratt, a respectable inhabitant of that place, aged seventy years and four months.

10. At Washington, James Gillespie, Esq., member of congress from the state of North Carolina.

15. At Philadelphia, after a short illness, Joseph Ogden, of that place, in the eighty-first year of his age.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN JANUARY.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

GUILTY or not Guilty, a comedy, by Dibdin.—D. Longworth, New York.

Sailor's Daughter, a comedy, by Cumberland.—D. Longworth, New York.

Hunter of the Alps.—D. Longworth, New York.

Shakspeare's Works, volume I, with the notes of Johnson and Stevens, revised and augmented by Isaac Reed.—H. Maxwell and T. S. Manning, 150 cents in boards.

Friendly Cautions to the Heads of Families and others, very necessary to be observed, in order to preserve health and long life, &c.—Humphreys, 87 cents.

A Defence of the Measures of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, by Curtius.—S. H. Smith, Washington city, 50 cents.

New York Term Reports, vol. 2, part 1.—Isaac Riley and Co., New York, 125 cents.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 17 FEBRUARY, 1805. VOL. III.

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. AND J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON CITY; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH-STREET.

1805.

THE

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No. 17. FEBRUARY, 1805. VOL. III.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON FORTUNE TELLING.

ONE who is not strongly fortified in incredulity will sometimes be half persuaded to believe in the pretensions of those who discover future or distant events, by other means than the ordinary ones of sight and hearing. A story shall be related, so directly, consistently, and circumstantially, that one who has not formed an invincible opinion, *a priori*, that it cannot be true, can scarcely refuse his assent.

As our knowledge, indeed, comes to be enlarged, and a few of the mysteries of this kind are unravelled, we are more disposed to admit the possibility of explaining all similar mysteries by the same means. Here is a story, which was once altogether marvellous; a discovery is made by some soothsayer, which appears to us impossible but by supernatural means; yet the means, when afterwards explained, turn out to be natural and simple. Hence when other exploits of a conjurer are related, no less marvellous and inexplicable than the former one, we naturally say, The old story was as wonderful as this, and the riddle as inexplicable, yet it was afterwards solved, in a plain and satisfactory manner: why may not this be explicable in the same manner?

The sceptical part of the world are not aware of the prevalence of the belief in supernatural powers, among the middle and lower class of mankind. The popularity of some fortune tellers is, indeed, wonderful, and many have been enabled to acquire considerable affluence by this mysterious trade. Very grave, shrewd, and experienced people, many who have natural good sense, and minds enlarged by observation, are fully convinced of the existence of this preternatural sagacity. They are willing to receive any *natural* explanation of appearances; but when neither reflection nor experience can solve the mystery in this manner, they deem themselves bound, by all the laws of just reasoning, to acquiesce in the pretensions of the wizard. As they have not reasoned themselves, *a priori*, into the belief that all such pretensions are chimerical, they are, of course, compelled to admit that so-

lution, when what we call a natural one is unattainable.

I shall not pretend to decide between the universal infidels and the qualified believers, or say to which party I should be inclined to adhere, were I obliged to take a part. Like Addison's creed, as delivered in one of his Spectators, respecting witchcraft, perhaps it would be safest to admit the possibility, in general, of such foresight or second sight, in a few individuals of the human race, but, at the same time, to refuse implicit credit to any particular case that may happen to reach us through the medium of any other evidence than that of our own proper senses. The little credit which is merited by almost all relations of this kind, is, I think, pretty forcibly illustrated in the two following cases:

A very grave and intelligent friend of mine lost a considerable sum of money. All his enquiries and reflections were unable to point out to him the way it had taken. After some hesitation, he resolved to apply to a gentleman of the same town, who had acquired, by some accident, the reputation of seeing further than other men. After stating all the circumstances of his loss to his friend, he was desired to go, at the dawn of the next day, to one of the churches of the place, which was named, and look under the broad stone, placed at the door of the church. There, he was told, he would find deposited the sum missing. He was charged to keep secret the result of this interview, till he had performed his expedition. He punctually obeyed the directions of the seer, and recovered his money. As the character and situation of the person applied to made it impossible for him to have been either the thief or the accomplice, the mystery, in this case, seems to have been as impenetrable as in almost any which can be imagined; and yet it was afterwards reduced to a very simple and obvious transaction, by the acknowledgment of the gentleman himself, on my venturing to apply to him for some satisfaction on the subject. He told me, that by carefully weighing all the circumstances of the case, as related by my friend, his suspicions were fixed upon a certain person, to whom, immediately after the interview, he wrote an anonymous letter, requiring him to deposit the money he had stolen, in the place above-described, at a certain hour, previous to the time fixed for the other's visit. His conjecture happened to be right, and the money was deposited accordingly: so that this effort of preternatural wisdom resolves itself into a mere superiority of penetration.

In the reign of Charles the second, a conjurer appeared in London, whose fame was quickly extended to the highest classes of society. His door was besieged, all day long, by coaches, so that many, after waiting a long time, were obliged to return home unsatisfied. Numberless were the instances reported of this man's miraculous insight into the private history and family intrigues of those classes of society, which could not be known, by any natural means, to one of the birth and education to be expected in a teller of fortunes. Anthony Hamilton's amusing history of the count de Grammont explains this mystery, and tells us that this conjurer was no other than the earl of Rochester, that shrewd, ingenious, but profligate nobleman, who assumed this disguise for the sake of more effectually sporting with the credulity of the age. Rochester, to an extensive and intimate acquaintance with the character and history of the individuals of the higher class, added great natural sagacity, and keen perception into the habits and foibles of mankind. We may easily conceive how much his communications must have astounded his visitants, and how many of them would transcend the utmost exertions of sagacity to explain in a natural manner.

L.

For the Literary Magazine.

MARCIA THE VESTAL.

A YOUNG lady being called upon for a Latin motto to a wedding-ring, gave....

Felices nuptæ! moriar ni nubere dulce est.

which may be rendered into humble English thus....

Let me die if I don't think it a fine thing to be married.

A beautiful and most happy application. The history of this line, which every joyous bride and bridegroom may, with much propriety, adopt, is somewhat curious. A Roman vestal, though allowed many honours and privileges, was subjected to the most rigid obligations of chastity. A dreadful punishment awaited the breach of this duty.

Marcia was irreproachable in her deportment, and, for this and every other sanctity and excellence, was thought worthy of the chief place among the sisterhood; but, unfortunately, she made acquaintance with a youth recently married, whose conversation pleased her better than any thing else.

One day, meditating on her friend's engaging character, she carelessly, and, as it were, impromptu, wrote upon her tablets the above line. This fell into the hands of an envious sister, and formed the basis of an accusation which brought the ill-fated lady to the horrid punishment of being buried in a dungeon, and starved to death.

For the Literary Magazine.

BRITISH PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE number of individuals employed, and the whole amount of the emoluments accruing in some of the public offices of Great Britain, in the year 1784, are exhibited in the following table:

	No	Pay.
1. Secretaries of state's office	60	£. 22,000
2. Treasury	59	39,000
3. Admiralty	36	27,000
4. Treasury of navy	50	20,000
5. Commissioners of navy	120	43,000
6. Dock yards	236	36,120
7. Sick and hurt office	26	3,600
8. Victualling office	68	34,280

This *sum* equally divided between this *number* would give to each about 346l. In fact, however, the highest compensation is about 5000l., and the lowest 30l. a year.

Query. What are the number of persons employed, and the amount of money annually expended, in the public offices of the United States?

For the Literary Magazine.

RIDDLES.

A RIDDLE is the description of a thing by some property which, though strictly its own, is apt to escape a brief or superficial observation. When it is discovered, we feel a pleasure in the proof it affords us of our own sagacity, and are struck with agreeable surprise, in perceiving the existence of a quality or relation before unsuspected. In this point of view, a riddle is certainly undeserving of all that contempt which it is the fashion to bestow upon it. There are many persons of excellent understanding and extensive knowledge, who could not forgive themselves for bestowing a single thought on the solution of a riddle.

There are two kinds of riddles; one of which relates to what we may call the historical or physical properties of things, and the other which depends for its detection or solution on calculation only. The latter sort of riddles appear never to have awakened the contempt of mathematicians. On the contrary,

the most eminent mathematicians have not disdained to devote a great deal of time and labour to the solution of mysteries, which deserve no better name than riddles. The famous puzzle of *squaring the circle* has perhaps obtained some attention from every pupil of the mathematics. The greatest abilities have been occasionally employed in making the knight move into all the squares of the chess-board, in succession, without passing twice over the same. Volumes have been written to show the number of ways in which the words in the following hexameter—"Tot tibi sunt dotes, Virgo, quot sidera cælo," may be differently arranged, without destroying the measure. Now the merit of such questions as these, the claim they have to our attention, seems to consist altogether in their difficulty, a difficulty which requires nothing but perseverance in calculation to surmount. But those riddles, of which Swift's enigmatical description of "a pen" may be mentioned as an example, seem in their discovery to add much more materially to our stock of ideas, and to be far more excusable engrossers of our time, than the mathematical enigmas.

I cannot help avowing my approbation of riddles in a speculative way, and this, Mr. Editor, you will probably think rather an adventurous undertaking. And yet I feel disposed, just now, to be guilty of a deed of still greater temerity, and not only to justify the propounder of enigmas, but to become myself an actual propounder. The following, I believe, if not absolutely new, are yet far from being hacknied, and may afford momentary diversion to some of your less austere readers.

1. I always stand upon four legs, and move about upon eight.

2. I have three legs, two of which support myself, and the third supports me and the burthen laid upon me.

3. I have two legs, yet cannot stand without support. Unless upheld by some kind hand, I am obliged to lean against a wall, and that, aukward as it is, is my usual posture.

4. I cannot stand alone but on four legs, yet frequently support my burthen standing upon two only.

5. I never breathe but through my nose, and I never breathe without snoring.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SPECIMEN OF AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

Extracted from the correspondence of a traveller in Scotland.

——THE northern estate called C——, contains about twenty-five thousand acres, and consists of a roundish piece of land, jutting out into the Irish sea, connected, by a narrow peninsula, with the main land of ————shire. The wonders wrought in this little territory, by the genius of the proprietor, are still more remarkable than those effected in W——, because its condition was far more desolate and forlorn, when it came into his possession. Its general aspect was that of sterile mountains, whose summits were roughened with rocks, and whose sides were covered with bog and moss, and overrun with heath and fern. Scarcely a fruit or timber tree was any where to be seen..... Near the coast a species of negligent and slovenly cultivation took place. About ten thousand acres, or two-fifths of the whole, was divided into two hundred farms, each, on an average, consisting of fifty acres, and containing, on the whole, about fourteen hundred persons..... Four hamlets, or villages, composed of cottagers and petty tradesmen, contained, in all, one hundred and eight miserable dwellings, and about six hundred inhabitants. The chief town was C———, containing five hundred houses, and two thousand seven hundred people. The method of culture, with the farmers,

was as defective, and the style of living among all classes in this district was as mean and comfortless, as can well be imagined. The whole was divided into five parishes, the town of C——— being one. The pastors in each gleaned a miserable pittance of about fifty pounds a year, and the people being of the English church, the stipend of the clergy consisted, except in the town, of the contribution called tythe. Five little schools subsisted, one in each parish, where the elements of knowledge were taught for the scanty recompence of twenty pounds a year.

Previous to sir A——'s time the landlord resided wholly in London, and the only functions of a landlord he ever dreamt of exercising, were those of naming a steward to collect his rents. In this choice he was directed only by pecuniary calculation. He who made the most punctual and liberal remittances was the most acceptable. To the steward, frequently ignorant and mercenary, was transferred all the power of the landlord; and, as his conduct was under the influence of only two motives, to enrich himself, and to satisfy the cravings of his principal, we may easily imagine under what vexations and oppressions the poor tenantry laboured. Notwithstanding the ingenuity of these stewards, not a little sharpened by their own wages being fixed at a certain proportion of the sums raised, they were never able to collect a larger annual sum than seven thousand five hundred pounds. The cultivated land paid about five shillings an acre, the cottages and gardens, annexed to them, about forty shillings a piece; and the houses in town about ten pounds a piece. Out of this sum, however, little more than five thousand ever came into the hands of the proprietor, with which his indolence was satisfied.

Such was the condition of the cultivated portion of the estate, while two-fifths of the whole was a naked and dreary waste, from which the neighbouring farmers and cottagers were allowed to collect a little peat and a few sticks as firing, and on which a few sheep and cattle browzed in summer time. In the midst of this wild, which was dignified with the name of C——— forest, was situated an old crazy mansion, a part of which was kept in habitable order by the steward, for his own residence, but whose outworks and enclosures had been long gone to decay.

The marriage of the heiress of the C——s to sir A——, put this large estate, with all the authorities and territorial jurisdictions annexed to it, into his hands. It afforded him a noble field for the exercise of his talents, and he lost no time in carrying his schemes of improvement into execution. He visited C——— in person, took a careful survey of the whole, banished all the official vermin who had hitherto preyed upon the vitals of the people, and supplied their place by agents whose capacity and integrity had been well tried.

After rectifying the obvious errors and abuses which had crept into the *stewardship* of this domain, he turned his thoughts to the condition of the waste land. An exact survey being made of C——— forest, it appeared that, among the fifteen thousand acres of which it consisted, not more than seven hundred and fifty were absolutely incapable of being cultivated. These were so encumbered with bare rocks as to make them altogether refractory.

Of the residue about *three thousand acres* were devoted to plantations. Spots, incapable of producing a single blade of corn, were found able to support the stately pine or spreading oak. The soil beneath improved yearly in fertility, from the leaves which fell, and the shelter afforded by wood. Thus a considerable extent of ground became really entitled to the appellation of forest, which had formerly been conferred upon the whole. In the course of forty years the ground was overshaded by lofty trees, whose

loppings afforded firing to the whole district, and whose superfluous growth afforded, for all the purposes of the carpenter, the timber which the district had formerly been obliged to procure at a distance.

At the end of twenty-five years this wood began to reward the planter by a revenue of at least five shillings an acre, so that he derived, from what had been wholly unproductive before, an income of seven hundred and fifty pounds a year.

The larger portion of the waste, about seven thousand acres, was a wet and spungy soil, which had always been deemed worthless and irreclaimable. The spade, however, was now diligently set to work, and, in a short time, all the superfluous moisture being drawn off, the whole was converted into excellent upland pasture. The land, properly prepared and enclosed, was divided into seven sheep farms, and an ample stock of the suitable breed of sheep was imported from the heights of Cumberland. By placing these farms under provident and skilful management, for several years together, the produce of this tract, in wool, peltry, and mutton, has been more than equal to fifteen shillings an acre, one third of which has been fixed as a reasonable proportion for the rent, so that, by this method of improvement, seven thousand acres of moor has been made to produce an annual income to the landlord of two thousand three hundred pounds, and of twice that sum to the immediate cultivators. The hands necessary to each of these farms, and their families, amount to about twenty persons, and their stock to two thousand sheep, five cows, and five horses, with swine and poultry in abundance. By these means thirty-five horses, and thirty-five cows, and fourteen thousand sheep were added to the stock, and one hundred and fifty persons to the population of the barony. The annual produce has generally been about thirty-five thousand pounds of wool, and thirty-five hundred sheep. The greater part of the wool being exported, this branch of commerce, though inconsiderable, contributes to increase, in some degree, the employment and thrift of the town and its inhabitants.

The surface of the whole waste appeared at first to be wholly barren and uncultivable. On the experiment being made, however, a stratum of excellent marle was found in many places, beneath the surface. By a proper use of this valuable substance, no less than twenty-two hundred and fifty acres were converted into excellent arable land. This portion was divided into small farms or homesteads of five acres.

These little farms were furnished with neat and substantial dwellings and barns, the fields were completely hedged, or fenced, or ditched, and tenants admitted, under strict conditions as to the mode and objects of their cultivation. Each farm was divided into five fields, and a certain rotation of crops established in each. It was sir A——'s notion that this quantity of ground could be adequately tilled and managed without the aid of the horse and plough, and with the spade only, by the farmer and his family alone, leaving them, at the same time, a large portion of their time to be employed either in some mechanical occupation, or in labouring for their neighbours, whose farms were of greater extent.

Each of these farms maintain a cow and calf, a sow with a brood of pigs, with abundance of poultry. It affords potatoes and garden products, forming an ample subsistence, in this kind of food, for a numerous family, and a quantity of grain equal to fifty bushels at least.

These farms are not intended to enrich the possessors, nor to afford them their whole employment..... They are merely to afford a sure refuge from that poverty, which the want of regular employment might produce to the journeyman or labourer, to enlarge his comforts, promote his health, and encrease his

independence, and all these valuable ends are fully accomplished by this arrangement.

The advantages of such an establishment to the sober and thrifty poor are so obvious, that sir A—— found no difficulty in filling his little farms with industrious tenants, the moment they were ready to be occupied, and, by this means, he has increased the *useful* population of his territory by very near three thousand persons; he has enlarged its farming stock by near a thousand head of cattle; he has added to its annual produce twenty-two thousand five hundred bushels of grain, which the corn-dealer eagerly accepts for a sum not less than six thousand pounds; and he has added to his own revenue, as rent, upwards of two thousand five hundred pounds a year.

The remainder of this waste has been converted, by an elaborate system of draining, into excellent watered meadow. This tract amounts to two thousand acres, has been devoted to breeding cattle, and produces a clear rent of three thousand pounds a year.

It thus appears, that a naked and desolate waste, always dreary to the eye, injurious to the health, and detrimental to the climate, has been converted into a smiling and busy scene of cultivation; that, in the course of a few years, upwards of three thousand persons were added to the population of the district, and a clear annual revenue created of eight thousand five hundred and fifty pounds.

These schemes of improvement, however, were far from engrossing the proprietor's attention. He, at the same time, was active in devising means for improving the fertility of the portions already cultivated, and bettering the condition of the inhabitants. The farms, whose extent already was, in general, about fifty acres, he divided into portions of twenty-five acres; he not only erected new buildings on the new farms thus created, but he demolished the hovels which previously existed on the old farms, and supplied their places with new, commodious, and substantial edifices. By a judicious system of rewards, by importing farmers from his English estate, whose example was a visible and intelligible lesson to his ancient tenants, he quickly banished the old defective modes of cultivation, with the indolence and poverty which followed it.

Under their ancient lords, the principal employment of the peasantry was fishing. They were satisfied if they could glean from their fields a miserable harvest of oats, just sufficient to provide the year with bread, and of barley sufficient to keep a distillery of whiskey employed, and to supply their own cravings for that infatuating liquid, and of hay for winter's food to a horse and cow. On the produce of their fishery they relied for the annual portion of their food, and by the sale of the surplus in the neighbouring towns, they were enabled to pay their rent, and purchase such clothing as they could not do without. Agriculture was an object of secondary importance in their view: they applied to it with murmuring and reluctance. If fifty acres supplied them with bread and whiskey, it was all they exacted from it. About two acres in oats, two in barley, and four or five in grass for hay, with the rest of the farm in pasture, was the ordinary state of things. The use of manure was too troublesome and artificial. They moved the plough yearly from one portion to another, and each field enjoyed a fallow of six or eight years.

Sir A——, by introducing potatoes, turnips, and carrots, by establishing a rotation of crops, and by carefully collecting and applying manures, has raised the produce of twenty-five acres to five times the produce of the ancient farm of fifty. Each family derives its whole vegetable and animal subsistence and clothing from a field of five acres, while the produce in corn and cattle of the remaining twenty is gene-

rally equal in value to five pounds an acre, or a hundred pounds in the whole. Only one fourth of this is demanded by the landlord as rent. The remaining seventy-five pounds may be laid up, expended in additional improvements, or a revenue derived from it as stock in trade, or a capital at interest, or employed in luxury and show.

The ancient tenant found it difficult to scrape together twelve pounds ten shillings, in ready money, to answer the yearly calls of the steward. He owed this difficulty to his slothful and intemperate habits, and his attachment to the precarious and unprofitable life of a fisherman. The present tenant has been weaned from the sea by the superior profits and security of tillage, and sir A—— allows no spirits to be distilled within his barony, and none to be imported or sold within his jurisdiction. For a farm of half the extent he pays double the rent, and still finds himself surrounded with comforts, and growing in opulence.

As the indispensable motive to industry is the power of exchanging its products with facility, sir A—— paid particular attention to that class of his tenants who supplied the rest with articles imported from a distance, or manufactured by themselves, in exchange for the produce of the land. The want of capital, knowledge, and industry among his tenants, compelled him to supply the deficiency from his own purse, and from his own mental resources. Formerly nothing had been exported, in considerable quantity, but fish, and bread had sometimes been imported. Fish, under the new system, was wholly neglected, and a considerable surplus, in the products of husbandry, remained after the wants of the district were supplied. This surplus found ready purchasers, at fixed and reasonable prices, in the agents of sir A——. As the population of the villages and town rapidly encreased, in proportion to the population and produce of the country, and in consequence of the wise and equitable maxims of government adopted by the lord, this surplus of agricultural products gradually lessened, till it ceased altogether. As this product was more than sufficient to purchase all the articles of manufacture consumed within the district, or imported into it, a new class of workmen or manufacturers began to be formed, whose produce was sent abroad, and exchanged for money, and the population continued to encrease, till that point when it was sufficient to consume all the grain, though not all the meat, which the territory produced. In short, in thirty years after these improvements commenced, the villagers and townsmen exceeded eleven thousand five hundred, and the whole population of the estate, as ascertained by an exact census, was distributed as follows:

Little farmers, or cottagers	2,870
Great farmers	4,645
Sheep farmers	153
Villagers and townsmen	11,508
Total	19,176

The population, under the ancient family, amounted, as we have seen, to four thousand seven hundred persons. This number the wisdom of the present lord has more than quadrupled, and between the happiness, the moral and intellectual dignity of the present generation and the last, there is, as you will readily imagine, still less similarity than there is in point of numbers.

It was a maxim of the C——s never to alienate any portion of their landed property, or to part with any of the rights and privileges they possessed as territorial lords. Their estate, whether house or land, was occupied, universally, by tenants at will, nor could any motive, springing from indolence, facility, or avarice, induce them to grant leases for a longer term than a year. This system can only be ascribed to the lust of power, for the rights of a landlord, extending over a consider-

able district, confers a more despotic authority than any form of law has ever directly conferred. The landlord can, at pleasure, and without the least regard to consistency or equity, deprive a tenant of his field and habitation, from which he obtains food and shelter, and banish him from haunts familiar, perhaps, to his infancy, and dear to his heart. To the ignorant and simple, this banishment is proportionally severe, and though apparently a mere exclusion from the precincts of a single estate, may in reality condemn the victim to despair or famine, by his inability to procure a subsistence by other means, or in other places, than that to which he has been accustomed. This power is particularly absolute and terrible, because more liable than other kinds of authority to abuse. Public opinion does not controul or restrain its exercise, since it is cloaked by the privilege allowed to every man of doing what he will with his own.

In addition to his power as a landlord, his wealth and influence gave him of course the power of naming the justice of the peace for this district. In this capacity he exercised the right of naming and commissioning all the subordinate officers of justice, of enforcing the payment of debts from one tenant to another, by the sale of the debtor's effects, or the imprisonment of his person, of punishing all offences less than capital, by hard labour and imprisonment, at his own discretion. By such direct and indirect means, you may easily imagine that no power could be more despotic than that of the lords of C——, within the precincts of their own estate. The life, liberty, and property of their subjects were held, in fact, by no other tenure than their lord's pleasure, controuled by no other circumstance than that which is incident to every political tyranny, the chance of running into voluntary banishment.

All these privileges sir A. received in right of his wife, with a resolution not to impair them. The improvements he projected were, indeed, of such a nature as to require an unlimited authority. Nobody can, in their own opinion, have too much power, and luckily, in this case, for those subjected to it, it was impossible for sir A—— to possess too much, since its whole energies were directed to nothing but the happiness of others.

This unbounded authority only could enable him to do as much as he did: but this power alone would have been insufficient. Had not his designs been seconded by a very large revenue, his good purposes would have availed nothing.

The rents of C——— had been entirely expended, by the ancient family, on the unmeaning luxury and barren ostentation of a London life. Sir A—— appropriated the whole of them to his plans of improvement. His reformations immediately increased the income to eight thousand pounds, and all his improvements were of such a kind, as immediately, in some degree, to augment this income.

When it is considered, that the greater part of these improvements required nothing more than well-directed labour on the spot, that ten thousand pounds a year will purchase all the industry and ingenuity of four hundred workmen, and that a sum much larger than this was annually employed in digging, planting, and building, for thirty years together, we shall not much wonder at the great effects that have been produced.

These improvements were generally, in themselves, though highly useful and magnificent, yet not of a costly nature. He built solid, lofty, and spacious edifices, full of the grandeur and grace of proportion and convenience, but the materials are produced upon the spot, and cost nothing but the labours of the quarry. A fine white free-stone, easily wrought, but acquiring great hardness and solidity in the air, every where abounded.

Sir A. was not more anxious to keep his own property and power

unimpaired, and to raise the condition of his tenants to a certain degree of opulence, than to keep them stationary. To have suffered any of them to raise himself considerably above his equals, would have been to mar the very foundation of his schemes. The accumulation of money and stock could not be easily prevented, but the whole landed property remaining in his own hands, it was optional whether to permit any other individual to obtain the rights of a landlord or not.

In consequence of this system, he was able to give what face he thought proper to the whole district. He regulated, at will, the situation of towns and villages, and gave what form his fancy preferred to dwellings and avenues. The old crazy town in a short time disappeared, and a new one rose in a different situation. A simple, elegant, homogeneous plan was contrived, which has rendered the future town the most beautiful in Europe.

The town received accessions of inhabitants faster than accommodations could be supplied them. Sir A—— limited the population to ten thousand, and was obliged to exert his utmost authority and steadiness in restraining the concourse of strangers. The number of houses amounted to a thousand, and the rental amounts, at present, at only twenty-five pounds from each house, to twenty-five thousand per annum.

The scite of this town is a lofty and level space, forming pretty nearly a parallelogram, on the northern side of C——— bay. It is bounded by the sea-shore on the south, and sheltered on the north by some rising grounds. It is a little more than half a mile in length, and about fifteen hundred feet broad. There is no other situation equally extensive within the bounds of the estate, so favourable for a town as this. It is placed at the bottom of one of the safest harbours in the kingdom; safe not only from the fury of the elements, but from all external attacks. Formerly, as the village contained nothing worth pillaging, the harbour was open and defenceless, but sir A—— thought it necessary to protect his city by a fortification. Except at the entrance of this harbour, the whole coast of C——— is formed by a rocky precipice, which bounds a shallow strand, on which the waves break in a tremendous surf. The harbour opens between two lofty points, one of which juts out towards the other, so as to allow a narrow passage to the waters of about four hundred feet wide. On this point a complete bastion was erected, with the permission of the government, at sir A——'s expence. He and his successors are, by patent, constables or keepers of this fort, which is garrisoned by thirty men, and supplied with artillery and ammunition, at his own expence.

In the heights above the town there is a very exuberant spring, called Holwell. It bursts in a very powerful torrent from the side of a rock, and forms a considerable rivulet, which falls into the harbour, at the upper end. From this well the town is supplied, in the greatest abundance, with the purest water. The soil is a dry firm gravel, overlaying a solid freestone rock.

The town consists of twelve rows of contiguous buildings. The length of each row or block is twenty-five hundred feet, its breadth fifty feet, and its height from seventy-five to a hundred feet. It is divided into five, six, and seven stories, from twelve to fifteen feet in height, and into separate dwellings from thirty to fifty feet in width.

Each row is separated from the ones adjacent by a street or avenue from seventy-five to a hundred feet broad. This space is divided into two footways and a middle way. The footways are paved with square stones, and are ten feet wide. The middle way has a double row of trees, and is composed of the native gravel, cemented together by mortar.

The plan, both internal and external, of these buildings is simple and uniform, and solid to a degree

that would generally be deemed superfluous. The walls in no case are less than three feet thick, and are composed of large blocks of free-stone.

The scite of each row is three feet above the next one to the south of it, so as to form a kind of amphitheatre of twelve steps, each step being not less than one hundred and twenty-five feet broad, and three feet high.

This extensive mass of buildings is the absolute property of sir A——, and all the inhabitants are merely tenants from quarter to quarter. So precarious a tenure, and the impossibility of purchasing real estate of any kind within the district, might be expected to operate very powerfully against the progress of industry and population: but these disadvantages were amply counterbalanced, by the cheapness, convenience, and luxury of personal provision and accommodation, by the invariable equity with which the great power of the landlord was exercised, and the facility, among the middling and lower class of adventurers, of acquiring competence, of accumulating stock in goods and money.

In 1790, the following estimate was formed of the annual revenue derived by the landlord from this estate:

Woods	750
Cattle farms	3,000
Sheep farms	2,300
Cottage farms	2,500
Large farms	10,000
Houses	28,500
	£. 47,050

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE RECESSION OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE recession of part of the district of Columbia appears, at present, to be the chief topic of political conversation, and engrosses the attention of congress. The motives of politicians are generally behind the screen, and public orators are accustomed to make use of every argument, in favour of their *motions*, except the one which really influences their own belief, and directs their own conduct. Thus it may be reasonably suspected, that those who recommend a recession desire a change in the seat of government. The extreme inconvenience of the present seat of government could not be imagined or forseen by those who formed the constitution, or by those who chose the banks of the Potowmack for this seat. If they had been imagined, they would have effectually prevented the clause in the constitution relative to a new metropolis. These inconveniences induce some of the members of congress to wish for removal, but a certain tenderness or veneration for what is called public faith hinders them from proposing this removal in direct terms.

Those, the value of whose property is supposed to depend, in some degree, upon the continuance of the government at Washington, are, of course, strenuous opposers of any motion, which has any tendency, however indirect, to this removal. Without any great breach of charity, may we not consider this as the true state of the controversy, carried on with so much warmth and eloquence? I think we may.

It seems to be generally admitted, that a removal would be a manifest breach of public faith, and that no considerations of public convenience will justify a breach of public faith. To call in question either the first or last of these positions will, no doubt, be thought a very rash proceeding, and yet it really seems to me very difficult to establish the truth of either of them, in relation to the present instance.

The plain state of the case appears to be this. The constitution permits the future congress to chuse its own place of residence. The

congress fixes on a certain spot of ground, on the banks of the Potowmack, which it declares, by law, to be hereafter the perpetual metropolis of the United States. Virginia and Maryland transfer all their political jurisdiction over the environs of the new metropolis to the general government, this being a condition prescribed by the constitution.

As the residence of government will naturally, in time, generate a city, and as a previous *plan* will contribute somewhat to the symmetry and splendour of the future city, a plan is drawn, and the scite distinctly distributed into building lots and avenues. As the population of America is in a rapidly progressive state, as the new city is expected to advance, under such favourable auspices, with even greater rapidity than the other cities of the country, and the value of its ground and houses to advance in the same proportion, an inviting field is immediately opened for the schemes of those who seek wealth by *speculation*. Land, within the pomœria of the new city, is greedily purchased, and houses hastily erected, the buyers and builders expecting to be amply remunerated for their pains and expence, by the rapidly increasing value of their property.

It is quickly discovered, however, that these hopes were too sanguine. The progress of the new city proves to be even less rapid than that of some settlements, which are supported by nothing but trade; that the stimulus, arising from the presence of the government, is an artificial and unnatural one, and far from supplying the place of those more ordinary agents, trade and commerce; that the necessary accommodations for the government must be raised and kept up at an unlooked for and enormous expence; and that, with all their efforts, a residence in the new city is incompatible either with comfort or health.

The golden dreams of the speculator consequently end in disappointment. His houses are untenanted and going to ruin, and his land either lies a dead burthen in his hands, or he disposes of it, if not at a less price than he gave, at least at a much less price than his fond imagination had anticipated. The present proprietor is obliged to moderate his views of profit, and to centre all his hopes in the continuance of the government where it is, for this, he knows, will operate to the creation of a town, slowly and gradually perhaps, but certainly, whereas the removal will make matters still worse than at present, and crush the city in its infancy.

It is by no means wonderful that those who have property, liable to be depreciated by a removal, should clamour very loudly against it; but it is very strange to me, I confess, that a removal should be reproached as a breach of public faith. In these simple and obvious facts, which appear to be the whole truth, what materials can be found for raising such a charge? what contract has the nation entered into with its citizens, on this head, by which the future resolutions of its representatives are over-ruled or cramped?

Let it be admitted that some persons purchased land and built houses in the city or its neighbourhood, in the belief that the law, fixing the seat of government there, would never be repealed, a belief founded on the terms of this law, which declares this place to be the perpetual metropolis of the states: but why was that place originally chosen for the seat of government? Because it was thought, at that time, to be most eligible. Why was it made the perpetual seat? Because nobody could then forsee or imagine the circumstances which might hereafter render it ineligible. Why did the citizens rely on the perpetuity of this law, and buy and build on that persuasion? Precisely for the same reasons which influenced their representatives to make the law: a total ignorance, beforehand, of any inconveniences which might attend its execution. Nothing but

experience could possibly unfold these inconveniences, and therefore it was impossible for those who were obliged to judge and act without experience, to judge and act otherwise than they did. This law is precisely like any other law which declares the obligations it creates to be perpetual. Such declarations either imply a manifest absurdity, that one set of representatives have really more constitutional powers than any future set, or they amount merely to this, that these obligations shall be annulled and abrogated by no power less than that by which they were imposed.

Every body knows that the early purchasers and improvers presumed not only on the ultmiate progress of the place to the grandeur of a large city, but on its *rapid* progress to this point. They purchased and built not properly on the first supposition, because few or none lay out their money for the benefit of their remote posterity, but on the latter supposition. In this they have been wholly disappointed; and they might, with the same propriety, consider the public faith as bound to build a city, and to fill their houses with tenants, in a certain limited time, as at a distant and indefinite period. They are not, however, guilty of this absurdity. They ascribe their losses hitherto to physical and inevitable evils. To these, and not, *as yet*, to any breach of public faith, their injury already incurred is to be traced. A removal can add but little to the positive evil. By preventing the growth of the place into a great metropolis, it will materially affect the value and condition of the earth, circumscribed within certain limits, in a distant age, but the evil to the present generation will be found, upon a careful examination, to be very inconsiderable.

I am far, however, from intending to depreciate the losses which a removal from Washington may occasion to individuals. I mean only to maintain, that, in repealing or continuing the present law, the legislature is not fettered by any obligation arising from their predecessors having pledged the *public faith* for the fulfilment of their views by future legislatures. Some of the occasions in which *public faith* is supposed to be engaged for the continuance of a law, arise when the nation borrows money of its citizens, and promises to repay it in a certain time, or charges itself with the payment of a certain annual interest upon the sum; and when certain individuals are told, that if they contribute money and build a bridge over a certain river, the state will not allow any other bridge to be built in their vicinity, and will permit them to levy toll for a fixed period on all that pass their bridge; in these and similar cases a contract is made between the state and its citizens, supposed to be binding on successive legislatures. But the law, fixing the seat of government at Washington, contains no contract, express or implied, with any of the citizens. The residence of congress is supposed to benefit the owners of real property, wherever that residence is placed, and their removal, by occasioning this property to sink to its former value, is supposed to be detrimental to the owners. Thus New York and Philadelphia were supposed to be successively benefited and injured by the arrival and departure of the general government. In the same way, though, perhaps, to a greater extent, the owners of real property in Washington have been benefited by the residence of congress among them, and may be injured by their departure. But these consequences are of the same nature in all the three cases. They are merely incidental, and the government is no more answerable for them to the inhabitants of Washington, than to those of New York and Philadelphia.

The residence of congress was declared to be temporary at New York and Philadelphia, and to be perpetual at Washington. The consequences of removal from Washington may therefore be more inju-

rious to the people of the latter than of the two former cities; but this is a diversity only in degree; the mischief is precisely of the same nature.

But though there be no obligation, arising from an imaginary contract, in the government of the United States to continue at Washington, there is another obligation incumbent on the legislature in this as in all other cases: that of consulting the happiness and welfare of the citizens. In this, as in other cases, the legislature ought to intend, in the formation of laws, the good and not the evil of their country. The community is composed of individuals, and that which affects the happiness of individuals has a proportional influence on the well-being of the whole. In resolving to remove from Washington, the congress will be wise in proportion to the comprehensiveness of their view; in proportion as they extend their regards to all the consequences of the law. They will be criminal if they overlook totally the interest of the inhabitants of Washington, but they will likewise be criminal if they suffer the interests of *this* part to outweigh, in their breasts, the interests of all the other parts, or if they inflict an injury upon others by staying where they are, greater than that which will befal the people of the territory by removing elsewhere.

There is, however, an obvious method of reconciling all claims. The claims of the proprietors of ground in Washington to the presence of congress, let it be ever so sacred, cannot be more so than the right which every man enjoys to the possession and use of his own property; and yet, when the public benefit requires a new road to be carried through a district, or a street to be widened in a city, it has never been thought a breach of justice to extort from every man so much of his ground as the projected avenue requires, in spite of his resistance or refusal. This outrage on the sacred right of property is thought to be completely justified, merely by paying a reasonable compensation to the owner. If, therefore, the government should resolve to change its residence, it would fulfil every duty, both that arising from the sanctity of public faith and that arising from the relations of justice and beneficence which the state bears to all its citizens, by making a reasonable compensation to every one who shall suffer by the change. Preposterous as it may appear to some, to reimburse the expences of a house built with a view of finding a tenant in a public officer, and rendered useless by the removal of that officer elsewhere, yet this might be done, and the nation, on the whole, considerably benefited by the change.

This, though more than the strictest justice demands, would by no means still the clamours of those who wish the government to continue where it is, not to repair a loss actually incurred, or prevent one which the removal would occasion, but merely to secure to themselves the profits which they anticipate from the future progress of the city. Mankind are as much displeased by missing an advantage which they have in view, as by losing one they have in their possession; and those who owned their present property before the foundation of the city, and whose golden dreams a removal will dissipate, will be quite as loud in their reproaches and strenuous in their opposition, as those who have actually purchased ground and built houses since that event, and in consequence of their belief that the city would be permanent. It is evident that the complaints of the first deserve no regard. They lose nothing. They merely miss an opportunity of gaining; and if from the claims of the latter all that loss be deducted which has been already incurred, by the progress of the city being slower than was generally expected, how small will be the remaining balance which will justly be chargeable to the account of removal!

PRESTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

AMERICAN PROSPECTS.

I HAVE often heard it observed by travellers, that America contained nothing of the picturesque. This is very unaccountable. That part of the picturesque which arises from the elaborate arrangements of art, and especially from the architectural monuments of ancient times, it is true, we do not possess. No crumbling walls are scattered over our vallies; no ivy-clad tower reposes on the brow of our hills. How much the imagination is inspired by these memorials of former generations, with what solemn and ennobling elevation they fill the mind, are easily conceived, and these adjuncts are certainly wanting to the scenes of our country. Those who are accustomed to see nature constantly accompanied by ancient turrets or modern obelisks, by palaces and spires, by artificial lakes and water-falls, grow fastidious. The face of uncultivated nature, which contains no vestige of other times, nothing to hint of battles, sieges, or murder, is to them dreary, blank, and insipid.

Of those scenes, however, which are composed of the rude members of nature, of valley, precipice, and stream, it cannot be conceived that America is more destitute than other countries; and those districts, which have been settled eighty or a hundred years, cannot be denied to abound with all those ingredients of the picturesque, which arise from a full, though recent, population.

I have no where met with a more characteristic prospect than occurs in the travels of Mackenzie. It is worthy of the study of the Claudes and Poussins of the age, and will be read with uncommon interest by the people of a future age, who are acquainted with such scenes only by description.

"The precipice on which I stood," says this ingenious traveller, "rises upwards of a thousand feet above the plain beneath it, and commands a most extensive and romantic prospect. Hence the eye looks down on the course of the little river, by some called the Swan, and by others the Clear Water and Pelican, beautifully meandering upwards of thirty miles. The valley, at once refreshed and adorned by it, is about three miles broad, and is confined by two lofty ridges of equal height, displaying a most delightful intermixture of wood and lawn, and stretching on till the blue mist obscures the prospect. Some parts of the inclining heights are covered with stately forests, relieved by promontories of the finest verdure, where the elk and buffaloe find pasture. These are contrasted by spots where fire has destroyed the woods, and left a dreary void behind it. Nor, when I beheld this wonderful display of uncultivated nature, was the moving scenery of human occupation wanting to complete the picture.

"From this elevated situation I beheld my people, diminished, as it were, to half their size, employed in pitching their tents in a charming meadow, and among the canoes, which, being turned on their sides, presented their reddened bottoms in contrast with the surrounding verdure. At the same time, the process of gumming them produced numerous small spires of smoke, which, as they rose, enlivened the scene, and at length blended with the larger columns that ascended from the fires where the suppers were preparing. It was in the month of September when I enjoyed a scene of which I do not presume to give any adequate description; and, as it was the rutting season of the elk, the whistling of that animal was heard in all the variety which the echoes could afford it."

For the Literary Magazine.

PEMMICAN.

THE Canadians and northern Indians prepare meat in a way deserving of imitation. Armies, and

all those whose business it is to travel in desolate countries, without much equipage, in great numbers, or with great expedition, would find their account in a knowledge of the mode of making pemmican. The following is the method of preparing it:

The lean parts of the flesh of the larger animals are cut into thin slices, and placed on a wooden grate, over a slow fire, or exposed to the sun, and sometimes to the frost. These operations dry it, and, in that state, it is pounded between two stones; it will then keep for several years. If, however, it is kept in large quantities, it is liable to ferment in spring and summer, when it must be exposed to the air, or it will soon decay. The inside fat, and that of the rump, which is much thicker in wild than in domestic animals, is melted down and mixed, in a boiling state, with the pounded meat, in equal proportions; it is then put in baskets or bags, for the convenience of carrying it. Thus it becomes a nutritious food, and is eaten without any further preparation, or the addition of salt, spice, or any vegetable or farinaceous substance. A little time reconciles it to the palate.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE TITLE OF EMPEROR.

BONAPARTE having lately assumed the title of emperor, as the greatest his ambition could aspire to, naturally suggests an enquiry into the significance and history of this envied title. The veneration and splendour still annexed to this title is a striking proof of the permanence of political forms and national ideas. At very early periods, in the history of Europe, the chief of a tribe or nation seems to have been distinguished by an appellation equivalent to the Roman word rex, or the English word king. In one of the minute clans of Italy the *rex* being a hereditary dignity, and pertaining to a certain family, a petty revolution, by banishing this ruling family, and substituting an annual and elective chief instead of a perpetual and hereditary one, of course involved the ancient title in disgrace and odium. In the course of a thousand years, this state underwent the most extraordinary changes: from a territory ten miles square, and a population of two or three thousand, the territory enlarged into five millions of square miles, and their numbers swelled into a hundred millions. Still the head of this nation, though endowed with unlimited and hereditary power, adventured not to insult the prejudices of the Romans so much as to assume the title of *rex*. The title they bore was *imperator*, which really meant, in its original, no more than a successful military leader, was addressed tumultuously by soldiers in a conquering army to their general, and was retained by the chiefs of the state as their peculiar distinction, in addition to the legal or civil titles of dictator, consul, censor, pontifex maximus, and tribunus plæbis.

The chiefs of the conquered nations and tribes were called *reges*, and this name, by belonging to *strangers* and *subjects*, became gradually to imply, in itself, less power and less dignity than *imperator*, the appellation of the head of the Roman state. The barbarous tribes who destroyed this mighty state, and parcelled out its provinces among themselves, generally retained their pristine title of *rex*. Ancient opinion had consecrated that of *imperator*, not only to a more extensive dominion than any of these invaders had acquired, but to a power whose residence and centre should be Italy. The title, therefore, was perpetuated long after the empire that pertained to it had shrunk almost to limits as narrow as those of ancient Latium. Italy itself, however, was finally overwhelmed, and the name of emperor became extinct, till, in process of time, one among the bar-

barian kings arose, who extended his dominion over Italy and many of the western provinces of the fallen empire. *Pontifex maximus* had meanwhile become the title of the head of the Roman religion, and the Roman religion had become that not only of the new dynasties who had started up in the Roman empire, but of tribes who continued to dwell far beyond its ancient limits. By the consent of Rome and Italy, and the pontifex maximus, this mighty chief was installed *imperator Romanorum*, and his posterity retained this title, with its prerogatives, till Italy fell under subjection to a new family, the seat of whose power was placed in a country which lay beyond the limits of the ancient empire. This chief being a prince of Germany, and Germany forming one great political body, subordinate to one head, this head became emperor, and Germany forming the largest portion of his empire, acquired the title of the German empire.

With respect to Italy and Germany, the title is accompanied by genuine prerogatives and precedences, but, in the rest of christian Europe, the supreme dignity among its potentates has always been assigned to the *emperor* in consequence of the veneration that followed this dignity in ancient Roman times, and which has been transmitted though the medium of popular opinion. For a long time this dignity, in Europe, like that of pope, was thought to be indivisible, and the simple phrase, "*the emperor*," was always clearly understood. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, however, the lord of the Russian deserts, whose domains were situated without the pale of the great European republic, was seized with a strong desire of becoming a member of that great republic. He imagined himself entitled to enter on the scene in the most dignified guise, and therefore claimed the name of *imperator*, which seems to have been either expressly or tacitly allowed to him by other princes, though the Roman pontiff, in spite of very strong solicitations, always refused to sanction this pretension in him and his successors.

It is now easily perceived by what motives Bonaparte, whose power is as absolute as that of any prince in Europe, and whose subjects are more numerous and potent than any other of its nations, should be satisfied with no title less than that which usage and opinion has considered as the highest. He has, therefore, dubbed himself emperor. This dignity, being hereditary in him, was of course superior to that of the German or Roman emperor, which, though really hereditary, is nominally elective. The Austrian, therefore, to be even with the Frenchman, has, we are informed, determined to assume this title as a hereditary appendage. Some hints have been given us, indeed, that Spain and Prussia are seized with the same mania. If the new line of French emperors continues, Europe will no doubt be crouded with self-created emperors, and this title, sacred and venerable for eighteen centuries, will, like all other things, become insignificant by becoming common.

R. M.

For the Literary Magazine.

IMPROVEMENT OF GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, &c.

IT is a matter of the utmost importance, to every country, to possess a complete knowledge of the ground. Now, since the sciences of geography and topography appear heretofore imperfect, an easy and accurate method of laying down maps of mountainous countries and estates will perhaps prove useful, as it will show, at a single view, the true shape and comparative height of the ground, without the art of painting.

Seeing mountains are apt to eclipse each other, a perspective view is seldom very extensive, the

rules of which fall short of giving an accurate idea of any hilly country, because such a view, put upon paper, if strictly true in one particular place, can be so in no other. The altitudes of mountains appear in proportion to the distance from the eye, and no rule in geometry has proved sufficient to determine distances from any single station. Neither can a bird's-eye view of an estate ascertain the depth of vallies or the height of mountains.

Because it is equally capable of showing the true shape of any ground, above or below water, the proposed improvement may be successfully applied to sea charts, which will prevent much confusion, arising from the tiresome method of distinguishing soundings by great multitudes of figures, and will be found to possess the following advantages, with many others, too tedious to mention:

1st. One great pleasure of travelling lies in seeing the infinite variety in different countries composed of uneven ground. This method will afford, at a single view, the true shape of the surface, and will extend the pleasures of a journey to the shades of retirement.

2d. Experience has sufficiently shown, that the inhabitants of low grounds are subject to the yellow fever, and other kinds of sickness, which those living at places elevated to a certain degree are not subject to. A map on this improved plan will point out the most proper situations for building dwelling houses; it will be useful to the botanist for discovering or cultivating some kinds of plants, which flourish best at particular distances above the level of the sea; and will describe the line of vegetation on the sides of lofty mountains, whose tops are covered with eternal snow.

3d. Some high lands are known to produce good grain, while low land affords grass more abundantly: but most grounds produce good grass, over which a moderate quantity of running water can be conveyed. A plan of any country, in this way, will show all the ground that can be irrigated, where navigable canals may be cut, and where highways and rail roads may be laid out on the best and most level ground.

4th. The subterranean treasures of the mineral and fossil kingdoms are generally found in strata; if not truly horizontal, they make a certain angle with the horizon. A map on this projection will enable the mineralogist to examine any one stratum, at places far distant from each other, with more ease and accuracy.

5th. Commanders of armies are acquainted with the many advantages always to be gained from the possession of high ground. Thus we are enabled to give the comparative height of every hill, also the best rout where the heavy burthens may be drawn up with the most ease.

EXPLANATION.

To lay down the shape of Great Britain. First an accurate map of the outlines is laid down, in the common way. Then horizontal lines are run all round the island, at 100, 200, 300, 400 feet above the ocean. These may be taken with a good theodolite and spirit level annexed. To prove the work, the courses and distances will be cast up with tables of the difference of latitude and departure: if no error, each line will end where it began; and if the bearing and distances of these several horizontal lines are truly laid down on the map, the crooked courses of them will clearly show the true shape of the ground over which they pass, as the distances between the horizontal lines will be proportioned to the declivity. For example, if any horizontal line passes on the side of any steep hill or cleft, as at Dover, it will incline towards the ocean, or approach the next horizontal line below it. Again, when the same line crosses a valley, the said line will naturally incline towards the centre of the island, until it can

cross it without losing its level. Hence, after a little practice, the shape of these several horizontal lines on the map will give a clearer idea to the mind of the shape of the country over which they pass, than a sight of the country itself can convey to the eye. But to come at a mathematical certainty of the declivity on any part of the map, we have the following universal

PROPORTION.

As the perpendicular height of the horizontal lines above each other
Is to the radius,
So is the horizontal distance between the horizontal line, at any particular place,
To the co-tangent of the declivity.

Note. When the horizontal distance, between any two horizontal lines, on the map, is equal to the perpendicular height of the horizontal lines above each other, the angle of declivity and altitude will each of them always be equal to 45 degrees.

SOCIETY AT THE ADELPHI, LONDON.

The honorary medal of this society was voted to Mr. John Churchman, fellow of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences, for his new improvements in geography, topography, &c., which was presented to him, at the last annual public meeting, by his grace the duke of Norfolk, president. After answering a number of questions, Mr. Churchman made the following reply:

"May it please the president,

"Some great and learned men have oftentimes been observed to neglect almost every science, except one: to this alone they have paid so much attention, that they have had but little inclination for any thing else. Thrice happy are the members of the present institution, whose president can display such an infinite variety, and, like a well-discerning connoisseur, can treat each subject with a graceful learning. Now to conclude, I can with safety declare, that my happiness is truly great this day. One circumstance alone, I must except, stands in the way to make it quite complete: I fear my apprehensions may prove true, that this high honour is greater than my merit. This medal I will treasure up with care, which will be ever dear to my remembrance."

[The above communication has just been received by the Editor, in a letter from Mr. Churchman, dated London, October 27, 1804.]

For the Literary Magazine.

ON SUDDEN DEATH.

I WAS lately in a company where the conversation turned upon the most eligible mode of *dying*. Various were the sentiments expressed upon this interesting subject. A lingering and natural death was generally preferred, because such a one afforded opportunity of penitence and reformation, and of arranging all our private affairs. A violent death, if foreseen, possessed, indeed, most of these advantages, but then such a death is likely to be regarded with extreme reluctance; whereas it is the quality of disease to slacken the hold which the appetites and passions have of life, and to disrobe the terrestrial scene of most of its ordinary attractions.

This conclusion was not without objections, but these objections were overruled by superior arguments, and the debate appeared to end, for once, in unanimity. At length an old gentleman, who had hitherto been silent, was asked to give his opinion. He modestly observed, that the conclusion generally acquiesced in implied a life not conformable to reason or religion. As life was at best precarious, it was the duty of

every one, in relation to his own safety hereafter, the benefit of his survivors, and the honour of his name, to be always prepared to die. We ought so to live, that our sudden death can produce no mischief to ourselves or our survivors, but that which is inseparable from death in any form..... These conditions being granted, he begged leave to relate the death of Leonard Euler, one of the best and wisest men which the present age has produced, and one whom it was his most fervent wish to resemble both in life and death.

The company eagerly assenting to this proposal, he related it in these terms:

"Leonard Euler had retained all his facility of thought to the age of seventy-six, and, apparently, all his mental vigour: no decay seemed to threaten the sciences with the sudden loss of their greatest ornament. One day, after amusing himself with calculating, on a slate, the laws of the ascending motion of air-balloons, the recent discovery of which was then making a noise all over Europe, he dined with a friend and his family, talked of Herschell's planet, and of the calculations which determined its orbit. A little after, he called his grandchild to his knee, and fell a playing with him as he drank tea, when suddenly the cup, which he held in his hand, dropped from it, and he ceased to calculate and to breathe."

A——N.

For the Literary Magazine.

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

AN equality of fortune seems to be generally thought a good thing in human society. Those who object to it, really object to it as impracticable: not the *end* do they disapprove, but the *means* sometimes employed or proposed to effect this end; and they disapprove these means, because they merely contribute to exasperate those evils which they are designed to lessen or remove.

One of the means of keeping up and heightening inequality of fortune is the custom of marrying *wealth* to *wealth*. To make the object of our affection happy, by relieving his poverty, seems to be the most natural expression of love. A heart, imbued with that passion, must naturally wish the power of conferring obligation on its object. To raise from poverty to affluence, from labour to ease, from hardship and privation to enjoyment and honour, must unspeakably gratify a mind, which values another's good before its own. Such are the conclusions of one who should judge without experience.

Experience teaches a very different lesson. We find that the poverty of one party is the most insuperable obstacle to his pretensions. In the eyes of parents and guardians, marriage is a kind of bargain, in which each party is supposed to invest the other with all their property. Where the property is unequal, the bargain is, of course, unequal. The worth of the ward or child is the fortune she is to carry with her. If the suitor (or *suitress*) has less, he is rejected of course, just with the same feelings that men reject five dollars in silver, when offered in exchange for a bank note of ten.

Among the various expedients for producing an equality of conditions, I never, till lately, met with any thing like a law prohibiting the *rich* from marrying the *rich*. We have often seen it recommended, by speculative visionaries, to divide the property of deceased persons among all his children, or to give it to those among the children who need it or deserve it most. This rule of distribution has actually taken place among some nations. The Romans endeavoured to equalise property, by prohibiting any man from acquiring, either by purchase, gift, or inheritance, beyond a fixed quantity of land. We are

told that all these agrarian regulations were ineffectual among that people; but the Prussian Frederick seems to have succeeded in enforcing the same rule, within certain limitations. He raised the predial slaves, in some of his Silesian lordships, to the rank of freemen and proprietors, but he tied each one down to the property of one farm, of a fixed number of acres, and we are told that his regulations were observed.

It is somewhat remarkable, that though no system maker has rejected the rule restricting the rich from marrying the rich, that this rule should be actually in force in Spain. Baretti, a traveler in Spain, tells us, that the heir or heiress of a grandee cannot marry the heir or heiress of another grandee. If an heir fall in love with an heiress, he must forego his passion or his inheritance. He must resign his fortune to a younger brother, or a collateral relation.

Some such rule as this must, indeed, be expressly or tacitly adopted in every agrarian system. Frederick's peasants must have had their marriages restrained by some such conditions.

There are several particulars recorded of Spanish manners, which accord but little with the austerity and seclusion which it has been the custom of play-wrights and novel-wrights to ascribe to them. For example, we are told that if a girl give a ring, or any other token, to a man, as a pledge that she will marry him, the law, after some delay, will enforce the execution of the contract, whether the parents consent or not. From this rule the nobility only are exempted.

There is another circumstance, by which the crime of seduction is rendered nearly impossible to be committed in Spain, and, when committed, is divested of almost all its mischievous consequences. If a single woman happen to be pregnant, the man whom she affirms to be the father is compelled to be her husband.

It is well worthy the attention of some curious and industrious observer to trace the various effects of these institutions: but travelers, who will stay long enough in the country they visit, and will take sufficient pains to ascertain the truth, are not to be met with.

C.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON AUSTIN'S LETTERS FROM LONDON.

Letters from London, written in 1802 and 1803, by William Austin.

MR. AUSTIN is a politician. He is one of those who annex great importance to forms of government, and suppose most of the vices and virtues, evils and felicities of mankind to arise from their political condition. He is a friend to the democratic system, and thinks the American constitution not only best in itself, but to be best administered by those who hold the public offices, and bear legislative sway, at present.

The author's acknowledged purpose is to compare the state of England with that of the United States, in order to evince the superior happiness and dignity of his native country. What renders this work chiefly curious or original, is the representation of impressions such as manners and appearances in England would make upon a native of *New* England. The inferences drawn by the writer are frequently indeed peculiar to that part of the United States, and he would sometimes lead a foreigner into errors, by speaking of New England and its institutions, as if they were common to all parts of the union. It is well known, that in every thing which can distinguish one civilised community from another, there is a far wider difference between the east-

ern and the southern states of America, than can be found between America and England.

The great and fundamental error in this work will be thought by many to consist in the influence ascribed to government over the habits and manners of the people. What others would trace to the state of population and the arts, he is too apt to attribute to the prevalence of monarchy and aristocracy or democracy. He is tinctured with the principles of what has been sometimes called the new philosophy, and which represents the whole structure of society to depend entirely in the manner which design or accident has distributed political power. Almost ever page exhibits some example of this way of thinking.

The following is new to us:

"Most of those magnificent houses round London, which, proudly retiring from the city for the benefit of air and prospect, seem built as much with a view to external grandeur as to domestic convenience, are so completely guarded with high brick walls, that you might imagine the baron's wars had not yet terminated, for his house, in a double sense, is the owner's castle. Nor can you look into their gardens by reason of the fortifications; though you frequently see an elevated sign at the corner, requesting you to take notice that "*man traps*" are placed there.

"The houses in the city, even if they enjoy ten feet of rear ground, suffer the inconvenience of dark, confined air, by reason of high walls, the tops of which are usually cemented with broken glass bottles: I do not say to guard against their neighbours.

"The security of the house in which I reside is guarantied in the following manner. The door has a double lock, a chain, and two bolts, beside an alarum bell, which is carefully fixed to the pannel every night. A watchman, if he does his duty, passes by the door once in thirty minutes. Another watchman is stationed in the yard, and doomed to perpetual imprisonment with a chain round his neck."

The following reflections on the Jews are highly honourable to Mr. Austin's judgment and sagacity:

"I have bestowed not a little street reflection on this miserable race, and feel disposed to speak a word in their favour. If we contemplate their situation, even in England, where they are less persecuted than in any other country, except the United States, we shall find them indirectly driven to prey on the public, and compelled, by their disabilities, to a continual counteraction. Eligible to no office, incapable of holding land, or even of possessing a house, with the additional hardship of being despised, they are a sort of Indian Parias, and are absolutely proscribed from the social compact, and reduced to a state worse than that of simple nature, for, in opening their eyes to their condition, they find nothing on which to rest but the canopy of heaven. Now, I would appeal to Tully's Offices, or even to Dr. Johnson, if a man thus situated by *force, insidiously legalised under the sanction of law*, ought to be honest; and whether a man thus circumstanced, would not have a moral right to countervail, by every means in his power. Under such restrictions, can a Jew be expected to philanthropise, or, in the moment of benevolence, can his heart wander out of the precincts of his own nation, when early sentiments have necessarily been contaminated by all the arts of low commerce to which his nation is reduced? A benevolent Hebrew would be a monster. Hence, a Jew's passion cannot be reputation of any kind, but must concentre in money. Therefore, Shakespeare's *imaginary* Shylock is not exactly true to nature: a Jew, in such a case, would have accepted all the money he could have extorted, and have foregone his revenge. Yet this *imaginary* Shylock has prejudiced thousands of christians, who never saw a Jew, against the whole

tribe of Israel: while those very christains, who read the story of a certain duke, who demanded a large sum of money from a Jew, and extorted four of his teeth before he could extort the money, *are greatly surprised at the Jew's obstinacy.* In short, the Jews owe the christians nothing but hatred and revenge, whether they revert back to former times, or regard the present.

"The operation of those disabilities and restrictions, which the christian imposes on the Jew, is just what ought to be expected. Is a house on fire, he is happy to see it, the old nails afford a speculation. Crimes, for aught he cares, may multiply with impunity, he is the last to inform: who ever heard of a Jew informer? The more thieves, the more distress, the more boundless extravagance, the fairer the prospect; to him private vices are public benefits. Is the nation ruined, he has nothing to lament, having no tie, no *amor patriæ*, no attachment; but he is not quite ready to leave the country; a nation in ruins is a Jew fair.

"If the Jews were more disposed to agriculture, they might find, in the United States, a resting place, and, notwithstanding their religion, they might flourish as well there as at Jerusalem, or on the more favourite banks of the Jordan."

This work abounds with amusing and instructive passages. Some eminent persons are described with considerable eloquence. The great luminaries of the English bar, Erskine, Gibbs, and Garrow, are pourtrayed with much force.

The cast of politics with which this work is overspread, will recommend it to some, and depreciate its usefulness and merit to others; but all will probably be pleased, and that in no small degree, with the moral and descriptive portions of the work. Much information, in detail, must not be expected from it. It is a moral and political descant, in which characters, scenes, and incidents are introduced by way of illustration. These, though few, are entertaining and judicious. The following portrait of the quakers is entitled to no small praise:

"There is no class of people, in England, holden in less respect than the quakers; yet I have seen no sect, in this country, with whom I have been more pleased. With respect to the rest of the world, the quakers certainly are a hopeless and barren set of people. They hate equally kings and priests. Their consciences revolt at tythes in any shape, therefore the clergy hate them..... Their own meditations serve them instead of preaching, therefore the religious of most other denominations dislike them. Their temperance laughs at the physician, and their honesty starves the lawyer, while their prudence and foresight exalt them above the active, injurious hatred of the world, and elevate them above those who despise them.

"Their decency of carriage, their unassuming manners, their habitual economy, and general spirit of equity, have long, and will, perhaps, for ever, connect them together in a body, co-existent with their present maxims.

"There is one characteristic which distinguishes the quakers from all other sects: they discover nothing of the spirit of proselytism; their favourite sentiments partake nothing of enthusiasm; they hurl no damnation on the rest of the world; tolerant to every body, they consider all honest men their brethren. There is not a single trait in their character incentive to ill-will, nor a movement in their conduct which has ever courted persecution. Their humility has never resisted even oppression; in suffering patient, they are active only in support of their principles. Remote from all hypocrisy, they have never sought after temporal power, nor has their own system ever operated to the prejudice of others. Yet this sect has been persecuted, and its members been put to death!* the

* In New England.

blackest stigma on human nature with which the annals of politics or religion have been stained.

"Though they live under a monarchy, they have contrived, with the sacrifice of all temporal favours, to erect themselves into a government of their own, approaching as near to republic as is consistent with any sort of allegiance to the current government. This is a master-piece of policy which has gained them a firm standing in the midst of their enemies, and which ought to teach the rest of mankind that it is practicable for a virtuous, persevering few to counteract the many. The quakers have contrived to render themselves happy in the midst of misery, and free, in a great measure, in the midst of slavery.... Hence they have all that natural, unaffected dignity, and all that manly, cordial spirit of accommodation which man discovers to man before he becomes degenerate: and hence they regard mankind pretty much as that Cherokee did, who, being introduced at Paris, and shown every thing which was supposed capable of delighting or surprising him, was asked, after his eyes had swallowed the objects of a whole week's exhibition, "What astonished him most?" answered, "The difference between man and man:" and then being questioned "With what he was most delighted?" answered, "He was most delighted to see a passenger help a heavy burden upon the back of another."

"Although the quakers approach nearer to the religion of nature, notwithstanding their correspondence with the world, than any systematic sect which has ever appeared, they still hold to the great principles of the christian religion, though, in point of *orthodoxy*, they can hardly be termed christians. Most others, whether eastern sages or western saints, have retired from the world in the degree they have approached brama or Jesus, while the quakers, contented with this world until they can find a better, have found the secret of living in the midst of society, and of mingling as much of this world as is consistent with heaven, and as much of heaven as is consistent with making the most of this world.

"I have been led to these observations from a petty circumstance which occurred yesterday. I found, on my table, the following printed notice: "Some of the people, called quakers, intend to hold a meeting this evening, at their place of worship, in Martin's court, St. Martin's Lane, to which the neighbours are invited." In expectation of something extraordinary, I attended..... At the door I was received by one of the friends, who introduced me to a seat among the elders. The house was soon filled, and a profound silence reigned for a few minutes, when one of the brethren rose, and began to speak, but he had not spoken a minute, when an elder said, "We would take it kind of thee, friend, to sit down." The speaker looked up to see whence the disapprobation proceeded, then nodding, in acquiescence, sat down. Presently, a fine looking, elderly lady, of matronly appearance, dressed in the most elegant simplicity, rose, and, after a warm and impressive prayer, delivered, extempore, an animated and edifying discourse, with a flow of elocution, and grace of manner, which, had she been forty years younger, might have inflamed those passions she sought to allay.

"There is one defect in the polity of the quakers, which will for ever subject them to the tyranny of the times....they love peace so well they will not even fight for their liberty. This known principle divests them of all political consequence, when those great political movements are agitated, which sometimes involve the deepest consequences to society: otherwise, the quakers would gradually effect a revolution throughout the world."

For the Literary Magazine.

GREAT BRITAIN (IRELAND INCLUDED), AUSTRIA, FRANCE, PRUSSIA, AND SPAIN (BEFORE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION), STATISTICALLY COMPARED.

	G. Brit. and Ireland.	Austrian Dominions.	France.	Prussia.	Spain.
Extent in English square miles	150,000	240,000	200,000	75,000	200,000
Population	15,000,000	20,000,000	25,000,000	6,000,000	12,500,000
Number of persons to a square mile	100	83½	125	80	62½
Extent in English acres	96,000,000	143,600,000	128,000,000	48,000,000	128,000,000
Number of acres to each person	6	7	5	8	10½
Revenues in dollars	120,000,000	44,000,000	90,000,000	19,000,000	64,000,000
Amount of public debt	1,800,000,000	180,000,000	1,125,000,000		220,000,000
Land troops in peace	45,000	360,000	225,000	225,000	100,000
Land troops in war	150,000	450,000	500,000	350,000	250,000
Seamen in peace	18,000		25,000		40,000
Seamen in war	110,000		125,000		100,000
Cultivated acres	70,000,000	75,000,000	75,000,000	25,000,000	50,000,000
Taxes paid by each person	8	2.40	3.60	3 16	5
Population of capital	900,000	250,000	750,000	80,000	150,000

These five are the great kingdoms in the west of Europe. Two of them, Austria and Prussia, are inland nations, having no navy, and little shipping. The remaining three, Great Britain, France, and Spain, are naval and maritime nations, to whom many millions of men, and immense territories, in Asia and America, are or have been subject. France, though a maritime nation, and a naval power, next to England, and far above Spain, is without any foreign possessions..... Great Britain possesses, in Asia, territories equal to 300,000 square miles, with 40,000,000 of subjects. In North America, about 300,000 square miles of territory, and 300,000 subjects. Spain possesses, in Asia, about 75,000 square miles of territory, and 30,000 subjects. In North and South America, about 7,500,000 square miles of territory, and 7,500,000 subjects. Hence it appears that the Spanish empire is far beyond the territorial extent of the Russian, whose immensity has been so often vaunted. The population, European and American, of the first, being compared with the population, European and Asiatic, of the second, is at least equal, while, in all natural advantages, the American provinces of Spain are infinitely superior to the Siberian provinces of Russia.

The whole extent of the British empire, in both hemispheres, including its nominal allies, but real tributaries, in Hindoostan, is upwards of 1,000,000 square miles, and its subjects above 55,000,000, eminent in wealth, arts, and commerce. The habitable part of the Russian empire does not exceed 1,000,000 square miles. No mean portion of its inhabitants are savages, and only nominally subjects; but the whole population is less than *half* of that of the British empire.

The whole extent of the above four kingdoms in Europe is, in square miles	865,000
Extent of their empire beyond sea exceeds	8,455,000
Which, together, is equal to	9,320,000

The population, European, of the four kingdoms is	78,500,000
That of the foreign possessions of two of them is upwards of	48,000,000
Which together make	126,500,000

For the Literary Magazine.

RICHARD THE THIRD AND PERKIN WARBECK.

THE folly and the fallacy of fame is an old theme of observation; but there are few instances of its absurdity and injustice more memorable than in relation to the character of Richard the third. Happening to be unfortunate in battle, and a rival king and family stepping into his place, his character has been maligned and mangled without mercy. One historian after another has repeated the tale of his murders, perjuries, and usurpations; and what the grave historian relates to a few, the poet has rendered familiar to all mankind.

If the opinions of mankind were really of any importance to those who died a century or two ago, poor Richard would have a heavy charge to bring against Shakespeare, whose play is one of the most enormous libels that ever was uttered against a human being: enormous not only as to the degree of guilt ascribed to the object of it, but as to the lasting and extensive nature of the infamy it heaps upon the object. Shakespeare's popularity has made the ambition of Richard and the revenge of Shylock equally proverbial, though both are equally calumnious, and equally without foundation in history or probability: Shylock, indeed, is an imaginary character, but in Shylock the Jewish *nation* is traduced.

Horace Walpole was the first in England who suggested doubts as to the truth of the vulgar representations, in history and poetry, of Richard's character and person. Mr. Laing, a very eminent writer, has, at a later period, pursued the vindication of Richard much further, and has displayed great sagacity and learning, in proving that the title of Richard was really well-founded; that it was preferable to that of the sons of his brother Edward, because their mother bore them at a time when Edward was lawfully married to another; that the personal singularities of Richard are, if not wholly untrue, yet greatly exaggerated; that the cruelties ascribed to him in early youth were never committed; and that, in particular, it was not Richard but his successor, Henry the seventh, who was the murderer of the duke of York, in the person of Perkin Warbeck. Mr. Laing thinks that one or both the princes, whom Richard is commonly supposed to have murdered in the tower, were in reality alive at his death, and that the youngest re-appeared long after, in the person of Warbeck. This conclusion is supported by facts and arguments, which, if they do not make it certain, give it at least far more probability than the opposite conclusion can lay claim to.

I am somewhat surprized that the curious in these matters have wholly overlooked a publication which appeared at Paris, about 1738, written by Claude Du Bois, a jesuit, librarian to the count of Lauenstein. His book is voluminous; and the title may be translated, Historical Collections from the Lauenstein Library. Among various extracts and dissertations, purely local, in this work, is one which attempts to throw some light upon the dark points of English history respecting Richard and Warbeck.

The *compte* of Lauenstein, the author tells us, is in the province of Cambrai; a princely domain, which has been in possession of the same family since the days of Louis Hutin. In the archives of this family, which he represents as remarkably

copious and entire, from a period anterior to the crusades, he found a series of papers, connected with the history of Edward the fourth and Richard the third. Lauenstein, it seems, was a populous and wealthy district, where arts and trade had immemorially flourished. At the accession of Edward, Charles XVII was count or lord of Lauenstein; he was famous for his attention to the manufactures of the lordship, one branch of which he entirely engrossed into his own hands, and transacted business at foreign marts, like the Medicean princes, by means of factors or agents. He drove a great trade at London, where he maintained a commercial agent, whose command of ready money made him extremely useful to the English princes, and gave him no small influence at the English court. At the accession of Richard, this agent was named Mark Prague, a man of learning and ability, and who was a careful and intelligent observer of all public transactions. Mark Prague maintained a frequent correspondence with his principal, and detailed all political transactions in his dispatches, with great minuteness. From this correspondence Du Bois forms the narrative he has given to the world in this collection.

According to this narrative, it appears that Mark Prague had advanced, at particular times, various sums of money to the duke of Gloucester. In consequence of this service, and of his personal merit, he had greatly advanced in the favour and confidence of the duke, and had become, in some respects, his confidential counsellor. This situation made him acquainted with the character and genuine motives of Richard, whom he represents as influenced by a firm persuasion of the illegitimacy of his nephews and nieces, and of his own legal right to the crown. After a detail of transactions leading to his elevation, to which the Lauenstein factor contributed in no small degree, both by money and counsel, and in which the leading personages of the English court perform very different parts, and appear in very different lights from those assigned to them in the commonly received histories; he proceeds to explain the motives of the king in keeping the princes in a rigorous captivity, till the eve of the arrival of the earl of Richmond. When that event took place, it was concerted between the king and Prague, that the captive princes should be delivered to the latter, and transported by him to the Low Countries, where they were to remain, under the special guardianship of the count of Lauenstein. This removal was effected with the utmost secrecy, and the princes were safely lodged in the castle of Lauenstein, by the time that Henry VII was fully seated on the throne.

In this castle they were reared and educated with the utmost care. They were taught to consider Richard as their benefactor, not their enemy; first, in sparing their lives, and next, in placing them out of the reach of his jealous and sanguinary successor, from whose temper and views they had much more to dread than they ever had from Richard.

Edward, the eldest of these princes, was of a meek, pliant, devout temper, who willingly resigned all those hopes, with which the numerous partizans and great popularity of his house might have inspired him, not only through a conscientious belief of his defective right, but from an aversion to the crimes and perils of royalty. He readily consented to conceal his birth, and a marriage with the heiress of Lauenstein gave him in due time the sovereignty of that county.

The younger brother, Richard, was of a different disposition. He was restless, enterprising, and ambitious. He did not so easily acquiesce in his exclusion from dignities, to which popular opinion, with whatever reason, gave him a plausible and practicable claim. He rejected

the sober and prudent counsels of his brother, and, after he had risen to manhood, he left Lauenstein in pursuit of fortune, and went to his aunt, the duchess of Burgundy. The rest of his history is pretty well known, and his miserable fate tended only to confirm the unambitious principles of his brother, who attained a great age in the quiet and prosperous administration of his little principality. We are told that he was present, in disguise, at the coronation of Elizabeth, when he was near ninety years of age.

Edward was desirous of consigning all the particulars of his early history to oblivion. This end he effected imperfectly. Instead of destroying, he only deposited the letters and archives connected with his history in a tower or closet, little frequented, and usually appropriated to antiquated and useless records. Here they were found, nearly defaced by time and neglect, in the eighteenth century, by the Lauenstein librarian, whose curiosity left no nook unvisited and unexplored. As this was now a point of mere curiosity, he easily obtained the consent of the ruling count, the lineal descendant of Edward, to publish them.

The truth or falsehood of this tale has no connexion with the interests or concerns of the present age, but the imagination easily identifies our own existence with that of men who flourished a thousand years ago. Hence it is that enlightened men have spent laborious years in clearing up the incidents of a remote age; in discussing the existence and settling the merits of Arthur and Charlemagne. There are many ingenious persons in the world, though perhaps there are few of them in America, who think it a matter of great importance to ascertain the true character of Richard the third and of Perkin Warbeck. To such I may venture to recommend Du Bois' book, as well worthy their attention.

CURIOSO.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

Continued from vol. II, page 252.

THE books which composed this little library were chiefly the voyages and travels of the missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Added to these were some works upon political economy and legislation. Those writers who have amused themselves with reducing their ideas to practice, and drawing imaginary pictures of nations or republics, whose manners or government came up to their standard of excellence, were, all of whom I had ever heard, and some I had never heard of before, to be found in this collection. A translation of Aristotle's republic, the political romances of sir Thomas Moore, Harrington, and Hume, appeared to have been much read, and Ludlow had not been sparing of his marginal comments. In these writers he appeared to find nothing but error and absurdity; and his notes were introduced for no other end than to point out groundless principles and false conclusions..... The style of these remarks was already familiar to me. I saw nothing new in them, or different from the strain of those speculations with which Ludlow was accustomed to indulge himself in conversation with me.

After having turned over the leaves of the printed volumes, I at length lighted on a small book of maps, from which, of course, I could reasonably expect no information, on that point about which I was most curious. It was an atlas, in which the maps had been drawn by the pen. None of them contained any thing remarkable, so far as I, who was indeed a smatterer in geography, was able to perceive, till I came to the end, when I noticed a map, whose prototype I was wholly unacquainted with. It was drawn

on a pretty large scale, representing two islands, which bore some faint resemblance, in their relative proportions, at least, to Great Britain and Ireland. In shape they were widely different, but as to size there was no scale by which to measure them. From the great number of subdivisions, and from signs, which apparently represented towns and cities, I was allowed to infer, that the country was at least as extensive as the British isles. This map was apparently unfinished, for it had no names inscribed upon it.

I have just said, my geographical knowledge was imperfect. Though I had not enough to draw the outlines of any country by memory, I had still sufficient to recognize what I had before seen, and to discover that none of the larger islands in our globe resembled the one before me. Having such and so strong motives to curiosity, you may easily imagine my sensations on surveying this map. Suspecting, as I did, that many of Ludlow's intimations alluded to a country well known to him, though unknown to others, I was, of course, inclined to suppose that this country was now before me.

In search of some clue to this mystery, I carefully inspected the other maps in this collection. In a map of the eastern hemisphere I soon observed the outlines of islands, which, though on a scale greatly diminished, were plainly similar to that of the land above described.

It is well known that the people of Europe are strangers to very nearly one half of the surface of the globe*. From the south pole up to the equator, it is only the small space occupied by southern Africa and by South America with which we are acquainted. There is a vast extent, sufficient to receive a continent as large as North America, which our ignorance has filled only with water. In Ludlow's maps nothing was still to be seen, in these regions, but water, except in that spot where the transverse parallels of the southern tropic and the 150th degree east longitude intersect each other. On this spot were Ludlow's islands placed, though without any name or inscription whatever.

I needed not to be told that this spot had never been explored by any European voyager, who had published his adventures. What authority had Ludlow for fixing a habitable land in this spot? and why did he give us nothing but the courses of shores and rivers, and the scite of towns and villages, without a name?

As soon as Ludlow had set out upon his proposed journey of a fortnight, I unlocked his closet, and continued rummaging among these books and maps till night. By that time I had turned over every book and almost every leaf in this small collection, and did not open the closet again till near the end of that period. Meanwhile I had many reflections upon this remarkable circumstance. Could Ludlow have intended that I should see this atlas? It was the only book that could be styled a manuscript on these shelves, and it was placed beneath several others, in a situation far from being obvious and forward to the eye or the hand. Was it an oversight in him to leave it in my way, or could he have intended to lead my curiosity and knowledge a little farther onwardby this accidental disclosure? In either case how was I to regulate my future deportment toward him? Was I to speak and act as if this atlas had escaped my attention or not? I had already, after my first examination of it, placed the volume exactly where I found it. On every supposition I thought this was the safest way, and unlocked the closet a second time, to see that all was precisely in the original order.... How was I dismayed and confounded on inspecting the shelves to per-

* The reader must be reminded that the incidents of this narrative are supposed to have taken place before the voyages of Bougainville and Cook. —EDITOR.

ceive that the atlas was gone. This was a theft, which, from the closet being under lock and key, and the key always in my own pocket, and which, from the very nature of the thing stolen, could not be imputed to any of the domestics. After a few moments a suspicion occurred, which was soon changed into certainty by applying to the housekeeper, who told me that Ludlow had returned, apparently in much haste, the evening of the day on which he had set out upon his journey, and just after I had left the house, that he had gone into the room where this closet of books was, and, after a few minutes' stay, came out again and went away. She told me also, that he had made general enquiries after me, to which she had answered, that she had not seen me during the day, and supposed that I had spent the whole of it abroad. From this account it was plain, that Ludlow had returned for no other purpose but to remove this book out of my reach. But if he had a double key to this door, what should hinder his having access, by the same means, to every other locked up place in the house?

This suggestion made me start with terror. Of so obvious a means for possessing a knowledge of every thing under his roof, I had never been till this moment aware. Such is the infatuation which lays our most secret thoughts open to the world's scrutiny. We are frequently in most danger when we deem ourselves most safe, and our fortress is taken sometimes through a point, whose weakness nothing, it should seem, but the blindest stupidity could overlook.

My terrors, indeed, quickly subsided when I came to recollect that there was nothing in any closet or cabinet of mine which could possibly throw light upon subjects which I desired to keep in the dark. The more carefully I inspected my own drawers, and the more I reflected on the character of Ludlow, as I had known it, the less reason did there appear in my suspicions; but I drew a lesson of caution from this circumstance, which contributed to my future safety.

From this incident I could not but infer Ludlow's unwillingness to let me so far into his geographical secret, as well as the certainty of that suspicion, which had very early been suggested to my thoughts, that Ludlow's plans of civilization had been carried into practice in some unvisited corner of the world. It was strange, however, that he should betray himself by such an inadvertency. One who talked so confidently of his own powers, to unveil any secret of mine, and, at the same time, to conceal his own transactions, had surely committed an unpardonable error in leaving this important document in my way. My reverence, indeed, for Ludlow was such, that I sometimes entertained the notion that this seeming oversight was, in truth, a regular contrivance to supply me with a knowledge, of which, when I came maturely to reflect, it was impossible for me to make any ill use. There is no use in relating what would not be believed; and should I publish to the world the existence of islands in the space allotted by Ludlow's maps to these *incognitæ*, what would the world answer? That whether the space described was sea or land was of no importance. That the moral and political condition of its inhabitants was the only topic worthy of rational curiosity. Since I had gained no information upon this point; since I had nothing to disclose but vain and fantastic surmises; I might as well be ignorant of every thing. Thus, from secretly condemning Ludlow's imprudence, I gradually passed to admiration of his policy. This discovery had no other effect than to stimulate my curiosity; to keep up my zeal to prosecute the journey I had commenced under his auspices.

I had hitherto formed a resolution to stop where I was in Ludlow's confidence: to wait till the success should be ascertained of my projects with respect to Mrs. Benington, before I made any new advance in the

perilous and mysterious road into which he had led my steps. But, before this tedious fortnight had elapsed, I was grown extremely impatient for an interview, and had nearly resolved to undertake whatever obligation he should lay upon me.

This obligation was indeed a heavy one, since it included the confession of my vocal powers. In itself the confession was little. To possess this faculty was neither laudable nor culpable, nor had it been exercised in a way which I should be very much ashamed to acknowledge. It had led me into many insincerities and artifices, which, though not justifiable by any creed, was entitled to some excuse, on the score of youthful ardour and temerity. The true difficulty in the way of these confessions was the not having made them already. Ludlow had long been entitled to this confidence, and, though the existence of this power was venial or wholly innocent, the obstinate concealment of it was a different matter, and would certainly expose me to suspicion and rebuke. But what was the alternative? To conceal it. To incur those dreadful punishments awarded against treason in this particular. Ludlow's menaces still rung in my ears, and appalled my heart. How should I be able to shun them? By concealing from every one what I concealed from him? How was my concealment of such a faculty to be suspected or proved? Unless I betrayed myself, who could betray me?

In this state of mind, I resolved to confess myself to Ludlow in the way that he required, reserving only the secret of this faculty. Awful, indeed, said I, is the crisis of my fate. If Ludlow's declarations are true, a horrid catastrophe awaits me: but as fast as my resolutions were shaken, they were confirmed anew by the recollection—Who can betray me but myself? If I deny, who is there can prove? Suspicion can never light upon the truth. If it does, it can never be converted into certainty. Even my own lips cannot confirm it, since who will believe my testimony?

By such illusions was I fortified in my desperate resolution. Ludlow returned at the time appointed. He informed me that Mrs. Benington expected me next morning. She was ready to depart for her country residence, where she proposed to spend the ensuing summer, and would carry me along with her. In consequence of this arrangement, he said, many months would elapse before he should see me again. You will indeed, continued he, be pretty much shut up from all society. Your books and your new friend will be your chief, if not only companions. Her life is not a social one, because she has formed extravagant notions of the importance of lonely worship and devout solitude. Much of her time will be spent in meditation upon pious books in her closet. Some of it in long solitary rides in her coach, for the sake of exercise. Little will remain for eating and sleeping, so that unless you can prevail upon her to violate her ordinary rules for your sake, you will be left pretty much to yourself. You will have the more time to reflect upon what has hitherto been the theme of our conversations. You can come to town when you want to see me. I shall generally be found in these apartments.

In the present state of my mind, though impatient to see Mrs. Benington, I was still more impatient to remove the veil between Ludlow and myself. After some pause, I ventured to enquire if there was any impediment to my advancement in the road he had already pointed out to my curiosity and ambition.

He replied, with great solemnity, that I was already acquainted with the next step to be taken in this road. If I was prepared to make him my confessor, as to the past, the present, and the future, *without exception or condition*, but what arose from defect of memory, he was willing to receive my confession.

I declared myself ready to do so.

I need not, he returned, remind you of the consequences of concealment or deceit. I have already dwelt upon these consequences. As to the past, you have already told me, perhaps, all that is of any moment to know. It is in relation to the future that caution will be chiefly necessary. Hitherto your actions have been nearly indifferent to the ends of your future existence. Confessions of the past are required, because they are an earnest of the future character and conduct. Have you then—but this is too abrupt. Take an hour to reflect and deliberate. Go by yourself; take yourself to severe task, and make up your mind with a full, entire, and unfailing resolution; for the moment in which you assume this new obligation will make you a new being. Perdition or felicity will hang upon that moment.

This conversation was late in the evening. After I had consented to postpone this subject, we parted, he telling me that he would leave his chamber door open, and as soon as my mind was made up I might come to him.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. V.

STERNE.

TRISTRAM SHANDY has, with some pleasantry, compared the body and the soul to a coat and its lining; if you rumple the one, you rumple the other.

—

READING.

He that never reads sees in the world only himself. As he has no idea of what has been thought by others, he considers all his own reflections as of the greatest importance. It is therefore by erudition alone that such a one can enlarge the narrow circle in which his genius is confined.

—

EPIGRAM ON THE SCOTS.

Dr. Johnson's prejudices against the Scots were strong, but his sarcasms were always witty. From a couplet in Dr. Donne's works it should seem that Johnson was not singular in his antipathy.

"Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom,
Nor forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.

—

DIDEROT.

Diderot thinks it ridiculous to say "the more heads the better counsel," because nothing is more common than heads, and nothing more rare than good advice. Was Adrian to be blamed for causing to be inscribed on his tomb-stone, "It was the great number of physicians that killed the emperor"?

—

TEA.

Teach me, ye nine, to sing of tea,
Of grateful green, of *black bohea:*
Hark the water softly singing,
How again it bubbles o'er;
Quickly, John, the kettle bring in,
Water in the tea-pot pour.

The bread and butter thinly slice,
Oh spread it delicately nice;
Let the toast be crisp and crumpling,
The rolls as doughy as a dumpling.

Then eating, sipping, snuffing up the stream,
We chat, and 'midst a motley chaos seem,
Of cups and saucers, butter, bread, and cream.

VERSATILITY OF THE MOB.

Many writers have painted the weakness and fickleness of a mob in vivid colours, but few have done it with more energy and fidelity than the Roman satirist. No sooner was Sejanus thrown from the elevation in which they viewed him with awe and admiration, than their love was turned into hatred, their praises into curses.

——————— Sed quid
Turba remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos: idem populus, si et urci tusco
Flavisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus
Principis, hac ipsa Sejanum diceret horâ Augustum.

JUV. SAT. X. V. 72.

The version of Mr. Gifford does not disgrace the original.

But——
What think the people of their favourite's fate?
They follow fortune as of old, and hate
With their whole souls, the victim of the state, &c.

—

TIBERIUS.

Velleius Paterculus, who, in a fulsome strain of panegyric, draws a most honourable character to Tiberius, one of the most cruel tyrants which ever disgraced the Roman government, mentions, as worthy of particular remark, the modesty with which he attended trials, not as a judge, or a prince, but as a private person. The fact is, that he always said, before judgment was pronounced, "If I were to decide, it should be so."

—

GOLDEN AGES.

I implicitly believe the position, that man is born to do evil, as the sparks fly upwards. So cynical am I, that I place not the slightest reliance on the many fascinations which the ancient poets described in the golden age, and our more modern ones of Arcadian countries. We have no sort of proof that such an age ever existed. If these were men without vice, these were men without knowledge, since they have been able to transmit to us no records of their felicity. A writer, of whom I regret I recollect so little, acutely asks, who were those men that lived in such innocence? The first man who was born killed the second. When did the times of simplicity begin?

Those who wish to riot in all the luxuriance of description may indulge their taste in Seneca, Ep. xc, or in almost any of the tribe of modern pastoral writers.

—

FEMALE DRESS.

The ladies of the present day are very ambitious to exhibit the Grecian head-dress. But perhaps they are ignorant that other parts of their dress are no less ancient. Horace says of a belle of the isle of Coos, that she was clothed so thinly, that her dress was almost transparent.

——Cois tibi pæne videre est,
Ut nudam.

—

AUTHORS.

A precept of Scaurus might be attended to with great advantage by many orators of the present day. *Non minus magnam virtutem esse scire desinere, quam scire dicere.* It is as essential a virtue in oratory to know when to stop, as to chuse a brilliant expression.

Nor is it less necessary to the author to know where to leave off writing. Fond of his employment, and too confident of his own powers, he makes no allowance for the strength of genius, or the imbecility of age. This remark is fortified by the opinion of Quintilian. He ad-

vises them not to wait for the decays of life, but to retreat in time, and anchor safely in port before the vessel be disabled. The consequence, he continues, will be, that the man of talents will enjoy a state of complacency, unruffled by mixing in scenes of contention, beyond the voice of detraction, and will be able, while alive, to form an opinion, and even enjoy a posthumous fame..... Lib. 12, ch. 11.

—

LIFE OF THE STUDENT.

In an essay, by Dr. Hawkesworth, in which he has happily imitated the style of his illustrious associate, he has no less successfully exposed the vulgar error, that the life of a student is a life of ease and indolence. There are few opinions more specious to the careless observer, and yet there is none more lamentably false. They who listen with rapture, in the short intervals of leisure which they enjoy from a laborious business, to the soft harmony of Pope, or the majestic period of Johnson, imagine it the inspiration of a willing muse. But that the fact is not so, the furrowed brow and the enfeebled frame of the student daily evince. Those happy expressions which sparkle as the effusions of the moment, are really produced by the most elaborate thought, and are not presented to the reader until they have undergone an anxious and painful revision.

The multitudes that support life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleness; and have no conception that weariness may be contracted in an elbow chair, by now and then peeping into a book, and musing the rest of the day: the sedentary and studious, therefore, raise their envy or contempt, as they appear either to possess the conveniences of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to suffer the want of them by refusing to work. It is, however, certain, that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exercise of the mind, the fatigue of the study is not less than that of the field or the manufactory. But the labour of the mind, though it be equally wearisome with that of the body, is not attended with the same advantages. Exercise gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite: the effects of sedentary thoughtfulness are diseases that shorten and embitter life; interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual langour, and careless anxiety.

There is scarcely any character so much the object of envy as that of a successful writer. But those who only see him in company, or hear encomiums on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happiness. They conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual superiority; as displaying the luxuriancy of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge to silent admiration; or listening in voluptuous indolence to the music of praise. But they know not that these lucid intervals are short and few, that much the greater part of his life is passed in solitude and anxiety; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day, like the night, is contracted to a moment by the intense application of the mind to its object; locked up from every eye, and lost even to himself, he is reminded that he lives, only by the necessities of life; he then starts up as from a dream, and regrets that the day has passed unenjoyed, without affording means of happiness to the morrow.

So far the essayist; and however melancholy a picture he may have drawn, it is yet a faithful representation of what every student has undergone in his toilsome but delightful journey to the *Temple of Fame*.

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarities of others, is not likely to have many real friends. His enjoyments, therefore,

must oe solitary, lone, and melancholy. *His only friend is himself.* As he sits immersed in reverie by his midnight fire, and hears the wild gusts of rain fitfully careering over the plain, he listens sadly attentive; and as the intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed, while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse.

Few students, as "they trim the midnight lamp," will read the following lines without some idea of the gloomy feelings of the author:

Nor undelightful is the solemn noon of night——
——— Lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie;
All Nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
Oh, then how fearful is it to reflect
No being wakes but me!———

Wharton's Pleasures of Melancholy, from which this extract is made, was first printed in 1745..... Although it abounds with nervous passages, and every where indicates the pen of a poet, it is unaccountably neglected.

—

PLAGIARISM.

Our most eminent poets have very freely indulged themselves in the practice of plagiarism, Pope especially; but, as he resorted to the ancients, and works not commonly known, it has not been generally noticed; by most who have observed it, it is esteemed a beauty; as we may find in the sixty-third number of the Adventurer. Besides his professed imitations of Horace, that admired critic, as well as poet, he is evidently indebted to him for many things in his essay, but more considerably to M. H. Vida, a native of Cromona, and bishop of Alba, an elegant Latin writer of the fifteenth century, who has left an Art of Poetry, in three books, of which Pope's Art of Criticism, it may be almost affirmed, is but an ingenious abridgment. To produce the parallel passages would require more room than could conveniently be spared, not much less than to transcribe the whole essay. Addison, though with circumspection and reserve, has trodden the same track, and sometimes plumes himself in borrowed feathers.

—

A REMARKABLE SPEECH OF MR. CUFFE,

Secretary to the earl of Essex, who was executed in the reign of queen Elizabeth, for the same offence which brought his master to the block.

I am here adjudged to die for acting an act never plotted, for plotting a plot never acted. Justice will have her course; accusers must be heard; greatness will have the victory; scholars and martialists (though learning and valour should have the pre-eminence) in England must die like dogs, and be hanged. To mislike this were but folly; to dispute it but time lost; to alter it impossible; but to endure it is manly; and to scorn it magnanimity. The queen is displeased, the lawyers injurious, and death terrible; but I crave pardon of the queen; forgive the lawyers, and the world; desire to be forgiven; and welcome death.

—

ODD ADVERTISEMENT.

The following lines, in four different languages, were scratched on the window of an inn:

In questa casa trover te,
Tout ce qu'on peut souhaiter,
Vinum, panem, pisces, carnes,
Coaches, chaises, horses, harness.

For the Literary Magazine.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Concluded.

SINCE example is so powerful an engine in the hands of the influential, how important a duty have they to fulfil, and how much vigilance and attention does not the exercise of it require! On them depends, in some measure, the formation of the manners, and even the virtues and vices of mankind: mankind are placed in their hands, like clay in the hands of a potter, who moulds it into whatever form he pleases. We see how readily men obey the influence of example in the most trivial things, such as the form of their garments, the furniture of their houses, their conversation, and their pursuits, and, since the truth must be told, their follies and their crimes. Many vices, detestable and disgraceful in their nature, and terrible in their consequences, have become fashionable from this cause alone. Fashion, considered in the common method of defining it, is but a folly, but its consequences are deeply to be regretted. To how many hardships does she not expose her votaries! to what privations are not the poor and middling classes exposed, by imitating the follies of their betters in fortune! how many wants are created by this agent, wants which but for this would have been for ever unfelt or unregarded. The humble artist must labour hard to satisfy them. Were he left to the free and unbiassed exercise of his understanding, he might enjoy many comforts, many pleasures, for which he is doomed to sigh, and sigh in vain: but it is needless to dwell any longer on these follies or their effects.

Yet I will call the reader's attention to one of the vices fashion has introduced—gambling. Virtue, integrity, honour, justice, every thing that adds lustre to the character of man, sink before it, like the withered leaves of autumn before the devouring flames.

Parents and instructors of youth are still more strongly bound to exhibit good examples to the view of the rising generation; they are more immediately concerned in their welfare. The inefficacy of precept is so well known, that it is a source of astonishment why recourse is not had at all times to example. Youth is like the young and flexile shoots of a delicate plant, which follow that direction which the care of the gardener gives them; they imitate their tutors and parents, without knowing why; they do not (nor are they able to) reason on the propriety or impropriety of any thing they may intend to perform; their minds are not sufficiently powerful to place it in various points of view, and in relation to its probable consequences; nor are they able to comprehend those precepts which have been written by moralists, and sanctioned by the united voice of mankind, and by long experience. These are only understood by those whose dispositions are formed, whose minds are adorned or depraved, whose virtues or vices have been fixed by example and confirmed by habit.

Nor is example less useful to legislators and statesmen, and though it but seldom is, yet it might often be successfully employed. The respect which the virtues of a man holding the most important stations his country can bestow, naturally inspire, would make virtue fashionable. If they would encourage patriotism in others, let them be patriotic themselves; if they would encourage disinterestedness, let them be disinterested; if they would inspire courage, let them show a noble contempt of danger. He that would make soldiers of a people, must not expect to effect his purpose by exhortation alone; but let him exhort them sword in hand; let him lead them to the foe, rush into the thickest of the battle, and expose himself to its dangers. Then will the people follow with enthu-

thiasm; the courage that glows in his bosom will be transfused into theirs; his ardour will animate them, and stimulate them to the noblest exertions.

Men are like those vines which wind around the monarchs of the forest, and thereby acquire a support, without which they would perish at their feet; their virtues would lie dormant in their bosoms, or, unsupported, languish in obscurity. But when the example of the great calls forth these hidden qualities, men are stimulated to the performance of great and noble actions; then does merit step forth from its humble retreats; virtue, no longer unfashionable, acts with vigour, produces effects the most happy, and pleasures the most exalted and most durable.

VALVERDI.

Feb. 7th, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. II.

"Weak and irresolute is man."
COWPER.

IN reviewing the history of the lives and actions of mankind, how few are to be found who can truly be called good! how few who can justly come under the description of virtuous and wise men, or genuine philanthropists! Extraordinary abilities do not tend to make any so; the irregularities, the vices, the peculiarities of men of genius are proverbial. So dark a shade is cast by them upon superior powers, as to destroy the good effects they were calculated and intended to produce, by destroying the confidence and esteem of the world for their possessor.

When I look around among my cotemporaries, I see one of abilities the greatest, of an excellent understanding and cultivated mind, but having passions equally great. I see him hurried away by their influence into dissipation and profligacy; I see his health destroyed, his constitution broken; the victim of disease, and almost on the verge of dissolution. How melancholy, how deplorable, how humiliating a condition! He now confesses his faults, he acknowledges his errors, and can only plead the impetuosity of his passions in excuse.

"For he was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train;
But found her soon the nurse of care,
And punishment and pain."

After struggling with disease, he regains, in part, his former health, and resolves for the future to lead a regular and exemplary life; then

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.
COWPER.

He again pursues the same course; the same consequences follow; until his constitution being broken, he falls the victim of unruly passions.

Such, which is the end of many, is often the fate of genius! Disease and death, caused by their own imprudence, make great inroads among men to whom nature has been most bounteous in the distribution of her intellectual gifts. Their friends who esteemed them, the world who admired them, have frequent cause to lament their destructive failings.

Many of this description, when viewed through the medium of their writings, appear the friends of virtue and religion. Such men are surely still entitled to the gratitude of the world. Their works, when of this kind, should atone for many errors. If their example whilst alive was injurious, their works, when they had ceased to exist, and their errors were forgotten (to use the emphatic words of Dr. Johnson), may be the cause of turning many to righteousness.

How strongly do such instances prove the instability of human nature, the imbecility of man, and the eternal conflict of good and evil passions in his breast! "The mind of man," says Mrs. Robinson, "is a mixture of incomprehensible propensities. Virtue is sometimes its natural inmate, but there is scarce an instance in which some bad passion does not sully its fair fame, and tarnish its most brilliant attributes." The minds of great men, particularly literary characters, seem actuated at different times by the most different and contradictory propensities. Most, it is true, have some one "ruling passion," and many discover it strong even in death; yet they have also others, though of minor influence, and of the most unlike nature, which at times sway them.

Zimmermann, whose elegant work*, which has conferred on him such deserved immortality, would lead us to suppose its author had within himself the most ample sources of philosophy, the most correct ideas of human nature, and the calmest resignation to the evils of humanity, was often as unhappy as the most miserable hypochondriac. Dr. Johnson, who had spent a long life in expatiating on the beauties of the christian religion, and exhorting his readers to place their dependence on another and a better world, as much regretted the approach of death, and had as great a desire to live as the most worldly-minded and ambitious man, whose treasures and whose heart were solely fixed on the earth. Goldsmith, possessing a heart "feelingly alive" to the wants and miseries of his fellow-creatures, and whose charity prompted him to give the last farthing towards the alleviation of their sufferings, had a portion of envy and jealousy in his breast, which put him in tortures at hearing the praise which was bestowed on others. Melancholy and madness clouded the days of the worthy Cowper, and the great Hamilton fell a sacrifice at the shrine of false honour.

Whea we reflect that the number of men of genius is so small, compared with the millions existing on the earth, how much is it to be regretted, that those to whom nature has been so liberal should ever be the victims of passion and prejudice! But how much more is it to be regretted, that any who possess talents of superior excellence, and extensive information, should employ them only in endeavouring to disseminate principles destructive of all order, and in introducing a general depravity of manners and morals! This class, unfortunately, has been numerous; and indeed many living instances might be adduced of men of genius and learning, whose conduct has caused nothing but mischief among mankind.

F.

* Reflections on Solitude.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPECIMEN OF POLITICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Continued from page 86.

THE grand object of human activity is fortune or wealth. How to employ talents and industry so as to convert a little money into a great deal is the subject which employs the faculties of the greater part of mankind. Those who pursue agriculture, as well as those who follow trade or handicraft, have no other object in view than to amass money: but there are some wide differences between the employment of a capital on land, and its employment in any other way. With regard to traders and artizans, the old remark is but too true, that one man can become rich only by making others poor. He adds nothing to the mass of provision or subsistence of the whole society. He only takes a larger share from the previously existing stock than he

had at first, and consequently the loss of others is exactly proportioned to his gain. Not so the farmer. His gain is inseparably connected with the increase of the general mass of human provision, and consequently others, instead of losing in proportion to his gains, are benefited in that proportion. He may indeed fail of enriching himself by his enterprizes. While he materially contributes to enrich the whole society, by making the quantity of food annually produced larger than it was before, his individual share may not be augmented by his efforts.

Those who employ their capital in agricultural improvement, in Great Britain, employ it under greater disadvantages than are incident to any other species of industry. They are commonly obliged to hire the use of the land, under such restrictions and burthens, and with a tenure so slavish and precarious, that their gains are necessarily both small and uncertain. The proprietors of land, who only can improve the ground with great and certain advantage, are generally disqualified, by prejudice and education, for any such attempts. They are habituated to expend all their revenue on their personal accommodation and ease. Their prejudices disincline them, and their ignorance disables them, from increasing their revenue by their own industry, though their avarice is eager enough to profit by the diligence of others.

Regarding the exertions of sir A—— as actuated by the ordinary motive which influences mankind, that of making himself richer than he was before, he could not possibly have adopted projects more essentially conducive to that end. In the course of 20 or 30 years, he raised his revenue to an amount very nearly ten times greater than it was at first. These projects were so far preferable to any others, that their success was no less, or even much more advantageous to all those within the sphere of their operation, than to himself. His riches were not built upon the poverty of others, but necessarily implied and caused their prosperity, and, however selfish his motive might be, he could, by no other application of his time, and talents, and money, more essentially promote the good of the whole society.

It would, however, be no small injustice to sir A——, to consider the sole or even the chief motive of his conduct as a mercenary one, and the general benefit accruing from his projects as merely incidental and undesigned. On the contrary, the power and property created by his projects were deemed of no value but as they were subservient to the general good. He applied himself originally to these projects, merely because his notions of duty compelled him to employ all his faculties for the benefit of others, and the great landed proprietor is so fortunate, that he cannot benefit others so effectually as by means which at the same time most effectually secure and advance to himself the great personal goods, property and power.

The great and little vulgar have, in general, no other conception of the use of increasing wealth, than to increase the size of their dwellings, the number of their servants, the splendour and variety of their dress, furniture, and equipage. They know no other value in money, but as it can be exchanged for something that conduces to their ease, or gratifies their vanity. The income of the year is made, they think, to be expended in the year; and their selfish gratification is equally the end they have in view, whether they expend a thousand guineas in filling their halls with guests, who arrive, glitter, and disappear, between the rise and set of the same sun; in purchasing a watch or other trinket, to be worn and displayed, in scenes of gay resort, as a token of superior wealth; in maintaining a mistress, or a pack of dogs; in building a temple or obelisk in their garden, in order to improve the prospect from their windows; in covering their walls with painted canvas, or filling gilded

cases with books. All these employments of money are not equally hurtful, or equally subservient to the end proposed; but in all of them the end proposed is the same, and has no connection with beneficence or charity.

There is another class who acquire a passion for money for its own sake. They will not exchange, for transitory or barren gratifications, all they obtain, but they either hoard up all or the greater part of it, or they loan it to others, receiving interest, or they purchase with it new lands or new houses, and thus increase their property or revenue, without, however, designedly or incidentally increasing the general wealth of the society; but, on the contrary, diminishing that of some other individual.

To neither of these classes did sir A—— belong. By marriage he came into possession of a tract of land which produced, without any other trouble than that of opening his hand to receive it, about five thousand pounds a year. By the same means he acquired considerable power over the welfare and condition of four thousand seven hundred persons. Unlike his predecessors, who received this sum through the hands of others, and indolently transferred their power to agents selected with no regard to their industry, knowledge, or benevolence, he went to the spot; inspected the condition of his tenants; accurately calculated the means of exalting their condition; of improving their morals; enlightening their understanding; and enlarging their comforts, by giving them more spacious and commodious dwellings, and better food, and better furniture. The primary expedient for effecting all these purposes was to make the ground more productive. He thus enriched the tenant, and, at the same time, encreased his own power of benefiting, by employing the value of a larger quantity of the products of the ground, in the fencing, building, planting, and stocking the land, hitherto imperfectly improved or quite neglected.

The whole annual revenue from this estate, which gradually mounted from 5000*l.* to 45,000*l.* sterling, was bestowed chiefly on the cultivation of the land. None of it was appropriated by sir A—— to his own personal expences. From the income of his English lands, he merely reserved, for family expences, about five hundred pounds a year. The residue went almost entirely to the little army of builders, fencers, and planters, which he constantly maintained. The sum realized and fixed on the surface of this territory, from 1750 to 1780, a period of thirty years, exceeded *four hundred thousand pounds*. The annual wages of his workmen were of course proportioned to their skill and merit, but a vast majority of them were liberally paid at twenty pounds a year. The above sum, if divided equally between thirty years, will be found sufficient to employ, during all that period, not less than *five hundred persons*.

I mention these things to prepare your mind for a more particular account of the things that have been done, which I shall take another opportunity of sending you, and to bring the general account I have already given you within the bounds of credibility.

But to improve the ground was far from being his sole design. To introduce sober and industrious habits among a race of tipplers and idlers was a necessary task, and a far more arduous one. He laboured to create, in his tenants, some desire for useful knowledge, and to supply them with the easy means of gratifying this new born desire.

Sir A—— was no visionary. He did not expect to transform men into philosophers and saints by the touch of his wand. Old habits he deemed incurable, and believed that there was no safety for the common weal but in new modelling the rising generation. The system, indeed, as he found it, was corrupted at the fountain; for, in the first place, the

ministers of religion were but little enlightened themselves; their manners were coarse and rude, and their diligence more exerted to procure a livelihood than to reclaim the reprobate. Their wages were scanty and mean, and paid stintingly and grudgingly. Being a certain portion of the produce in kind, the collection was difficult and painful, and made them be considered more as wolves to devour, than as shepherds to feed, the flock. Besides, their number, though large enough for the ancient population of the district, was much too small for the rapidly increasing population.

Education was anciently conducted on a miserable plan. On the cultivated land, and the houses in the town, there was a kind of perpetual charge or tax for the support of schools. This whole tax was no more than sufficient to pay twenty pounds a year a piece to five schoolmasters, who were bound to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic to boys of a certain age, whom their parents thought proper to send to them. The district seldom contained less than six or seven hundred boys of the prescribed age; a number by far too great, even if equally distributed, for five schools; but, in fact, these schools were badly attended, not only from the little esteem in which the masters were held, as from the small regard generally paid to book learning of any sort.

These were negative evils of no small magnitude; but by far the greatest positive mischief was the excessive use of whiskey. Prescription had invested the lord of C—— with the exclusive right of distilling and vending this pernicious liquid within the precincts of his barony. As none could be legally sold or imported without his permission, all that was exposed to sale without this warrant was liable to seizure and forfeiture. The idleness and ignorance of the people naturally created an attachment to this spirit, and the interest of the lord was concerned that the greatest quantity possible should be consumed, and that it should be sold at the highest price.

Various methods had been adopted by successive lords to make the most of this monopoly. The mode which indolence and rapacity would find most convenient to itself was that in which the proprietors finally adopted. The right of distilling was let out for an annual rent or payment, and a licence to sell the liquor granted on the same terms. These licences were renewable from year to year, and was naturally bestowed upon him that paid the most for it. The distiller likewise received authority to seize and confiscate, to his own use, all liquor brought into the barony, or sold within it, that came from any still but his own.

As the distiller's interest was to make the greatest possible profit of his contract, it was, of course, his business to purchase rye as cheap, and sell gin as dear, as possible. As the retailer's profit was levied upon the consumer, it was thus the common interest of the lord, the distiller, and the petty vender to encourage the passion for gin among the people, and to make the indulgence as expensive as possible.

In consequence of this system, every twentieth house in the district was a gin shop, and the passion for gin became universal. Infants of a few months old became familiar with the taste of it, and not one of a thousand of mature age was exempt from its destructive effects.

Your imagination may easily figure the endless train of evils that could not but flow from this prolific source. To shorten life, and to make it the prey of disease and imbecility while it lasts; to subvert utterly all industrious and frugal habits, and supplant them with a wild profusion and desperate indolence; to stupify the understanding into the dreary condition of idiocy; or work up the passions to madness, are the proper and unavoidable effects of a passion for gin. These effects, indeed, are less violent and

terrible as the use of it is more limited, but the difference between moderation and excess is only the difference between more or less disease, vice, poverty, and misery..... Any use of gin is properly excess, since a single drop must necessarily be hurtful, though in a small degree. Since it cannot be procured for nothing, and since the money spent in obtaining it is diverted from the purchase of necessaries to the purchase of a superfluity, to those who have no money to throw away, gin, in any shape or quantity, is a monstrous evil.

What exasperated the evil in the present case was the exorbitant price of the article. This circumstance had no effect in lessening the use of it, for this species of discouragement can never exist in a case where any price is really exorbitant, since any price is far too great for a superfluity, and where the facilities of obtaining it, and the the enticements to excess were, in other respects, so numerous and powerful.

Another evil connected with this system, was the fraud and violence to which it gave birth in the attempts of those who endeavoured to evade the law, by clandestinely importing or selling gin, and the injustice and oppression exercised by what may be termed a set of excise officers. The nature of their privilege made it necessary to invest the farmers, or monopolists, of this article with extensive and indefinite powers of entering houses and searching and arresting persons, and the abuses of this authority were innumerable.

To these evils no remedy could be expected from the lord, because his interest was supposed to be promoted by their existence, and even by their multiplication; and yet the profits of this monopoly were almost wholly intercepted by the *farmers* and the steward. The latter had the whole powers of the landlord, and resided on the spot, while the lord himself lived at a great distance, and was of course obliged to rely implicitly on the representations of his agent.

The existence of so large a tract of ground as a common, was, in various respects, extremely detrimental to the district. It was injurious to the health of the inhabitants..... Much of it was continually wet, and many hollows and low places were filled with stagnant water. The exhalations from these bogs and pools, in a warmer climate, would be fertile sources of bilious and pestilential fevers. As it was, obstinate agues were extremely prevalent in spring and autumn.

This circumstance considerably increased the natural asperity of the climate, and rendered it not only more uncomfortable and unwholesome to man, but also more ungenial to the soil. By making the fruits of the earth more scanty and precarious, and augmenting the necessity of shelter, clothing, and fuel, it multiplied the chances, and, at the same time, the hardships, of poverty.

The waste was really the property of the lord, but the tenants enjoyed a sort of implied privilege of turning their cattle upon it; of digging turf for family use; and gleaning from it, at pleasure, every kind of superficial product it afforded. It was the resort of a good deal of wild fowl, and some quadrupeds. These being abandoned to the tenants, afforded an irresistible temptation to hunt, and the passions for hunting and fishing united to deprave the minds of the people, and turn their attention from tillage. Foxes and other vermin found harbour among the rocks and furze, in great numbers, and the havock they committed in the poultry yards and corn fields, was no inconsiderable deduction from the profits of husbandry.

These evils, so intolerable in themselves, were occasionally carried to a most destructive pitch by the cruelty, the avarice, and the folly of those who enjoyed and abused the power of the landlord. The steward, chosen in the manner I have already described, could hard-

ly fail of being a dishonest man. He was generally some unprincipled member of the law, who banished himself to this dreary spot with no other view than to enable himself, by a residence of a few years, to pass the remainder of his life in ease and luxury.

His double object, therefore, was to fleece the tenant, and to rob the lord of as much as possible. In pursuit of this end, he could not be supposed to be deterred by any kindness to the tenants, to whom he was a stranger, not only in blood, but sometimes even in language; or by any regard to the future or permanent value of the property, because he was liable to be supplanted, in a year, by a higher bidder, and all his views of profit were closed by his departure from the place. The clan entertained an affection for their native lords as strong as was their abhorrence of these base-born and mercenary representatives; the steward, had he been of himself kindly disposed towards them, could hardly fail of having all his evil passions aroused by the stupidity or hatred of this half civilized race.

The evils arising from mismanagement alone had grown to an enormous height at the time of sir A——'s marriage. His wife's father, the last male of his family, was a man of mild temper and great humanity; but he received what is called a learned education, and had imbibed views and inclinations widely remote from those which might have qualified him for a prudent and generous landlord. He never saw his own patrimonial domain in his life. He was born at the family mansion in London; spent his youth at Oxford; and the first use he made of his manly freedom, was to pass into France and Italy, where he spent his days and his income in collecting the monuments of ancient and modern art, with which he enriched his London cabinets and galleries.

Shortly after his father's death he was persuaded to name, for his agent at C——, one Donald, who had been brought up with him as his valet; a shrewd and artful fellow, who found it easy to inspire his master with a high opinion of his fidelity, honesty, and capacity.

This man, who supplanted his more worthy predecessor by fraud and calumny, carried with him to C—— some of the worst passions which degrade human nature. He was avaricious, sensual, and cruel, and not only carried every prerogative of his station to its utmost limits, but perverted every one of them to the gratification of his abominable lusts. The lord only could redress these evils, by recalling his minister, but the lord was in a distant country, and was prevented from conceiving the possibility of such enormities, not only by his confidence in his quondam valet, but by his total ignorance of all things relating to his estate, but the money it produced. He was far better acquainted with the geography of ancient Latium than with that of Scotland.

After five years residence abroad, he married an Italian lady, and brought her to his native country, where he shortly after died, leaving an infant daughter, whose guardians had their own concerns to attend to, and were qualified, by neither their situation, their interest, or their education, to make any beneficial change in the old system.

Affairs thus proceeded for upwards of twenty years, during which Donald's career was unchecked, and his tyranny uncontrouled, by his superiors. In that time, he had contrived to lessen the population of the district one-third, by those whom he banished from the district, who exiled themselves, in order to escape his vengeance or oppression, or who had come to an untimely death, by his means. The very bonds of society were, in some degree, loosened, for a little community of outlaws had insensibly been formed in the ruggedest recesses of the *forest*, who subsisted on the product of little fields, which they illegally took from the waste, and in the pillage of their

peaceful neighbours, and who defended themselves, by force of arms, from the attacks of the steward.

At the age of fifteen, the orphan heiress was married to sir A——, and from that moment a gradual but rapid revolution commenced. Sir A—— lost no time in carrying his bride to his new domain. Donald was obliged to give a strict account of his administration to his new master; his statements were compared with testimony and appearances upon the spot; and his true character and conduct were fully comprehended by sir A——'s enlightened and experienced eye. To obtain impunity he was obliged to surrender the greatest part of the hoard he had been so industriously amassing, and this sum, instead of being forfeited to his superior, was repaid to those from whom it had been unjustly extorted.

He was patron of the five parishes of C——, and easily obtained their resignation of their benefices from the present possessors, on securing to them the payment of their salary in money, during the rest of their lives. The number of the future pastors was augmented to ten, and four petty officers were allotted to each church, as organist, sexton, and the like. The rector received three hundred pounds a year, two of his assistants one hundred a piece, and the other two fifty pounds a piece, the whole payable not as formerly, in kind, nor even by the occupants of house and land, but from the proprietor's own purse.

Persons were selected for this office whose learning, piety, and public spirit made them zealous promoters and coadjutors of all his schemes. New and commodious dwellings were erected for their accommodation, and the old crazy churches were supplanted by temples reared on a chaste, solid, and spacious plan.

The five petty teachers were dismissed to situations more lucrative and more suitable to their capacities. The number of schools was augmented to ten. Each teacher had four assistants, and all were paid in the same manner, and to the same amount, as the clerical order. Houses were allotted to them, with a good garden annexed to each, and a system of superintendance was carefully established, by which a succession of accomplished teachers, together with proper objects and proper methods of instruction, were effectually secured.

Having thus provided for the regular instruction of the young and the old, and secured the benefits of integrity and knowledge to the rising generation, it remained to rectify the prevalent evils by a due exercise of the power of a landlord. The abuse of spirituous liquors was at once extinguished by recalling all the licences to sell or manufacture the liquor, and by prohibiting the future importation or sale of it.... You may think, perhaps, that to effect this would require a stretch of authority, despotic and illegal; but, in truth, to effect all his purposes, sir A—— needed no laws nor penal sanctions; no power of fining, imprisoning, or whipping. The simple prerogative of every landlord to chuse his own tenant, rendered the will of sir A—— absolute within the precincts of C——. Those who disobeyed his commands, or rather those who opposed his wishes, were compelled to withdraw beyond these precincts. Nobody would sell liquor to their neighbours, because sir A—— refused to let them a house to sell it in, or even to shelter themselves. They could not build a booth or a hovel on land that was not their own, and nobody would harbour the seller or underlet to him, because he would thereby incur an ejectment himself.

This method of proceeding would not receive, in general, the name of punishment; and yet whether we consider its consequences to those subjected to it, or to the community at large, nothing that is called punishment is comparable to this. To the criminal, exile from his friends,

his relatives, and his clan, to be ejected from the vocation to which he was bred up, and from a possession which the wise arrangements of sir A—— made daily more eligible, was a punishment severer than imprisonment or death, while the safety of the whole society was far more effectually promoted by lopping off the diseased member in this way, than by the cruelty of executions, or the trouble and expence of imprisonment. To the lord nothing could be more convenient, because it abandoned every offender to his absolute discretion. In judging his people he was bound down by no laws, either written or prescriptive, and to no forms but the simple one of noticing his tenant to quit. He was, by this means, enabled to controul men in those relations in which they are exempted from ordinary laws. A bad master, a bad husband, a bad father, a bad neighbour, an idler, a tippler, a cock fighter, an inveterate sportsman are all exempted from any legal correction; but over these sir A—— extended his rod, and by exiling them for ever from his estate, not only freed the rest from actual molestation, and from the evils of a bad example, but gained an opportunity of supplying the place of an unsound member by a sound one. Every vacancy was ready to be filled from the overflowing population of his English estate, which furnished not only his fields with husbandmen, but his towns with artisans in abundance. And this will show you by what powerful motives sir A—— was influenced to retain his estate wholly in his own hands. By alienating house or land, or even by granting leases of considerable duration, it is evident that the true foundation of his power would be undermined, and the harmony of his system entirely destroyed.

In so large a property it was impossible to attend to every thing with his own eyes. Great industry, great sagacity, and great order will enable a single man to perform what will vulgarly be deemed impossible; and no man ever surpassed sir A—— in these qualities. To unfold minutely all the parts and branches of his system would demand a volume: I have found the greatest pleasure in studying this system, but cannot, at this time, pretend to give you more than a very loose and brief sketch.

The power of a steward, on this estate, was, as you have seen, combined with that of a magistrate. To share his power, in some degree, with others was made necessary by the extent of his estate. In the selection of his stewards, therefore, in prescribing and limiting their duties, in superintending their conduct, and guarding against abuses of every kind, his utmost caution and wisdom were requisite. In regulating the receipt and disbursement of so vast an annual sum as forty-seven thousand pounds, there was room and need for the most consummate skill in fiscal affairs.

He had a principal steward, and ten sub-stewards. The former received a salary of five hundred pounds a year, and the latter three hundred pounds a year a piece..... Each steward had two clerks and two messengers attached to his office; a clerk having one hundred pounds a year, and a messenger fifty. Besides these there was a receiver and a payer-general, who, at the same time, performed the office of bankers or cash keepers to the whole society. The expence of this latter office, which we may dignify with the name of *treasury*, was about one thousand pounds.

These allowances, by no means insignificant in themselves, were rendered very liberal by the general cheapness of provisions in the district; by the frugal modes of living in vogue; and by the privilege of a lodging and garden rent free, a privilege enjoyed by every one in the lord's service.

You will find, by a little calculation, that all the salaries I have enumerated, amount to about twenty thousand pounds; a sum far exceeding the original income of the

estate, though now only two-fifths of his annual revenue; a sum which gave a plentiful subsistence to upwards of one hundred and fifty worthy families, who held this subsistence by no other tenure than their good behaviour, or at the will of one man; a tenure too precarious in all other cases, but rendered certain and immutable by the wisdom of that one in the present case.

I need hardly observe that all these institutions were not adopted at once. On the contrary, the progress of things to the state above-described did no more than keep pace with the progress of population and improvement. To restrain the use of spirituous liquors, to convert the ignorant, idle, and profligate into diligent, and sober, and enlightened, was no work of a day. Sir A——'s benevolence met with innumerable obstacles, and his energy only surmounted them after the toil and perseverance of thirty years, and when the generation he found alive had almost totally been supplanted by strangers, or by a new generation. By placing the children in a situation wholly different from that of their parents, and by carefully instructing them in the elements of useful knowledge, the new race were as different in their minds and morals as in their external condition from those who preceded them. Great as this revolution was, and long the period in which it was effected, sir A—— had the happiness of seeing all his schemes accomplished before he had passed the meridian of life, and might entertain a well founded hope of enjoying, for at least another thirty years, the contemplation of a structure which he had been the same number of years in building.

A mind like sir A——'s, and his habits of activity, would hardly sit down at ease at this point. After paying all his salaries, and disbursing all the money necessary to sustain the system at the point to which raised it, he had a surplus revenue of near thirty thousand pounds.

Sir A—— was no hoarder of money. Still less was he likely to bestow his money upon transitory objects, upon gratifications which leave no vestige behind. Fifteen years have elapsed since C—— was put into the condition already described. Sir A—— is still alive, and as active and beneficent as ever, but what he has undertaken and completed since that period, though no less meritorious and memorable than his former projects, I shall relate on some future occasion.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON GRATITUDE.

THERE is a species of grateful remorse, which sometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of the last century, an actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of aliments, which he said attended on his wife. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. Since the actor's wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in talk as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and, with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back."

The actor returned to his employer and recounted the whole conversation, with such genuine mimicry, that the author shouted with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents by rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock.

A more grotesque instance of the sudden power of gratitude, may be produced in a well attested modern anecdote.

A parson Patten, of Whitstable, in Kent, was well known in his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once, standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all further assistance from art; he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner, a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying he should not make his wig.

"Why not," exclaimed the astonished host, "have I done any thing to offend you, sir?"

"Not in the least," replied the guest, "but I find you are a very honest, good-natured fellow; so I will take *somebody else* in. Had *you* made it, you would never have been paid for it."

For the Literary Magazine.

HERALDIC ENTHUSIASM.

IT is probable that no science on on earth conveys to its votaries a greater degree of enthusiasm than that of heraldry. One instance, at least, can be brought, unmatched in any other.

The passage is taken from a scarce treatise in quarto, entitled "The Blazon of gentrie," (a book recommended by Peacham in his "Compleat Gentleman," as a book to be bought at any rate), and runs thus: "Christ was a gentleman, as to his flesh, by the part of his mother (as I have read), and might, if he had esteemed of the vayne glorey of this worlde (whereof he often sayde his kingdom was not) have borne coat-armour. The apostles, also (as my author telleth me), were gentlemen of bloud, and manye of them descended from that worthy conqueror, Judas Machabeus, but through the tract of time, and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrayned to servile workes."—p. 97.

In the same book we find the exact arms, properly blazoned, of Semiramis, queen of Babylon.

A sanguine Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PUNNING.

THE antiquity of punning is indubitable, and were it not that the ignoble term, a pun, would sound ill when connected with apostolic characters, we *could* produce authority highly respectable, indeed, in its favour. The Grecian oracles had lost their credit long before their cessation, had not punning stood them in stead. To reckon up ancient punsters would be an endless task. Plautus loved quibbling as much as Shakespeare did. Even the ancient sages of the law could

not refrain from punning; and we have as many quibbles of Cicero, nearly, as orations. He was not unhappy in his choice of puns, and among the rest, "Hoc est, verè, sepulchrum patris, colere," which he said of a man who, through avarice, ploughed up the burying-place of his family, may take rank nearly as a pun.

Almost the whole artillery of those wits, who adorned the centuries before the last, was supplied from the abundant magazine of puns; and the great restorer of Italian poetry, the celebrated Petrarch, not contented with punning on his mistress' name, in almost every one of his hundreds of sonnets, takes that beloved word into pieces, in his fifth, and puns upon every separate syllable; and this not contenting him, he drags in Homer, literally, by the head and *shoulders*, and puns upon *him* too.

Punning is treated with an unequalled species of cruelty; it is abhorred even while it amuses; and the very horse laugh which it seldom fails to raise round the convivial board, is almost always accompanied by detractive exclamations of "Oh, oh, this is *too* bad." "I am *ashamed* of this," and the like; while the blushing punster, actually shrinking from the mirth which he has created, feels himself hurt at each burst of laughter, and generally takes great pains to convince the company, that he never punned before, nor will ever pun again. Yet a pun never loses a friend, nor, except in aukward hands, tinges the cheek of innocence. No families are set at variance by a pun, no reputations lost, no female honour tainted.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEDICAL ANECDOTES.

THERE was a time, when physicians were bound to a strict attention towards the welfare of their patients, by somewhat besides the consideration of their own credit and future profit; for, at Dijon, in 1386, a physician was fined, by the bailiff, fifty golden franks, besides being imprisoned, for not having completed the cures of some persons, whose recovery he had undertaken. And the beautiful Austrigilda, consort to Gontran, king of Burgundy, had, in the sixth century, been permitted by her husband, in compliance with her dying request, to have her two physicians slain, and buried with her: whether from attachment to them, or by way of punishment for their ill success in her case, is not said.

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The common jocular advice given to persons who are sick from the effects of intoxication, the night before, "to take a hair of the same dog," seems to be derived from a ridiculous mode of cure, prescribed to persons bitten by a mad dog, in a French treatise, entitled "La Medecine aisée," written by "Le Clerc, Conseiller-medecin du Roy," published at Paris, 1719. He tells us, "Pour la cure de la playe, mettez dessus du poil du chien qui a mordu. C'est la remede de Paré."

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The art of examining and curing wounds was, by writers of romance, allotted to princesses, and damsels of high birth. In later days, Buchanan writes, that the Scots nobility were remarkably dexterous in the chirurgical art; and he says of James IV of Scotland, "Quod vulnera scientissimé tractaret."

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"Are you out of sorts," says the facetious Montaigne, "that your physician has denied you the enjoyment of wine, and of your favourite dishes? Be not uneasy; apply to me, and I engage to find you one of equal credit, who shall put you under a regimen perfectly opposite to that settled by your own adviser."

In 1393, physicians were so low in esteem at the French court, that they were actually superceded in their attendance on the unfortunate Charles VI of France, by a professed necromancer. Madame de Lussan tells us, and the story, strange as it is, is confirmed by good authorities, that the unhappy prince's health was entrusted to the care of one Arnaud Guillen, who undertook to restore him to his senses, by dint of magic. This wizard vaunted the possession of a book, entitled "Smagorod," which, he said, the Almighty had given to Adam, to console him for the death of Abel, whose fate that unhappy parent had unceasingly lamented during one hundred years. He failed, however, as every physician had failed before him. "He had found a charm," he said, "which oppressed the royal understanding; but it was too powerful for his spells to remove." He was driven from the court with disgrace, but his doctrine, as to the cause of the king's malady, gained ground among the people.

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Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo de Medicis, of Florence, died of a disease which, it is said, might have been cured, had not Leoni, a celebrated physician of Spoleto, left too much to nature, and avoided to use any medicine whatever. Lazaro, an inhabitant of Pavia, equally celebrated for medical skill with Leoni, having made this error publicly known, raised the resentment of the deceased prince's friends to so high a pitch, that it proved fatal to the mistaken physician. For Pietro, son to Lorenzo, a youth who, though aged only seventeen years, was able to foil the most expert wrestler, happening to meet the unfortunate Leoni near the brink of a deep well, sent him headlong into the water, where, being old and feeble, he was suffocated, though he received speedy assistance.

Marville remarks, that no persons are so apt as physicians to quit their profession, and follow different walks of literature, and confirms his observation, by producing a very long catalogue of men, of various nations, who have resigned the study of medicine, for that of geometry, of medals, of poetry, and the like. He accounts for it ingeniously enough from the vast extent of reading, through which physicians must, of necessity pass, and which is likely to set before them objects much more pleasing than those of which they are in search.

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Jacques Coetier, a physician, was the only person who could keep in awe the turbulent, uneven spirit of Louis IX, of France. He governed him by making a proper use of that dread of death, to which he knew the king was subject to a degree so ridiculous, that he once actually stopped a priest, who, after having prayed for the health of his body, was beginning to implore heaven for his *future* welfare. "Hold! hold!" cried he, "you have gone far enough for once. Never be tiresome in your address to God Almighty. Stop now, and pray for my *soul, another time.*" Coetier, thoroughly acquainted with this infirmity, used to say to him, "One of these days, you will send *me* packing, I suppose, as I have seen you act by your other servants; but, mark my words, if you *do*, by ——, you will not live eight days after it." By repeating this menace, he not only kept himself in his station, but persuaded the pusillanimous king to appease him with great and valuable presents. On his part, he certainly paid great attention to the condition of his royal master's mind, which was frequently almost in a state of phrenzy. To amuse him during his long indispositions, he contrived to have rural dances performed under his chamber window; and, to make up for the king's inability to enjoy the pleasures of the

chace, the ingenious physician collected cats and huge rats, and diverted his dying patient by letting him see combats between these discordant animals.

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In the sixteenth century, the Jews were looked upon to be more expert in the art of medicine than any other persons. Francis I, of France, being exceedingly ill, and finding no relief from his own physicians, sent to his old rival and enemy, Charles V, for one of the Hebrew race. The emperor sent him one who had been converted. This did not satisfy the French monarch; he applied to the court of Constantinople, for an obstinate, unbaptised Israelite. One such accordingly attended on him, and, by the help of asses milk, effected his cure.

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It is asserted in a French book, entitled "Le nouveau Cours de Chimie," that the discovery of the powers resident in antimony, was owing to the celebrated Basilius Valentinus, who, finding it had the property of fattening pigs, tried it, heaven knows with what connection of ideas, on a convent of monks. Unluckily, instead of improving the condition of these holy men, it killed them by dozens, whence it obtained the name of "Anti-moine." Paracelsus attempted to bring it, notwithstanding this misadventure, into credit, but he too failed, and it was not until very late times, that the virtues of that very useful medicine were universally allowed.

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Few medical people have acted so fairly by their patients as "Dr. Anthony Storck, aulic counsellor and chief physician to the empress queen," who, before he recommended the use of the meadow-saffron root (a known poison), to those afflicted with the dropsy, and other diseases, tried it upon himself, in a crude state, until he was brought to the door of death; he then having, with difficulty, recovered, and having found a method of checking the poisonous qualities of the root, by infusing it in vinegar, made another experiment on himself, and, finding no evil consequences, administered the decoction with success to others.

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La Mothe le Vayer, observing that Pherecides, preceptor to Pythagoras, Anaximander, and Abaris foretold earthquakes, asks this humorous question: "If we consider the earth as a huge animal, had not these the art of feeling its pulse, and thereby of foreseeing the convulsions it would be troubled with?"

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The celebrated Florentine physician, Andrea Baccio, who has been styled the Italian Radcliffe, for his astonishing penetration as to diseases, resembled that singular man also in the blunt method of delivering his sentiments. He was one day called to attend on a woman of quality. He went, felt her pulse, and asked her "how old she was?" She told him "above fourscore." "And how long *would* you live?" said the cross physician, quitting her hand, and making the best of his way out of her house.

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"Your unchristian virulence against me," said a Huguenot who had been persecuted for preaching, "shall cost hundreds of people their lives." This menace brought the author into trouble; he was cited to a court of justice, and was charged with harbouring the most bloody designs against his fellow subjects. "I am innocent," said he, "of all you lay to my account. My only meaning was, that I meant, since I could not act as a minister, to practise as a physician."

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That pleasant philosopher, Montaigne, offers a whimsical consolation to those afflicted with the gout, gravel, rheumatism, and the like. "These," said he, "are symptoms

of a long life, just as heat, cold, rain, and hail are the attendants on every long journey."

For the Literary Magazine.

QUACKERY.

ALTHOUGH our modern quacks take a very large range, as to the disorders which they assert their power of curing, there are yet advertisements to be found in the original edition of the Spectator, which was first printed as a newspaper, that lay claim to the extirpation of three complaints which now bid defiance to "tinctures," "confects," and "electuaries."

"An incomparable pleasant tincture, to restore the sense of smelling, though lost for many years, a few drops of which being snuffed up the nose, infallibly cures those who have lost their smell, let it proceed from what cause soever. It admirably cures all obstructions in the olfactory or smelling nerves, comforts and strengthens the head and brain, and revives the smelling faculty to a miracle, and perfectly cures, so as to cause the person to smell as quick and as well as any one in the world. Price 2s. 6d. a bottle. Sold only at Mr. Payne's toy-shop, at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Cheapside, with directions."

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"An admirable confect, which assuredly cures stuttering and stammering in children or grown persons, though ever so bad, causing them to speak distinct and free, without any trouble or difficulty; it remedies all manner of impediments in the speech, or disorders of the voice of any kind, proceeding from what cause soever, rendering those persons capable of speaking easily and free, and with a clear voice, who before were not able to utter a sentence without hesitation. Its stupendous effects, in so quickly and infallibly curing stuttering, stammering, and all disorders of the voice, and difficulty in delivery of the speech, are really wonderful. Price 2s. 6d. a pot, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Osborne's toy-shop, at the Rose and Crown, under St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-street."

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"Loss of memory, or forgetfulness, certainly cured, by a grateful electuary, peculiarly adapted for that end: it strikes at the prime cause, which few apprehend, of forgetfulness, makes the head clear and easy, the spirits free, active, and undisturbed, corroborates and revives all the noble faculties of the soul, such as thought, judgment, apprehension, reason, and memory, which last, in particular, it so strengthens, as to render that faculty exceeding quick and good beyond imagination; thereby enabling those whose memory was before almost totally lost, to remember the minutest circumstance of their affairs, &c. to a wonder! Price 2s. 6d. a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne's, at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard, with directions."

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"An assured cure for *leanness*, which proceeds from a cause which few know, but easily removed by an unparalleled specific tincture, which fortifies the stomach, purifies the blood, takes off fretfulness in the mind, occasions rest, and easy sleep, and as certainly disposes and causes the body to thrive and become plump and fleshy, if no manifest distemper afflicts the patients, as water will quench fire. It is also the best remedy in nature for all chronic diseases that take their rise from a bad digestion in the stomach, which this specific tincture infallibly rectifies, and thereby cures. It is pleasant to taste, and is sold only at Mr. Payne's toy-shop (as before). Price 3s. 6d. a bottle, with directions."

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE DR. J. B. LINN, IN A BLANK LEAF OF PARADISE LOST.

THOU first of bards, whom God did not inspire,
Oh let me listen to thine awful lyre!
Thy heavenly song might win an angel's ear,
And draw for fallen man a seraph's tear.
Here in thy pages let me trace and find
The soarings of a spirit unconfin'd;
Here let me trace that bold eventful plan,
That justifies the ways of God to man.
Though plung'd thy vision in the depths of night,
On wing thy spirit sought the realms of light;
For from this little earth it urg'd its way,
And bask'd and wanton'd in the flood of day.
Up to the courts where sits our God and King,
O let me follow thy ascending wing:
There let me hear that uncreated voice,
At which worlds tremble, and the saints rejoice;
Which spake, and slumbering nature took its form;
Which rolls the thunder, and drives on the storm;
Which form'd from sluggish earth the human frame,
And breath'd within a pure etherial flame.

Hark! what a sound breaks from the depths below!
What yells of fury, and what shrieks of woe!
Hurl'd from the skies, lo! Satan and his train
Toss'd on the billows of unceasing pain;
There see him rally his terrific bands,
Who bade defiance to a God in arms;
And, by the glimmerings of infernal light,
Wing his huge way amid the deeps of night.

Oh bear me from these shades of black despair,
And let me follow through thy fields of air;
Let me roll onward in thy flying car,
Or, with an angel, on a shooting star,
Let me alight on new-born earth, and rove
With vagrant feet o'er valley, stream, and grove.
Great God! what wonders meet my searching eyes!
Worlds circling worlds, on systems systems rise!
A burning orb darts his propitious ray,
And all the darkness kindles into day.
And when he quenches in the wave his light,
The pale moon wanders through the hosts of night;
She calls the stars to light their silver beam,
And with her visit mountain, vale, and stream.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SERENADE.

Still was the night; all nature calm'd in peace:
No more the watch-dog howl'd adown the farm,
The tuneful night-bird bid its carol cease,
The wolf, in silence lost, forgot to harm.

Not e'en a rustling leaf was heard to move,
Its undulations paus'd the very air,
As if afraid its zephyrs from above
To dark the scene some envious cloud might bear.

The red full moon was rising in the east,
Tinging with blood the edges of the sky:
Their glittering orbs the twinkling stars increas'd,
As through the azure vault they gently fly.

Wild ocean hush'd the billows of his rage,
Spreading the glassy surface of his plain
To catch the moon-beams, as they mild engage
The yielding softness of his wat'ry main.

'Twas then Eugenio restless left his bed,
To sing the music of the serenade;
To Lydia's window his affection led,
Where breathing softly on his flute he play'd.

As by the church that frowns on yonder hill
He pass'd, e'er yet her cottage met his sight,
The notes, obedient to their master's will,
In sound melodious broke the calm of night.

When from the tombs, where shrouded spectres lie,
In awful voice was sung responsive lays;
In shrieks the faithful youth was bid to die,
And told the shorten'd period of his days.

"Hear, young Eugenio, hear thy destin'd lot,
Proceed not onward to thy Lydia's bed:
Here, stopping, chuse a still and silent spot,
Amid the tombstones of departed dead.

"We hail thee now to death's bedarken'd shore,
We led the path which gives eternal night;
On thee we quickly shut the closing door,
Which bars thee out for ever from the light.

"For e'er the morning sun, with distant ray,
Shall shed the mildness of his twilight beam,
We draw the curtain of thy parting day,
Nor leave the pausing of a trembling gleam."

Thus howling sung the spectred shades of death;
When from the honest youth this language came:
"I'll sing my Lydia with my latest breath,
I'll dying call upon my Lydia's name."

Now had the humble cottage met his view,
Humble, but honest, its possessors were,
Whose hearts, to honour and to virtue true,
Forbid Ambition's idle thoughts to stir.

Now 'neath the window stood th' admiring youth,
Now had his fingers gently touch'd the flute,
Prepar'd to breathe the sonnet of his truth:
Such soft ideas as a lover suit.

"Ye forms unseen, who on the star-beams ride,
Who guard the couch where sleeping virtue lies,
Who keep the cherub night-watch at her side,
Expel the gentle slumber from her eyes.

"She wakes—yon stars that feebly glimmer now,
Bespeak the open'd lustre of her eye;
Yon lofty steep, with snow-encircled brow,
Turns dark, contrasted with her purer dye.

"Forgive the bold presumption of my love;
Smile on the swain, who thus has dar'd to break
The happy moments which around thee move;
Oh him, my Lydia, to thy bosom take!

"From origin divine Forgiveness sprung,
Long had she wander'd far a home to find;
At length she sat persuasive on thy tongue,
And form'd the model of thy heav'nly mind.

" No longer lock'd in gentle Sleep's embrace,
Wak'd by my rude sound waving on the air,
Oh! rise, my Lydia, with majestic grace,
Oh! answer sigh with sigh, my lovely fair.

" The softest note which Art melodious gives,
With the still softer music of thy sigh,
Where mild and virtuous love impassion'd lives,
In vain to rival would contending try.

" I sing thee, Lydia, listen to my lay;
Close not thine ear on love's delightful sound;
I sing thy beauty through the sun-bright day,
Or when the moon rides on its airy round."

The sound now trembling seem'd to die away:
She anxious listen'd to the parting note,
As at a distance now it seem'd to play,
Now hush'd on air no more was heard to float.

The tired earth a solemn silence chain'd,
'Twas midnight now, when ghastly spectres flit
O'er ground by blood of sainted virtue stain'd,
Or on the secret grave bemoaning sit.

" Why stop, my love, so soon?" exclaim'd the maid;
" Why leave thy Lydia at this hour alone?
'Twill soon be morn in rosy robe array'd."
He answer'd only with a deep-drawn groan.

" Speak, my Eugenio, why be silent now,
Save when thy groans the dismal stillness break?
At Terror's touch my tears begin to flow,
My trembling limbs with rude convulsions shake."

No more she trembles at the window's height,
But swift descends to where her lover lay:
She views him bleeding by the moon's pale light,
And kiss'd the purple torrent soon away.

Then in despair to heaven her eyes she raised,
But drew them back with wildness and affright;
For fierce Lorenzo on his victim gaz'd;
His blood-stain'd sword terrific met her sight.

" Behold yon arbour, where the zephyrs sport
O'er the soft rose leaf and the lilly white,
When to each fragrant flower they pay their court,
Sipping their odour with renew'd delight:

" 'Twas there I deign'd to humble at thy feet;
There pour'd my vows at beauty's giddy shrine;
You smil'd, yes, placid smil'd, with mildness sweet;
Illusive hope, I thought you would be mine.

" 'Twas the base smile that gilds the false one's face,
When art attempts the thoughtless heart to chain."
" 'Tis false, thou human monster! man's disgrace!
I smil'd contemptuous; never us'd I art:

" Ne'er could I love the wretch, whose murd'rous hand
Would drive th' assassin's pointed poignard deep.
A secret horror bids thee further stand,
Or nearer in my blood thy weapon steep."

" There now unmoving lies thy dying swain;
See on his lip how trembling sits his breath;
See too he writhes with agonizing pain;
Now sinks expiring in the arms of death.

"This arm, this mighty arm, first gave the blow;
Beneath this arm has sunk thy fallen swain;
Now let thy love with time increasing grow,
Now hand in hand walk o'er the verdant plain.

"Revenge! I hail thee. Welcome to my breast
Each fiend that riots on the blood of man:
I stand a murd'rer at thy shrine confest;
I form my actions on thy vengeful plan.

"Oh! what a scene to see the torrent run,
In purple streamlets, thro' the op'ning wound:
Then was the mighty word of death begun,
But soon its icy chains my rival bound.

"Say, did I tremble? did I stand aghast?
No, deep in flesh I sheath'd my glitt'ring blade.
Bethink thee, Lydia, of thy pleasure past,
Go join, in realms of death, his wand'ring shade."

Then plung'd his steel into her trembling breast,
Which bent, as conscious of the heinous deed;
Not mercy from his hand the sword could wrest,
Pleas'd he could gaze, and see the maiden bleed.

On dead Eugenio's corpse by chance she fell,
Her lips met his, e'er life a passage found;
There paus'd a moment, as in hopes to dwell,
Then kiss'd, and stiff'ning roll'd upon the ground.

Near yon tall yew, which mournful waves its head,
To parent earth their bodies are consign'd;
No foot prophane dare o'er their grave to tread,
For sighs are heard upon the passing wind.

YELSE.

SELECTED.

THE CONJUGAL BANQUET.

[Quail is an old word for quarrel; jar for the ruff and ree; a pout is the whiting pout.]

TWELVE sorts of meats my wife provides,
Nor fails me of a dish,
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,
The other four of fish.

For the first course, she stores my board
With birds that dainties are,
And first, a quail, and next a rail,
A bittern and a jar.

With these my appetite when cloy'd,
For fish she renders sharp,
And serves me up a lump, a pout,
A gudgeon and a carp.

Then the desert with fruit abounds,
All fitting well the seasons,
A medlar and an artichoke,
A crab and good sound *raisins*.

How can a man have such a wife,
And not upon her doat,
Who every day provides him fare
Which costs him not a groat?

SELECTIONS.

KLOPSTOCK AND HIS ODES.

FRIEDERICH Gottlieb Klopstock was born in 1723, at Quedlinburg, and undertook early the Messiah, of which five books were published in 1751. The Death of Adam, and other religious tragedies, which appeared in 1767, preceded, about two years, his chorus-dramas concerning Herman. His odes and hymns were collected in 1771, and his prose in 1774. From the Danish court he obtained the salary and title of counsellor of legation, less for diplomatic services, or for odes to Frederic V, than because that great minister Bernstorff deemed it the duty of Denmark to confer independence on resident genius, exerted in behalf of liberty, religion, and morality. Klopstock died at Hamburg, on the 14th of March, 1803, just eighty years old: his funeral procession was accompanied by the most distinguished inhabitants.

Klopstock began, in 1798, to superintend a new and complete edition of his works. The first six volumes have alone received his last corrections: they contain the odes and the Messiah. The remaining volumes will be printed from the latest editions of the other works, and are to include a biography of the author; who ranks highly among the poets of his country, and indeed very highly among the poets of Europe.

The serious ode, is, of all forms of metrical composition, the most poetic; it is that which will bear the most uncommon turns of phrase, the boldest tropes, and the most dazzling imagery. It presupposes in the poet a higher degree of intellectual excitement, a more exalted, or impassioned state of mind, during the composition, than any other effort. It is contrary, however, to human nature, that intense emotion should be lasting: it follows, that no effusion, in which it is implied, should be long. The most rapturous and pathetic odes of the great masters are therefore generally short: nor is it so much from the importance of the topic, as from the genius of the artist, that they derive their interest: the latter aims, as Pindar expresses it, high as a mortal arm may hope to hurl the glittering shafts of praise. His end and purpose should however be single and definite; of his scope and intention he ought never to lose sight; brilliancy is no apology for incoherency: whatever is unconnected with the end in view, however striking, is but a splendid sin. This theory is well illustrated by the odes of Klopstock: he does not lose himself in those mazes of description, nor cluster together that bewildering variety of imagery, which usually constitutes the essence of an English ode; but his feelings are strong, his images lofty, his diction bold; and his thoughts stride as it were on stilts, so as to elude for a time the detection of their starting place; without deviating, however, from their proper path.

GAMING.

THE late colonel Daniel took great pleasure in giving advice to young officers, guiding them in their military functions, the management of their pay, and the like. Whenever he was on the article of gaming, he used to tell the following story of himself as a warning to others, and to show that a little resolution may conquer this absurd passion.

In queen Anne's wars, he was an ensign in the English army, then in Spain: but he was so absolutely possessed by this demon, that all duty, and every thing that thwarted his darling passion, was to him most grievous: he scarcely allowed himself time for rest; or, if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards

to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears:—his meals were neglected, or if he attended them, he looked upon the minutes thus employed, as so much lost time; he swallowed his meat with precipitation, and hurried again to the gaming-table. In short, he was a professed gamester.

For some time fortune was his friend; insomuch that he often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself on them, that it might be said of him, "he wallowed in gold." Such was his life during a considerable time; but, as he often said, and every considerate man must agree with him, "it was the most miserable part of it."

After some time, he was ordered on recruiting duty, and, at Barcelona, he raised one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; though this was left entirely to his serjeant, that he might be more at leisure to gratify his darling passion. After some changes of good and ill luck, fortune declared so openly against him, that, in one unlucky run, he was stript of the last shilling. In this distress he applied to a captain of his regiment, for a loan of ten guineas; which was refused with this speech, "What! lend my money to a professed gamester! No sir, I must be excused: for I must necessarily lose either my money or my friend; I therefore choose to keep my money."

With this taunting refusal he retired to his lodging, where he threw himself on the bed, to lay himself and his sorrows to a momentary rest, during the heat of the day. A gnat, or some such vermin, happening to bite him, he awoke; when his melancholy situation immediately presented itself. Without money! and no prospect of getting any to subsist himself and the recruits to the regiment, then at a great distance: and should they desert for want of pay, he must be answerable for it; and he could expect nothing but cashiering for injuring the queen's service. He had no friend; for he whom he had esteemed such had not only refused to lend him money, but had added taunts to the refusal. He had no acquaintance there, and strangers, he knew, would not let him have a sum answerable to his wants. This naturally led him to reflect seriously on what had induced him to commence gamester; and this he presently perceived was idleness. He had now found the cause, but the cure was still wanting: how was that to be effected so as to prevent a relapse? Something must be done: some method must be pursued so effectually to employ his time, as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming. It then occurred to him, that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be disposed of; and this he determined to purchase, as a post the most likely to find him sufficient and laudable employment for all his time. He had letters of credit for any sum necessary to his promotion in the army; but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagance. This was well: but the main difficulty remained, and he must get to the regiment before he could take any steps towards the intended purchase, or draw for the sum required. While endeavouring to fall upon some expedient to extricate himself, his friend, who had refused him in the morning, paid him a visit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's side, the other began by asking him, what steps he intended to take to relieve himself from his difficulties? The colonel then told him all that he had thought on that head, and the resolution he had made of purchasing the adjutancy as soon as he could join the regiment: his friend then getting up and embracing him, said, "My dear Daniel, I refused you in the morning in that abrupt manner, merely to bring you to a sense of the dangerous situation you were in, and to make you reflect seriously on the folly of your present way of life. I heartily rejoice it has had the desired effect. Pursue the laudable resolution you have made, for be assured that *idleness and gaming are the ruin of*

youth. My purse, as well as my interest and advice are now at your command; there, take what is necessary to subsist yourself and recruits to the regiment." This presently brought the colonel off the bed: and this afternoon's interview entirely obliterated the harshness of his friend's refusal in the morning; he now viewed him in the agreeable light of a sincere friend, and for ever after esteemed and found him such. The colonel set off with his recruits for the regiment, where he gained great applause for his success, which, as well as his commission, he had well nigh lost by one morning's folly: he immediately solicited and purchased the adjutancy, and from that day forward never touched cards or dice, but, as they ought to be used, merely for diversion, or to unbend his mind after too close an attention to serious affairs.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

In a letter to a young lady.

THE originality and high reputation of this performance undoubtedly entitle it to the notice of all students of English poetry: yet I feel some hesitation in speaking of it to you in recommendatory terms. Against any bad effect it might have upon your literary taste, I think you are sufficiently fortified by the number of excellent productions which have been submitted to your perusal; but I cannot be so secure with respect to its influence upon your sentiments in more important points. "What! (it will be said) can you doubt to put into the hands of a female pupil the admired work of the pious and seraphic Young?" A short view of the spirit in which he wrote it, and the system upon which it is formed, will explain my doubts.

The writer was a man of warm feelings, ambitious both of fame and advancement. He set out in life upon an eager pursuit of what is chiefly valued by men of the world; attached himself to patrons, some of them such as moral delicacy would have shunned, and was not sparing in adulation. His rewards, however, were much inferior to his expectations; he lived, as he himself says, "to be so long remembered, that he was forgot," and he was obliged to bury his chagrin in a country parsonage. He also met with domestic losses of the most affecting kind, and he possessed little vigour of mind to bear up against misfortune. In this state he sat down to write his "Complaint," (for that is the other title of the Night Thoughts,) at a time when he was haunted with the "ghosts of his departed joys," and every past pleasure "pained him to the heart." His first object, therefore, is to dress the world in the colours of that "night" through which he surveyed it;—to paint it as a scene

> Where's nought substantial but our misery;
> Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress.

In his progress he endeavours to pluck up by the roots every comfort proceeding from worldly hopes or human philosophy, and to humble the soul to the dust by a sense of its own vileness, and the inanity of every thing terrestrial. This prepares the way for the administration of the grand and sole remedy for the evils of life—the hope of immortality as represented in the christian revelation. His view of this scheme is of the most awful kind. He conceives a wrathful and avenging God, on the point of dooming all his offending, that is, all his rational, creatures to eternal destruction, but diverted from his purpose by the ransom paid in the sufferings and death of his Son. I do not take upon me to pronounce concerning the soundness of his theology; but so deep is the gloom it spreads over his whole poem, that, in effect, it overpowers the light of his consolation. There is a kind of captious austerity in all

his reasonings concerning the things of this world, that charges with guilt and folly every attempt to be happy in it. Every circumstance is dwelt upon that can image life as vain and miserable; and lest any gladsome note should cheer the transitory scene, he perpetually sounds in the ears the knell of death. Such a picture of this world, I am sure, is ill calculated to inspire love for its Creator; and I think it as little fitted to foster the mutual charities of life, and put men in good humour with each other. What a contrast to the amiable theology of the Seasons!

I cannot wish therefore that the Night Thoughts should become your favourite—that you should ponder over it, and make it your closet companion. Yet, as a work of genius, it is certainly entitled to admiration; and many of its striking sentences concerning the abuse of time, the vanity of frivolous pursuits, the uncertainty of human enjoyments, and the nothingness of temporal existence compared to eternal, are well worthy of being impressed upon the memory. No writer, perhaps, ever equalled Young in the strength and brilliancy which he imparts to those sentiments which are fundamental to his design. He presents them in every possible shape, enforces them by every imaginable argument, sometimes compresses them into a maxim, sometimes expands them into a sentence of rhetoric, sets them off by contrast, and illustrates them by similitude. It has already been observed, in speaking of his satires, how much he abounds in antithesis. This work is quite overrun with them; they often occupy several successive lines; and while some strike with the force of lightning, others idly gleam like a meteor. It is the same with his other figures: some are almost unrivalled in sublimity; many are to be admired for their novelty and ingenuity; many are amusing only by their extravagance. It was the author's aim to say every thing wittily; no wonder, therefore, that he has often strayed into the paths of false wit. It is one of his characteristics to run a thought quite out of breath; so that what was striking at the commencement, is rendered flat and tiresome by amplification. Indeed, without this talent of amplifying, he could never have produced a work of the length of the Night Thoughts from so small a stock of fundamental ideas.

I cannot foresee how far the vivacity of his style, and the frequent recurrence of novel and striking conceptions, will lead you on through a performance which, I believe, appears tedious to most readers before they arrive at the termination. Some of the earlier books will afford you a complete specimen of his manner, and furnish you with some of his finest passages. You will, doubtless, not stop short of the third book, entitled "Narcissa," the theme of which he characterises as

'Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair.'

It will show you the author's powers in the pathetic, where the topic called them forth to the fullest exertion; and you will probably find that he has mingled too much fancy and playfulness with his grief, to render it highly affecting.

The versification of Young is entirely modelled by his style of writing. That being pointed, sententious, and broken into short detached clauses, his lines almost constantly are terminated with a pause in the sense, so as to preclude all the varied and lengthened melody of which blank verse is capable. Taken singly, however, they are generally free from harshness, and sometimes are eminently musical.

YOUNG'S SATIRES.

DR. YOUNG wrote seven satires, called "The Love of Fame, the universal passion," in which he illus-

trates by example this principle of human conduct. Like all other theorists, who aim at simplicity in their explanation of the varieties of human character, he has laid more stress upon his principle than it will bear; and in many of the portraits which he draws, the love of fame can scarcely be recognised as a leading feature. Indeed, Young was a writer of much more fancy than judgment. He paints with a brilliant touch and strong colouring, but with little attention to truth; and his satires are rather exercises of wit and invention, than grave displays of human follies and vices. He, indeed, runs through the ordinary catalogue of fashionable excesses, but in such a style of whimsical exaggeration, that his examples have the air of mere creatures of fancy. His pieces are, however, entertaining, and are marked with the stamp of genius. Having much less egotism than those of Pope, they have a less splenetic air; and the author's aim seems to be so much more to show his wit, than to indulge his rancour, that his severest strokes give little pain.

Young's satires are strings of epigrams. His sketches of characters are generally terminated by a *point*, and many of his couplets might be received as proverbial maxims or sentences. Such are the following:

Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.—

There is no woman where there's no reserve,
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.—

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

A common figure of speech with him is the *antithesis*, where two members of a sentence, apparently in opposition to each other, are connected by a subtle turn in the sense. Thus:

And *satirise* with nothing but their *praise*.—

'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.—

A shameless *woman* is the worst of *men*.—

Because she's *right*, she's ever in the *wrong*.—

With wit, or the association of distant ideas by some unexpected resemblance, he abounds. Almost every page affords instances of his inventive powers in this respect; some, truly beautiful; others, odd and quaint. I shall produce one as a specimen, which you may classify as your judgment shall direct:

Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive,
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

There is little of the majestic or dignified in Young's satires; not that he was incapable of sublimity, but because the view he took of men and manners generally excluded it. Yet his account in the seventh satire of the final cause of that principle, the love of fame, is introduced by some very noble lines, which Pope could scarcely have surpassed:

Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thrist of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found:
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest,
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast.

The purpose of the passage, indeed, is to offer incense at the shrine

of royalty; for Young bestowed adulation as largely as censure, and always with a view to his interest; in which he is disadvantageously distinguished from Pope. Two meaner lines will not easily be found than the following in his praise of queen Caroline:

Her favour is diffused to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has beam'd *on me*.

These are at the close of his *second* satire on women; for his politeness did not prevent him from employing the lash with even peculiar force on the tender sex. I think, however, you will feel yourself little hurt by these attacks; for his ridicule consists in presenting a series of caricatures, drawn rather from fancy than observation; and he does not treat the whole sex with that contempt which is perpetually breaking out in the writings of Pope and Swift.

Before you, for the present, lay down this author, I will desire you to peruse a piece of descriptive poetry, in which he has shown himself master of a very different style. This is his "Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job," a composition in its original the most sublime of those sacred writings which it accompanies, though, as in all other Hebrew poetry, its grandeur is allied to obscurity. Young has made little addition to the primitive imagery, but has rendered it more clear and precise, while it contains all its force and splendour. The descriptions are not always accurate, and the language sometimes borders upon extravagance; but his object was poetical effect, and this he has produced in an uncommon degree. Thus, after his highly wrought picture of the lion in his nightly ravages, he fixes and and concentrates the impression of terror, by the figure of the flying shepherd, who

——shudders at the talon in the dust.

This is a stroke of real genius!

PORTRAIT OF ERSKINE.

By Mr. Austin.

ERSKINE, Gibbs, and Garrow, are the three most powerful speakers in the courts of law.

The person of Erskine is slender; his height not exceeding the common size; his complexion sallow; his hair dark; his face oval, and a little emaciated; the lower part of his forehead prominent, yet gradually retreating; his eyebrows full, a little perplexed, seated near his eyes, which are hazel, open and conciliatory; his nose narrow between the eyes, yet perfectly congenial, neither too large nor too small; his mouth gently closed, seeming ready to await the dictates of his tongue, yet not large enough to give his eloquence its just tone; his lips thin, meeting in union, and, when irritated, rather inclining to retreat than project; his chin gently retreating, which, in conjunction with his forehead, bespeaks the man firm, yet modest; positive, yet ingenuous.

His countenance, when in a state of repose, is prepossessing; but, when he speaks, his gestures are rhetoric; his looks, persuasion; his voice, eloquence: in the glow of animation, commanding; but in the moment of passion, when self-convinced, he is pure intelligence: disdaining every by-road to conviction, he strips the cause of all its surrounding circumstances, places it on its own position; true to nature, paints it visibly to the eye, and buries in oblivion every interfering particular. Both judge and jury are prostrate in chains. It is the contention of principle, no matter whose, or what the interest, if heaven were concerned, it is still the contention of principle. Of all causes which could arise, the present seems to involve the deepest consequences: there is no distinction now between the great and the little, every thing but the point in question is forgotten; Erskine and his cause are sovereign over all. Now flows the fountain of justice,

now are explored the recesses of iniquity, now are the deep foundations of fraud broken up. His eloquence becomes a torrent which sweeps away every mound which art or subterfuge had raised: no longer has the law a single hard feature; no perplexities, no uncertainties, no idle evasions! Saturnian Jove descends, with his equal scales; Cunning retires in shame; Oppression lets go its victim; and Innocence is seated on the throne of Equity. At length, Erskine himself, by degrees, is forgotten, and forgets himself; he rises to an effort not his own, and sinks under superior feelings, while the judge and jury, convinced even to enthusiasm, are impatient to withhold the verdict.

Erskine will suffer nothing on being examined as a man: his profession has not defaced his original features of greatness. When engaged in a weak or unjust cause, he never sacrifices his hardihood of honour to the views of his client. He says all that ought to be said; yet never commits his own dignity by urging a corrupt principle. You see nothing of the attorney, Erskine is a counsellor: you see no partizan of petty advantages, Erskine is a gentleman.

He is serious, or witty, at pleasure, and, when the occasion offers, and he is disposed to descend, he can, like Roscius, turn off a case in pantomime. Among the thousand actions which are presented him, some appear, on trial, to have originated in mirth, and others in impudence: this Proteus is ready in a moment to throw off the professional buskin, and tread the sock.

I have followed Erskine to the House of Commons, forming to my mind the attitude of a man, treading empires under his feet, and holding in his hands the destinies of the world. If, in a petty court of law, he could move heaven in behalf of a poor orphan, or an oppressed widow, surely, in presence of the British parliament, when the fate of nations is depending, the front of opposition must cower beneath his frown, or follow in the wake of his triumphant path. But the moment he enters parliament he disappears. He is only one among five hundred. An Arab would never kill Erskine, unless he caught him in his gown, band, and wig*; with these he seems to put off his whole virtue. As a statesman Erskine is nothing. I do not say he is a great man in a little room; but Erskine, addressing twelve men, in a court of law, and in the British parliament, addressing the speaker in behalf of the nation, is not the same man. He commences, indeed, on a broad foundation, but ascends, like a pyramid, and either produces an abortion, or attains to the point, and terminates where he should have begun. In parliament, he discovers nothing of that copious precision, that ascending order, that captivating fluency, that earnest conviction, which, at the bar, stamp him Erskine. In parliament, he labours with a harrow through the impediments of politics; now it catches hold of Pitt, then it interferes with a straggling limb of Hawkesbury, now it tears away the skirts of Addington, presently it is to be lifted over the body of Windham. He concludes, and the impression which he made is already effaced.

PORTRAIT OF GIBBS.

THE person of Gibbs is diminutive, his appearance contemptible; he has not a single strong mark of character, except a sagacious eye. There is nothing engaging in his looks; he rather repels, than attracts; but all his defects are forgotten, the moment he opens his mouth. Gibbs is, doubtless, the greatest lawyer in England. In a common case, he sinks under Erskine and Garrow, but in a cause which involves first principles, where there is no room

* The English lawyers are dressed, when in court, in a black gown, band, and tie wig.

for the trappings of eloquence, where passion is vain, where digression weakens, where embellishment is suspicious, he commands admiration, and pens up Erskine in a corner, and not unfrequently makes him stammer.

In addressing a jury, Gibbs is second; but second only to Erskine Garrow. He neither understands human nature so well, nor can he sift character, nor can he insinuate himself, and take advantage of a fortunate moment. He has no conception of the extremes of virtue and vice; he measures every thing with his compasses, but he is sure of his dimensions. You make it merely a case of conscience to agree with him, yet he never lets you go, until he has secured you, though he never thanks you for a verdict, well knowing you would not have given it, had he not compelled you. Sometimes, though rarely, he attains to eloquence not inferior to Erskine's, and then he is sure of his cause, for what can resist the arguments of Gibbs, backed with the eloquence of Erskine? Yet his eloquence is not an expansive eloquence, because it is not the eloquence of the heart, but that of the head. He cannot look all the jury in the face at the same moment; he does not regard the jury as one man, he feels as though he has twelve persons to convince: different from Erskine, who addresses the whole twelve, and persuades each individual that he is solicitous to convince him in particular. With Gibbs, human nature varies in different men; Erskine finds the tie of connection, which governs the whole. While the one is labouring his point, the other has already touched you with his wand. Gibbs, like his countrymen, effects all that he does effect, by main force. Erskine and Garrow are dancing on the top of the fortification, while Gibbs is mining the foundation; and before Gibbs enters the city, it is already sacked. I speak of these great men addressing a jury: in addressing the judges, before whom nothing but law and argument can avail, or will be heard, before whom the most eloquent might as well speak in the dark, Gibbs rises pre-eminent. He assumes nothing, yet you perceive the very deportment of his body bespeaks a man sure of himself, who has sounded his position, and who stands ready to grasp the whole common law of England. When Gibbs shows himself before the judges, Garrow is out of court, or sits with his callimanco bag tied up, and Erskine, his antagonist, is as anxious and as busy as a general, fearful of a surprise.

The deeper the case, the more perplexed, the more original, and involved in law learning, the more firm his position; he is secure in himself, and less cautious of his competitor. He rises with a solemnity and moderation, which impress every one. His voice is strong, slow, and well articulated; perfectly suited to a man, who, in pursuit of the light of reason, is willing that every word should be judged by the rules of precision. Without the appearance of arrangement, he has all the elegance of method; luminous, you see his path through the wilderness of the law, while in his rear follows a stream of connexion; thus attaining to all the interest of historical order, he gradually convinces until he challenges all he demanded.

His gestures are moderate, his countenance is never impassioned; he is never, like Erskine, agitated; he uses but one arm, and that never in a waving line; his person is scarcely big enough to wield the weight of his mind. He admits little illustration, but depends on his last argument to illustrate the former. He never condescends to be witty, despises embellishment, would trample on all the flowers of May, discovers no learning foreign to the case, and indulges in no sally, except a strong and overwhelming irony, correspondent with the strength of his reasoning. In these moments, Erskine's self retires before him, like the shadow, which

you have sometimes seen in a cloudy day, retreating over the hills, before the invading presence of the sun. But Erskine in his turn, rallies himself, and easily persuades all, that except in that particular case, he is superior to Gibbs, and though vanquished, he is prepared for another combat.

The judges, as judges, have doubtless most reverence for Gibbs; it is evident they look up to him with veneration, and are disposed to suspect their own, rather than his judgment. Yet this man, a plebeian, is candidate for nothing; while Erskine, the son of an earl, is candidate for the lord high chancellorship. I say not this in direspect to Erskine, who honours England more than England can ever honour him.

PORTRAIT OF GARROW.

GARROW is not a lawyer, nor is he, in the extensive sense of the word, an orator; yet not less extraordinary than Erskine or Gibbs.

His person is respectable, rather raw-boned; his face a square flat; his complexion a dry, brown red; his forehead high, which appears higher through a total defect of eyebrows; his chin is triangular, and a little prominent.

Garrow, the son of a country clergyman, was considered, in his childhood, a dead weight on society. Until the age of thirteen, he was a cow-boy; and, at that age, his intellects promised nothing. His father sent him, about that period at a venture, to London. What occupation he followed I know not; but he found his way, at length, to the nightly debating societies, at which he soon discovered a wonderful readiness in reply, and a copious flow of original matter, which his want of education rendered all his own.

He entered on the study of the law, I suspect, under unfavourable circumstances, for he commenced at the Old Bailey. Hence, if human nature wore but one aspect, Garrow would naturally paint it black. Most men, in the profession of law, if they have ability, attain eminence by degrees. A lawyer never appears full grown at once, like an air balloon, or a new created lord. He is obliged to arrive at certainty through the labyrinths of uncertainty. Garrow, though he became famous, soon as he showed himself, did not depend on his acquisitions for celebrity.

As counsellor for felons at the Old Bailey, he was necessarily a spectator of human depravity, from its first moment of lax principle to the last degree of abandoned practice. The criminal code of law, in this country, is so disproportioned, so barbarous, so unnatural, that Garrow might frequently deem it a matter of principle to save the guilty. Hence, the more desperate the situation of the felon, the more severely would he tax his ingenuity.

Garrow, while at the Old Bailey, was an impediment in the way of justice. The only remedy was to make him a king's counsellor. This placed him, at once, beside Erskine, Gibbs, Dallas, and Park, in the king's bench. The sagacity which distinguished him, in criminal cases, followed him to the more ample field of litigation. There, amidst the intricacies of self-interest, fraud, and cunning, he divests the cause of every assumed colour, or, as readily, extricates suffering innocence from the fangs of the oppressor. His wonderful knowledge of human nature is only equalled by his facility of entering into the feelings, views, and conduct of mankind, under all circumstances. He is a perfect master of the doctrine of the probabilities of human conduct, while the variety of causes which Guildhall affords, gives him an extensive view, broad as the relations of society. He is a metaphysician, and, what is more, knows how to reduce his metaphysics to common sense, and to the purposes of common life. No casuist could enter more sagaciously into the theory of the *will, motive, degree of necessity,*

and so palpably distinguish between the *necessary*, the *indifferent*, and the *perverse* of human action. But his chief excellence consists in impressing on the jury a full and distinct apprehension of the merits of the case. It is the fault of some great lawyers to enter too deeply into their causes: they injure them by attempting, before the jury, to give them a false importance. Garrow, on the contrary, comprehends with a glance, just how much the case will bear, and to what length he may presume on the jury. Then, after a clear and precise opening of the cause, in which is contained the real outlines, which he knows his evidence will support, he rises in a moment to the middle style of eloquence, and with a fluency surpassing Erskine's, turns his back on the judge, and worms himself into the common sense of the jury, with whom he never hazards a dubious point, by urging it beyond the fair bounds of plausibility. Here he takes his stand: by resting his case on their own competency, he pays deference, and engages their self-love, while, without any considerable effort on their part, they follow him at their ease. Never, like Gibbs and Erskine, does he address himself partly to the judge, and partly to the jury; but he seems to leap over the bar, forgetful of all the solemnities of his profession, into the midst of the jury, his fellows; himself at their head, a sagacious pointer, they are ready to follow from White Chapel to Hyde Park.

Nothing great, no sublime apostrophes, no appeal to the passions, no distracting digressions, no learning, not even law learning, trouble the pure stream of his eloquence. With the rapidity of lightning he touches on all the important points, throwing out with the one hand and establishing with the other, whatever is immaterial or substantial; thus he lays before the jury the marrow of the cause, and, lest he should obscure it with circumlocution, when he has said all that the jury can bear, Garrow appears to be exhausted.

He attaches more surely than Erskine himself. The latter sometimes strains the feelings too high: amidst a world of matter, he is in danger of losing sight of the question. Garrow never yet wantoned to the prejudice of his client. He never, like the eagle, ascends to the sun, but he never forgets his pursuit to chase butterflies. Though his style of speaking and tone of voice are always the same, yet his penetration is so subtle, and his conclusions so natural, that he succeeds in convincing the jury he is only elucidating their own sentiments. Thus, whatever he gains, instantly becomes a part of the verdict; no matter, whether right or wrong, that is the judge's, not his concern.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

IN the region of the sea-coast, from Maine to Virginia, the season appears to have been not only much more severe than winters past, but proportionably colder, and more abounding in snow, than in the interior parts of the country. The interior, truly, is covered with a good depth of snow, and the weather has been severer than common. But on and towards the sea coast, southward and eastward, the snow appears in many places deeper than it is here, and uniformly of greater depth than it has been known to be there for many years: the cold is proportionable. Stages have been impeded in every direction; the navigable streams and harbours frozen, commerce on the coast at a stand; no employment for the poor; fuel extremely scarce and dear, with

most of the other necessaries of life; the poor have suffered beyond all description, to whom, we are happy to learn, the hand of charity has been extended, in all the populous sea-port towns, with an unexampled liberality.

A remark has been often made, that the climate in the United States becomes more temperate as we recede from the sea-shore, westward. The difference of temperature, in the same parallels of latitude, has been reckoned equal to ten degrees, in winter, between the sea and the Ohio and Mississippi. The justness of this remark appears to be confirmed the present season. While the people near the sea shore are suffering extremely from frost and snow, while they compare the present winter to that of 1780, we hear little complaint from the western country. While in New Jersey the snow is stated from two and a half to three feet in depth, we have accounts of heavy rains and destructive freshets about the head of the Ohio, and a ship of 300 tons was launched at Pittsburgh, on the 12th of January.

Walpole Observatory.

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Abstract of the weather in Buckingham township, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, from the 1st of July, to the 31st of December, 1804.

Fair days	105
Cloudy	39
Rain	22
Snow	10
Showery	6
	183

—

Exports from the port of Philadelphia, from the 1st of October to the 31st of December, both inclusive; taken from the outward entries in the custom-house.

37,209 barrels flour
3,332 half do.
822 barrels rye flour
2,687 hhds. Indian corn meal
5,799 barrels do. do.

—

A statement of the expenditures of the president, managers, and company of the Frankford and Bristol turnpike road, on making two sections, of five miles each, of the said road; with an account of the amount of the neat toll received, on the first section, from the 17th of December, 1803, to the 7th of November, 1804.

For levelling and arranging the road and aqueducts	$ 9,949	28
Paid contractors for stoning ditto, salaries to secretary and superintendant, until the first section was completed	44,571	14
There has been expended on the second section, the levelling hills, &c. building two bridges, making aqueducts, and arranging the road	16,115	48
Paid contractors for stoning ditto, and half salaries of secretary and superintendant	34,662	00
Making the whole amount expended on the road	$ 105,297	88

They have received neat toll, on the first section, from the 17th of December, 1803, to the 7th of November, 1804, four thousand dollars.

—

Nashville, Ten., Dec. 9, 1804.

A man lately applied to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of this place, and proposed to trade him some notes, stating, at the same time, that *he believed them counterfeit.* The gentleman accordingly purchased some of them, with an intention of bringing him to punishment, and had him immediately af-

terwards apprehended; but the jury acquitted him, on the ground that he did not, according to the literal words of the law, say that they were good. He had in his possession upwards of five thousand dollars in notes of the different branches of the bank of the United States, all of which he acknowledges to be counterfeit, but will not tell where he got them, or who made them. Other indictments have been found against him, which will be tried at the next district court.

—

About two months since an aged gentleman, by the name of Samuel M'Hatton, an inhabitant of the state of Kentucky, was on his return from the Natchez, where he had disposed of a cargo of produce, and received a considerable sum of money. Near the verge of the wilderness he overtook a countryman of the name of M'Kune, a young man, not more than twenty years of age, who was also endeavouring to return to Kentucky, but was destitute of a horse or money, and withal so sick as to be utterly unable to travel. Mr. M'Hatton took compassion on him, furnished him with necessaries, and waited until he was able to accompany him through the wilderness; but the first or second night after their departure, M'Kune murdered him with a club, robbed him of his money, clothes, and horse, and pushed on as fast as the small degree of strength he had acquired would permit him; but the body being discovered by some travellers, he was pursued, apprehended, and committed to the jail in this place. A bill was found against him, upon very clear testimony, by the grand jury of the federal court; but a few days before his trial was to have come on, he died a victim to the same disorder from which he had been partially relieved by his murdered benefactor. On his death bed he confessed the fact, but did not appear to be sensible of the enormity of his crime.

The directors of the New York institution for the inoculation of the kine pock, respectfully represent to the contributors particularly, and the citizens in general, that since the establishment of the institution, in January, 1802, to the present time, its twofold objects have been regularly attended to, the infection has been extensively disseminated, and seven hundred and sixty poor persons have been gratuitously inoculated, viz.

First year	120
Second ditto	221
Third ditto	419
Total	760

—

Bardstown, Kentucky, Jan. 11.

We are informed, that three men were found froze to death, on Thursday last, in this neighbourhood.—From the extreme severity of the weather, it is feared that more have suffered the same fate.

—

Baltimore, Jan. 14.

Yesterday, about four o'clock, P. M., a fire broke out in a frame building, in the tenure of Mr. Henry Browne, situated back of No. 164, Market-street, and in the rear of, and nearly adjoining, the post-office.

To a slight fall of rain, just before the alarm was given, and to the serenity of the atmosphere, aided by the vigilance of our citizens, we may fairly attribute the preservation of the surrounding property, which, we are happy to say, sustained no damage.

We learn, that the building consumed contained a small quantity of tobacco, and machinery for grinding snuff; but it appears no work had been done in it for some days; and this, the time of day it originated, and other circumstances, loudly declare, that the fire was communicated by some daring incendiary.

Danbury, Connect., Jan. 16.

In this part of the country, the winter, thus far, has been unusually severe. On Friday, the 4th inst., at sun-rise, the mercury, in a thermometer, exposed to atmospheric air, stood at 15 degrees below 0; and on Saturday, the 12th inst., at the same hour, 19 degrees below 0: an intenseness of cold very seldom experienced in these latitudes.

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New London, Jan. 18.

A severe thunder storm was experienced here this day. The lightning was vivid, the thunder heavy, and the rain fell in torrents. At the same time, every object presented the dazzling glare of ice.

—

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 21.

The post-rider from the northward arrived on Saturday evening, without the mail, from the northward of Raleigh.

The following communication, from the post-master at Raleigh, North Carolina, dated the 13th inst., was received at the post-office in this city, by Saturday evening's mail:

"No northern mail arrived, owing to the bridges being carried away by the high water. We learn from a person arrived this day from Warrenton, North Carolina, that the mail could not get across Roanoke; and that all the bridges on the stage road from that river to Raleigh are swept away. Our informant crossed the Neuse by means of a canoe, and came here on foot."

—

COURT OF SESSIONS.

On Friday last, Richard Dennis, the younger, was brought to the bar, and put on his trial for the wilful murder of James Shaw, late merchant of this city, in the month of August last. The trial occupied the whole of that day, and continued to a late hour in the evening, when, on account of the fatigue of mind of the court, the jury, and the advocates concerned, it was thought necessary to adjourn to the next day. The court again proceeded with the trial on Saturday, and it was not until late on the evening of that day that the judge delivered his charge to the jury, who, after being out for a considerable time, returned with the following verdict:

"We find Richard Dennis, the younger, guilty, but recommend him to mercy."

—

New York, January 23.

John Craig, Adolphus Harris, and John Nesbitt, three apprentice lads of Mr. Hugh M'Intire, stone-cutter, during the absence of their master, went on the ice in the North River, at the bottom of Warren-street, with an intention of crossing to the Jersey shore: but, painful to relate, they have not since been heard of!

—

January 24. The exertions of the persons officially employed in procuring the means of relief for the poor of our city, as well as those of benevolent private individuals, have been attended with happy success. The hand of charity has been opened in a manner that reflects signal credit on the citizens, many of whom have manifested a feeling and liberality that must endear them to the poor. Zealous to obtain and forward to acknowledge the contributions of the humane and generous, the mayor and city-inspector have made honourable mention of several individuals, who have advanced largely in behalf of their suffering brethren. Some who do good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame, have sent very handsome donations, under assumed signatures.

A flour merchant yesterday sent a donation to the Alms-house of no less than twenty-one barrels of superfine flour, worth upwards of two hundred and forty dollars. This do-

nation, large as it was, was accompanied with an intimation, that when it was expended, more was ready.

The name of this gentleman is John Townsend.

—

January 25.

Twenty thousand dollars was appropriated, by law of the United States, to complete the north wing of the capitol, and other public buildings, at Washington.

—

New York, Jan. 26.

The late mild weather and rain has reduced the price of wood, and rendered our port so free of ice, that when the wind permits, there will be no difficulty in vessels coming in or going out.

As an elderly gentleman was walking along Pearl-street this morning, the snow from the roof of an adjacent house suddenly came off, knocked him down, and so completely buried him up, that they were obliged to dig him out. No limbs, however, were broken, nor any material injury done.

—

January 27. Yesterday morning, a ferry boat, commanded by Richard Cole, left Powles hook, early in the morning, for Whitehall. The tide was changing, the wind died away, and was succeeded by so thick a fog, that during the whole day, no object, at a hundred yards distance, could be perceived. It is therefore probable, that the boat has been drifting with the tide ever since, as Mr. Cole had neither compass nor oars. The boat was loaded with hoop poles, and had on board a number of passengers. She could receive no damage from the ice, as what is left is very soft.

—

A child of Mr. Robert Hewitt, pilot, aged about three years, being left alone, at his house, No. 12, Cliff-street, New York, took fire in its clothes, by playing with a lighted candle, and was so much burned, that it died shortly after.

—

A man of the name of James Boner, of New York, fell into the dock, near the Old slip, and was drowned. He bore the character of an industrious man, and has left a wife and seven children.

—

A recent instance of swindling has occurred in New York, which, both for the purpose of exposing a scoundrel, and putting the public on their guard against him, ought not to pass unnoticed. A person, calling himself J. Barclay Croker, and who says that he comes from a house in London, has lately ushered himself into notice, as a goldsmith, jeweller, &c., and has so far imposed on the public, as to possess himself of many valuable articles, in the line of his pretended profession. Suspecting, as it seems, that he could not continue his nefarious practices, without discovery, he clandestinely left his lodgings on Sunday last, and has not since been heard of. Some circumstances lead to conjecture, that he has gone to Norfolk or Richmond.

—

Mr. William Payne, late first mate of the ship Hibernia, which was cast away upon Plymouth beach, has arrived in Boston. He informs, that the ship struck about four o'clock, P. M., when the sea made a fair breach over her. All the people on board, eleven in number, were obliged to climb the shrouds, to prevent being washed over board; that in the struggle he lost his shoes and mittins; that he continued on the shrouds until the people perished and fell off, one after another, until he supposed they were all dead. Finding himself unable to continue there any longer, he went down upon the main deck, which is the last thing which he can recollect, while on board the ship.

About the time the ship went on shore, the people in Plymouth discovered her, and a number of the inhabitants repaired to the beach, built a large fire, and erected a tent, in order to save the lives of any who might get on shore. The sea running so high, they found it impossible to board the ship, until about two o'clock in the morning. Thinking the tide a little more favourable, a Mr. Leonard took an end of a rope, lashed it around him, and attempted to swim on board the ship, it being about twelve rods, leaving the other end on shore, which he accomplished. Finding Mr. Payne and the boy alive, he lashed the rope around them both, threw them over board, calling upon the people on the beach, who drew them on shore.

The account of the manner of his getting on shore was related to him by the inhabitants; he had no knowledge of it at the time, neither had he any sense for a number of hours after. He observes, that he had every attention paid to him by the people at Plymouth, for which he feels himself under the greatest obligation. His feet and hands are very much frozen, which will probably prevent him doing any business until warm weather. He has lost all his clothes and his adventure, and has a wife and one child.

—

January 27.

The senate of Pennsylvania decided on the article of impeachment against the judges of the supreme court. Thirteen of the members voted for condemning, and eleven for acquitting, them. They were therefore acquitted, as no person can be convicted without the concurrence of two-thirds of the members present.

—

Mr. Perkins has obtained leave to introduce into the legislature of Delaware, a bill for the gradual abolition of slavery within that state, which provides, that all children born after the passing of the act shall be free, but to remain the servant of the owner of the mother until twenty-one years of age.

It provides also for the registering, by the recorder of each county, of all such children, and for all slaves now in the state, and declares, that all not registered within six months, shall be deemed free.

It also provides against the separation of a husband and wife, or child under four years of age, from a parent. It has passed the committee of the whole house, and its friends hope its final passage.

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Dr. Trumbull, in his history of Connecticut, mentions, from Winthorp's journal, that, in the year 1637, the snow lay from the 4th of November until the 23d of March; that it was sometimes three or four feet deep; that once, in the winter, it snowed, for two hours together, flakes as big as an English shilling.

The depth of the snow is now, or lately has been as great or greater; but it is hoped that it will not be equal to that in duration.

—

January 29.

The academy in Hallowell, district of Maine, was consumed by fire, together with the apparatus belonging to the same, and the books of about sixty students. This valuable institution has been in operation about nine years, during which time about nine hundred students have there received the benefits of an academic education. It was the first organized institution of the kind in the district of Maine; and, at the present time, only one more is in operation eastward of Portland.

—

Newark, N. J., January 29.

On the morning of Thursday last, about half after one o'clock, a fire was discovered in the house of major Samuel Hays, of this town; and notwithstanding the alacrity of our

citizens in turning out, and their exertions at the fire, the house, together with the principal part of the contents, were consumed. And had not a person, who accidentally passed by, alarmed the family, it is altogether probable a part, if not all of them, would have perished in the flames.

In this providential escape, they had to fly with no other apparel than what they went to rest in; and but a few escaped without receiving some personal injury by the fire.

The goods lost in the house, at a moderate calculation, is estimated at fifteen hundred dollars. The fire originated in the cellar.

The want of fire-buckets was manifestly evident on this occasion. Every body was proceeding to the fire, but nobody had buckets to hand water for its extinguishment. We believe twenty could not have been counted. The consequence was, the ludicrous sight of men snow-balling a house, to put out the fire!

—

The winter thus far has been extremely severe. We have had more snow than common; and the cold weather is remarkably tedious and steady. The snow has been falling, without intermission, for nearly forty-eight hours; and on Monday, at seven o'clock, P. M., it still continued falling. It is well on to thirty inches deep, on an average.

—

January 30.

Six hundred dollars, the profit of one night's exhibition at the new theatre, Philadelphia, with fifty dollars from Mr. Cooper, was presented to the committee of the relief of the poor.

—

Williamsburg, Feb. 3.

On Saturday last, the proprietor of the mail stage from Williamsburg to Richmond, inconsiderately suffered an importunate passenger to enter a barrel of flour for conveyance. The carriage had not gone three miles, when the wheels of one side ascended a hillock, over which it would have passed in perfect safety, had not the flour fallen to its lower side, which immediately upset the carriage. The writer of this is sorry to state, that the justly celebrated Dr. Beynham, of Carolina, one of the passengers (all of whom received a very distressing shock), suffered a dislocation of the right shoulder joint, which has hitherto proved irreducible.

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Litchfield, Con., Feb. 6.

On Tuesday of last week, during the violent snow storm, William Hitchcock, aged 29, perished in this place. In company with a number of others, he had been breaking a path from a south-east neighbourhood to the meeting-house. For some reason, he was a few minutes after the rest in returning. Just before sun-down he was met on his way homeward; and about a hundred rods further on he was found, before dark, with his face downward, and nearly lifeless. After he was carried to the next house, he gasped twice and expired. His relations, it is supposed, live in Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Three other persons, one a woman, belonging to Colebrook, the other two men, one an inhabitant of Canaan, and the other a stranger, perished in the storm in which Mr. Hitchcock was a sufferer. Five persons in this county lost their lives in the violent storm of the 22d ult.

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By letters received in this city from the Mediterranean we learn, that a duel took place between Mr. Dehart, of New Jersey, and Mr. Nicholson, of Maryland, both officers in the American squadron. The third fire proved fatal to Mr. Nicholson. He was shot through the head, and died instantly.

—

February 7.

From Trenton we learn, that the

mild weather and rain raised the Delaware so much, that a great number of people, who lived on the low land contiguous to the river, were obliged precipitately to leave their houses, in such numbers, that sixty or seventy men, women, and children were collected about a fire, on a hill above Trenton, without shelter. The water was at one time twelve or fifteen feet above the common level, and had carried away a mill and several houses; it is further said, that the ice was entirely broke up, above the falls; that boats, from fifty or sixty miles up the river, had come down with produce, and were waiting for the breaking up of the ice below Trenton, to bring the same to this city.

—

Norfolk, Vir., Feb. 9.

The skipper of a craft, a white man, named Amos, was murdered, on Wednesday night, in Calvert's alley, by three negro fellows. From what has transpired we learn, that Amos was drinking in a tippling shop, in that nefarious alley, kept by a negro woman, when the three fellows came in, and called for liquor; that he abused them for daring to call for liquor in a white man's presence. The negroes retorted, by saying, "their money was as good as his, and if he would come out of the house they would let him know it." Upon which he went out, and in a few minutes after was found dead, having received a violent contusion in the head. The murderers have since been committed to prison.

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On the 10th instant, Stephen Arnold, of the town of Burlington, county of Otsego, and state of New York, returned home from a school he was teaching in the neighbourhood, and enquired of a little orphan girl, of six years of age, who lived with him, whether she would spell and pronounce *gig* aright; she immediately replied "yes, sir;" but being terrified by the severity of his manner, or not having acquired the command of articulation, or possibly, but not probably, from a perverse humour, she pronounced it *jig*. He then went out and collected a number of green rods or switches, about three feet in length, with which he returned, and threw them down by the fire, declaring that he would whip her until she pronounced the word aright. His wife observed that the sticks were too big; he said he would fix them, and placed them in the embers, and twisted them so as to render them supple. He then took six or seven of them, and the affrighted child, out of the house, into the cold evening air, and turning her clothes over her head, to prevent her screams being heard, and closing them in his left hand, which he rested on the top of a stake or post, held the child up in that manner, with her body entirely naked, and whipt her for some time with great severity; when being himself cold, he took her into the house, and asked her if she would pronounce the word right; she, as before, replied in a humble and obedient manner, "yes, sir," but could not, or would not, pronounce the *g* hard, but still said *jig*. He then took her to the same place, and repeated the barbarous scourging in the same manner, at seven intervals, bringing her into the house between each, and repeating the same question, and receiving the same answer as before. The sixth time he came in, after warming himself, he told her she must go out again, upon which the child, in a piteous and entreating tone, said, "*Do, uncle, let me warm my feet, they are almost froze.*"—He quickly replied, in an enraged manner, *I'll warm your feet for you;* and seizing her, repaired again to the bloody post, where he, in the most savage manner, exceeded his former tortures. The miserable child languished nearly four days, and expired. The stubs or remains

of several of the sticks were found broken or shivered off to about a foot in length.

The whole of the horrid transaction occupied about an hour and a half of time, during which time neither pity nor compunction was discernible in his eyes, features, words, or actions; but he declared *that he had as lieve whip her to death as not.* The savage fury of this tyger in human shape is declared, by the physicians and members of the coroner's inquest, to be indescribable. The whole of her back had the appearance of a mass of bruised and lacerated raw flesh; her thighs and legs were deeply cut in many places; exhibiting a sight of horror that would chill the blood of the most insensible of the human race. The bereaved and distressed mother has been at times delirious. The monster, who perpetrated this horrible act, made his escape a few hours before death had delivered the victim of his barbarity from further torture. He has a wife, but no children, is about thirty-four years of age, sandy hair, a little bald, speaks through his nose, has something of a down look, shows his upper teeth when speaking, is very abstemious as to strong drink, has a father in Rhode Island.

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Boston, Feb. 16.

Yesterday morning, about three o'clock, our citizens were alarmed by the cry of fire, which proved to be in Cambridge village, near the bridge causeway. It broke out in a small building occupied for the storage of lime. The water having made its way into the lime barrels, immediately communicated fire to the building; and the wind being very strong at west, the adjacent buildings to leeward caught and consumed so suddenly, that nothing of value could be saved. Two stores and a large barn were burnt, with their contents of provisions, liquors, lime, &c., amounting, by estimation, to between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars. Messrs. Makepeace and co., merchants, and Mr. Mason, tavern-keeper, are the principal sufferers.

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A new house, in Belknap-street, very narrowly escaped conflagration, yesterday morning, from the water in the cellar taking a hogshead of unslacked lime.

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As the ship Augusta was proceeding through the narrows, on her voyage to Belfast, the people were called aft on duty, when one of the men, with great deliberation, pulled off his hat, and, taking farewel of his comrades, leaped over the stern of the vessel, and although the ship was immediately hove to, the boat hoisted overboard, and every means tried to save the infatuated man, he sunk to the bottom. No cause can be assigned for the rash act.

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February 17.

Mr. Henry Goodall, of Chatham, an aged man, under the care of that town, being a little insane, was chained to the floor of the house in which he was kept, on the night of the 5th inst., and, in that situation, froze to death!

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The New-York mail, due at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 18th of February, was lost in Potowmac creek, together with the stage and two horses, owing to an unusual freshet in the creek.

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February 20.

On the evening of the cold Friday, so fresh in the memory of every one, a Mr. John Johnson, who commanded a sloop, belonging to Norwalk, was beating up to the harbour of that place, when he dropped his mitten overboard. The boat lying along side of his sloop, he jumped into it to recover his mitten,

but the boat got loose from the sloop, and Mr. Johnson not having any oar to direct it, it drifted to a considerable distance, near White's Island, though not near enough to enable him to get on shore. By this time the tide had fallen, and the sloop aground; so that his people could afford him no assistance. Thus, beaten about by the ice, which floated down with the tide, he lay till morning, when he was taken off, and carried to his house in Norwalk. His limbs and body were so much frozen that the flesh dropped from his bones. He lived nearly three weeks, in the greatest agony, when he expired, and left a wife and several children to lament his loss.

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Last week, in Suffield, a boy, about twelve years old, living with an indigent family, who were ill provided with beds, solicited permission, the night being extremely cold, to sleep by the fire on the ground floor. This, however, was refused him by the master of the house, who, on the boy's repeating the request, with his horse-whip drove him into a cold garret, where his only covering was a few rags; and, in that situation, left him to spend the night. The cries of the boy, however, soon reached his ear; he returned to the garret, and there beat and mangled him, till all complaints were effectually silenced. The next morning the boy was found apparently lifeless; all the lower part of his body frozen; an unequalled object of misery! There is no doubt that the boy, before this, is dead.

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Baltimore, Feb. 20.

A stable belonging to Mr. James Brown, potter, on the rear of his lot in Granby-street, took fire about seven o'clock this morning; but from its timely discovery, and the exertions of a few neighbours, we are happy to say, the fire was extinguished without doing any further mischief, than destroying the small house in which it commenced, and a small quantity of provender. The fire is supposed to have originated from a lighted pipe which the hostler was in the habit of taking with him into the stable. What is singular and fortunate, is that the fire should have been subdued without any alarm whatever having extended to the distance of more than two or three squares, though the stable was in contact with a large pile of very inflammable pine wood, for the use of the pottery.

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There are now living in Hilltown Township, Bucks county, two aged women, who have surviving posterity down to the fourth generation; One of whom can with propriety say, Arise daughter, and go to your daughter, for your daughter's daughter has daughters. The genealogy of the other is intermixt with sons.

—

Mr. Edward Moore, of Plumstead township, went into the woods to chop; his family, fearing some accident had befallen him, went to the place where the sound of his axe was last heard. Near the stump of a tree his lifeless body was found, his scull fractured. The limb of a falling tree, is supposed to have struck him on the head, and to have killed him instantly. He has left a widow and orphans, to lament their loss in his untimely death.

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Washington, Feb. 20.

In the afternoon of Monday last, between three and four o'clock, the inhabitants of this town were exceedingly alarmed by the cry of fire. One of the houses, adjoining the Union Tavern, and occupied by Mr. M'Laughlin for the accomodation of part of his numerous boarders, was discovered to be enveloped

in smoke, and in a short time the flames burst through the roof and windows, threatening destruction to the whole square. Happily however, through the timely, vigorous, and well directed exertions of the citizens, who appeared to vie with each other in rendering every assistance to their unfortunate and suffering fellow citizen, the fire was entirely extinguished; but not before part of the two buildings between the Union and Mr. Rigg's brick house had been consumed and pulled down. The damage sustained cannot, in our opinion, be overrated at three thousand dollars. The terror and dismay occasioned by this distressing event, can be more easily imagined than described. We feel pleasure in recording the meritorious services of our fellow citizens from the city with a promptitude and alacrity that calls for our highest admiration and sincerest praise.

We regret too that several of the members of congress, and their ladies, were driven from their comfortable habitations. The loss sustained by them we expect was considerable, for the confusion and hurry in removing was very great.

We understand that the celebration of the anniversary of our illustrious Washington, is frustrated by this unexpected event, almost every article of luxury and elegance, prepared for the occasion, having been destroyed.

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Amount of fire-wood, inspected in New York, during the month of November, 1804.

	Cartmen's Loads.
Hickory	6,569
Oak	18,227
Pine	1,503
Total	26,299

Equal to 8,766 cords strict measure.

	Hiccory.	*Oak.*	*Pine.*
Highest price per load	$ 3 34	2 26	1 75
Lowest	2 75	1 75	1 31
Average	3 6	2	1 53

Aggregate value $ 62,612 56

MARRIAGES.

December 12, 1804. AT New York, Captain Edward Daniel to Miss Ann P. Beekman, daughter of the late Gerard J. Beekman.

January 1, 1805. At Rochester, Massachusetts, Mr. Samuel Merry, late postmaster at Wilkesbarre, aged 83, to the widow Dorothy Churchill, of Rochester, aged 77. Fifty of their male descendants, and thirty-three females, were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Joseph Clark, a nephew of the bride.

*6. In the island of Curracoa, Captain Cornelius G. Evertsz, of the Batavian navy, to Miss Sophia P. Eksteen, late of the Cape of Good Hope, daughter of H. O. Eksteen, Esq.

19. At Philadelphia, Mr. Archibald Maxwell to Miss Sarah Greble, daughter of Mr. Greble, of Southwark.

22. At Baltimore, Mr. Arahel Hussey, merchant, to Miss Sally Keyser, daughter of Mr. Derick Keyser.

26. At Philadelphia, Mr. John C. Steinmetz to Miss Eliza Keel.

27. At Philadelphia, Mr. John Souder to Mrs. Sarah Vanschiver.

February 4. At Philadelphia, Mr. Philip S. Church, of New York, to Miss Anne Matilda Stewart, daughter of the late General Stewart.

7. At Petersburg, Virginia, Mr. Thomas Field, editor of the Petersburg Republican, to Miss Susan Scott, of Dinwiddie county, in the same state.

12. Dr. John Ruan, of Frankford, Pennsylvania, to Miss Rachael M'Ilvaine, daughter of Dr. M'Ilvaine, of Burlington, New Jersey.

14. At Philadelphia, Mr. Jeremiah Warder, jun., merchant, to Miss Ann Aston.

Mr. George M'Laughlin, printer, to Miss Margaret Boyle, both of Philadelphia.

Mr. Hazael Thomas to Miss Tamzin Hoofman, daughter of Jacob Hoofman, of Goshen, Chester county.

Mr. Abraham Cobourn, of Delaware county, to Miss Tacy Worrel, of Thornborough, Chester county.

Mr. Joseph Kirkbride Hillegas to Miss Sarah Cooper, both of Philadelphia.

Mr. Benjamin Smith of Rhode Island, to Miss Sarah Tatnall, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Thomas Shipley, merchant, to Miss Phebe Wagner, daughter of John Wagner, Esq., all of Philadelphia.

Mr. George Hand, jun., merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Hannah Chew, daughter of Mr. Aaron Chew, of New Jersey.

Mr. George A. Snyder, jun., merchant, to Miss Margaret Aitken, daughter of the late Mr. Robert Aitken, all of Philadelphia.

Mr. Isaac Wood Norris to Miss Mary Vansise, daughter of Captain Joseph Vansise, all of Philadelphia.

Mr. John Shallcross, jun., merchant, to Miss Sarah Dewees, both of Bustleton.

DEATHS.

November 8, 1804. AT Grand Ecore, on Red River, of a typhus fever, after eight days sickness, John Miller, aged 96 years. This man never had a day's sickness in his life, small-pox, measles, &c., excepted, until the complaint that carried him off. He was born in Germany, and, in 1757, was a soldier in the French army in Canada. Being out with a small party, he was taken prisoner by the English, and soon after left the French service, and enlisted in the British army. He was, in 1759, taken prisoner and scalped by the Indians, and otherwise so wounded, that he was left for dead. He was in the battle at Abraham's Plains in 1759, and in 1760 was at the seige of Havannah, and was one of those who placed and sprung the mines of the Moro castle. In 1763, after the Havannah was restored to Spain, he was removed to Pensacola, and was soon discharged, on account of his advanced age, and came from thence to Nachitoches, where he has lived about forty years. He got his living by day labour, was strong and active, could always perform a good day's work, or walk thirty miles a day. He had had several wives; for one, which he complained being a hard bargain, he said he gave a British drummer twelve dollars, in the Havannah. She came with him to Pensacola, and, when he was discharged, he was obliged to sell her for six dollars. He was remarkably strong made, rather short, and full breast; and, ten days before his death, appeared as likely to live twenty years as any man in the district.

November 11. At Gibraltar, of a comsumption, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, Mr. Edward Bridges, of Philadelphia. The promising talents and studious habits of this amiable young gentleman gave to his country the most flattering assurances of growing usefulness, and brilliant ornament. With a mind of uncommon energy, and unremitted industry, Mr. Bridges was prosecuting his literary studies and practice of the law, when the fatal hand of disease arrested his progress, and compelled him to relinquish the pursuit of fame for that of health. For this purpose, he sailed for Malaga, where, not being permitted to land, he returned to Gibraltar, only to find a grave.

"Dying ere scarce he had begun to live."

In the different walks and duties of life, the deceased was admired and respected, by all who knew him. Fraught with the finest feelings of humanity, his heart glowed with the purest friendship, and the tenderest affections of domestic love. His country will feel the loss of his talents; his companions, of his society; but his family, that of a son and a brother.

December 9. At his seat, Fleetsby, Northumberland county, Virgi-

nia, James Henry, Esq., aged 73. This respectable gentleman was a member of the old congress, and within a few years past a judge of the general court bench of that state.

January 9, 1805. At Savannah, at a very advanced age, Dr. Noble Wimerly Jones, after a short and painful illness, to which he submitted with the patience and resignation of a christian.

This gentleman's family were the neighbours of General Oglethorpe, in England, and came to Georgia with its honourable founder, at the earliest period of its settlement, Dr. Jones having borne a commission, in the year 1738, in the regiment commanded by that officer. In the year 1765, he was a member of the legislature of the province, and was then distinguished by his opposition to the memorable stamp act. From 1768 to 1770, he filled the appointment of speaker of the lower house. In 1771, he had become so obnoxious to the government, that, although repeatedly chosen by the house their speaker, he was compelled to relinquish the chair, by an arbitrary exercise of one of the prerogatives contended for by the crown.

When every honourable attempt, on the part of this country at reconciliation had failed, and the oppressive acts of the mother country had reduced America to the sad alternative of surrendering her rights, or making a manly stand in defence of them, Dr. Jones was chosen president of the first provincial congress in this state, which set aside the powers of the royal government. He was afterwards employed in several confidential and important appointments, until the fall of Charleston. On this event, in violation of the terms of capitulation between the American and British generals, he was forced from his country and family, with a number of other patriots, few of whom have survived him, to undergo a rigorous confinement at St. Augustine, until he was exchanged, near the conclusion of the war. Dr. Jones had the happiness to see his country assume a rank among nations, under a republican form of government, and in the full possession of civil and religious liberty, for the attainment of which he had made so many sacrifices. He had also the happiness to see the spot on which Savannah stands, in the course of seventy years, from a wilderness, converted into a flourishing town, perhaps the eighth in the union, as to commercial importance. His amiable manners and unremitting activity, as a physician, endeared him to a large circle of patients: indeed such was his ardour in his profession, that the hours which many persons gave to sleep, he bestowed upon the assistance of the sick. In his domestic relations, as a husband, parent, connection, and master, he was truly exemplary; and those who lived under his roof had daily opportunities of admiring the invariable benignity of his disposition.

His remains, attended by the Union and Medical Societies of Savannah, the clergy of the different denominations, and as great a concourse of citizens, as were ever assembled on a similar occasion, were interred in the family vault in the burial ground of that city, the bells of the Exchange and places of public worship tolling during the funeral, as a particular mark of respect to the deceased.

Thus, in the course of a few weeks, by the deaths of Mr. Clay and Dr. Jones, has that city been deprived of two of the oldest and most valuable citizens: men whose faith in our holy religion was productive of works of kindness, charity, and great public spirit.

20. Miss Susannah Linton, late of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, aged 24 years.

Few, very few indeed, lived more respected, or died more lamented, than our departed young friend. After suffering the most excruciating pain for a long time, she met the grim messenger, Death, with that composure which is the result of a well spent life; depending en-

tirely upon the merits of her Saviour. She was not afraid of launching into death's sable waters, being fully persuaded, that he would put under her his everlasting arms, and land her safe on Canaan's happy shore.

"Say, shall we mourn, because her conflict's o'er?
Say, shall we weep, because she weeps no more?
Oh! what is life, and all this life can give,
We taste, but not enjoy; we breathe, not live,
True joy and real life are fix'd above,
The only objects worthy of our love.
Lament not then, that lov'd Susannah's gone,
Her time of trial's past, her work is done;
Her hope did firmly on her God depend,
She stood Christ's faithful soldier to the end,
And shall that crown of victory obtain,
Which saints expect, and martyrs died to gain."

21. At Charleston, South Carolina, Mrs. Elizabeth Eggleston, a native of Philadelphia, in the twenty-eighth year of her age.

Near Fincastle, Virginia, William Dunkin, at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty-four years, possessed of all his faculties.

24. At Charleston, Massachusetts, Thomas Macdonough, Esq., aged sixty-five, consul of his Britannic majesty for the eastern department of the United States.

At Lexington, Kentucky, on the twenty-first of January, Mr. Peter January, sen., formerly of Philadelphia, an aged and respectable citizen of that town.

26. At his house, in Germantown, Justus Fox, type-founder and printer, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was a native of Germany, but came to this country when very young. His memory will long be revered by a large circle of friends and relatives, with whom he lived beloved, and died lamented. The writer of this is conscious that his abilities are incompetent to offer any panegyric that could, in any wise, be adequate to the worth of the deceased, whose heart was a depository of the social virtues in a very eminent degree; philanthropic, benevolent, and kind to all; the rich and poor were alike the objects of his affection; he was humble, meek, and unassuming in his manners; his natural disposition was cheerful; his genius bright, and his fancy lively; his mind, cultivated by grace, was stored with the most useful information; religious conversation was his element; his love of the Saviour was such, that he made his gospel the rule for the government of his faith and practice, the requisite evidence of our love. John xiv. 15. was not lacking with him, for he yielded willing and implicit obedience to all the commands enjoined in the gospel, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of his faith," and endeavoured to follow Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life."

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

OF his many valuable correspondents, the editor has chiefly refrained from any other kind of notice than is given by a prompt and accurate insertion of their communications. This is the best proof he could give of his gratitude and approbation. Others, whose communications have not been fully adapted to the nature of his work, he has thought it most respectful and agreeable to their authors to pass over in silence.

The writer of the Memoirs of Carwin was influenced to discontinue the publication of that work from a persuasion that the narrative was of too grave and argumentative a cast to be generally amusing. He has, however, received so many and such urgent intreaties to resume the story that he should not be justified in suppressing it any longer. Hereafter it will be continued with regularity.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 18. MARCH, 1805. VOL. III.

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1805.

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THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

THERE is a chimney in an ancient house in this city (Philadelphia), in which a fire was kept continually burning for upwards of forty years. The old gentleman who attended this mysterious flame died a very few years ago, and seems not to have succeeded in discovering the grand secret of which he was in search. Indeed he always attributed his ultimate failure to the necessity of withdrawing his attention from the momentous process for a whole day, in consequence of the confusion and panic occasioned by the entry of the British army into Philadelphia. He lived and died what they called a violent tory or anti-revolutionist. After this event his hostile zeal was more ardent than ever; for, says he, what was it deprived the world and me of this great discovery but the war?

Ingenious men have wasted their whole lives, in innumerable cases, in search of the art of making gold; not, as we would naturally, at first, imagine, for the sake of the pleasures or benefits accruing from riches, but for the mere sake of the discovery. The imagination of man is capable of dressing out any object in alluring colours; and it is the property of human nature to become attached to any pursuit on its own account, though perhaps it was at first embraced with views to remote or collateral consequences. Thus the miser contracts a passion for money itself, though money was originally sought by him merely for the sake of what money would purchase.

With the secret of making gold has always been connected, in our fancy, the secret of eternal youth and eternal life. The latter object is far more venerable and desirable than the former. Inexhaustible wealth is of little consequence to him who wants life or even health to enjoy it; whereas he who lives for ever, with his faculties of mind and body sound and perfect, need never despair of being sometime rich. Having centuries before him in which to lay and mature his plans for bringing some of the gold already in circulation into his coffers, he need not trouble himself with extraordinary and untried schemes.—Even if he sit down in absolute inactivity, and wait the gratuitous fa-

vours of fortune, the richest of these favours will sometime light upon him. As the particles of matter, of which terrestrial bodies are composed, must assume all possible forms through the endless revolutions of nature, so one of these particles or members of which the social or political body is composed, if it last a few thousand years, must necessarily pass through all the conditions known in human society.

The following anedote, related by Dr. Campbell, in his *Iiermippus redivivus*, has always been of great weight with the votaries of alchemy:

In 1687, a stranger, naming himself signor Gualdi, profited of the known ease and freedom of Venice, to render himself much respected and well received there. He spent his money readily, but was never observed to have connection with any banker. He was perfectly well bred, and remarkable for his sagacity and powers of entertainment in conversation. Enquiries were made about his family, and whence he came, but all terminated in obscurity. One day a Venetian noble, admiring the stranger's pictures, which were exquisitely fine, and fixing his eye on one of them, exclaimed, "How is this, sir! Here is a portrait of yourself, drawn by the hand of Titian! yet that artist has been dead one hundred and thirty years, and you look not to be more than fifty!" "Well, signor," replied the stranger, "there is, I hope, no crime in resembling a portrait drawn by Titian." The noble visitant withdrew, perceiving that he had touched upon a tender string, and next morning the stranger, his pictures, goods, and domestics had quitted Venice.

The inference suggested by this narrative is, no doubt, meant to be that this stranger possessed the secret of living for ever. This inference, indeed, is not a very obvious one; for, as signor Gualdi observed, there is nothing either criminal or wonderful in resembling a portrait of Titian.

Campbell refers to an Italian author as his authority for this story. Godwin, in planning his St. Leon, had the curiosity to refer to the original; but this original, said by Campbell to be in the British Museum, was no where to be found, so that this important fact, which has plunged many a sober mind into doubtful meditation, turns out to be a mere modern invention.

The most judicious observations on this imaginary art, and those who study or pretend to teach it, are to be found in Dr. Willich's celebrated treatise on health and long life.

MEDICUS.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CLASSICS LOST.

To the Editor, &c.

I AM a great admirer of the classics; but it appears to me that this admiration, though productive of a great deal of pleasure, is fertile also of infinite regrets. What we have is of such exquisite flavour, that we the more repine at what we have lost. When I read Sophocles, Euripides, or Aristophanes, I feel an insupportable longing for those parts of their writings, and for the writings of others no less eminent, which have been lost. Thus it is, in perusing the works of Sallust, Tacitus, and Livy, the most eloquent historians of the most illustrious times; the regret inspired by the chasms in their works, is, if possible, more keen than the pleasure afforded by the portions that are extant. Indeed the pain on the one hand is excited by the pleasure on the other, and is generally proportioned to it. It is well known that the larger history of Sallust, which was probably not inferior in merit or minuteness to that of Livy, is wholly lost, and that the most valuable portion of Tacitus and Livy are irrecoverably gone.

If any thing can aggravate our regrets on this account, it must be

the reflexion on the manner in which this loss has probably taken place. What must be the feelings of a classical enthusiast when he reads such narratives as the following!

The tutor of a young French nobleman, as he was playing at tennis one day, at an estate near Saumur, casting his eyes on the racquet in his hand, saw some writing on the parchment which covered it, and, having perused it with attention, found it to be part of one of the lost books of Livy. He immediately enquired for the racquet-maker, but found, to his great mortification, that what he had seen was the remains of a collection of manuscripts, which were all made up for racquets, and dispersed all over the kingdom.

There are wanting, of the works of Cicero, two books, "De Gloria," and two "De Legibus." As to the latter, we know of our loss only from Macrobius, who quotes the *fifth* book "De Legibus," in the sixth of his Saturnalia, though we have but *three*. As to the treatise on Glory, Francis Philelphus is accused of having found the MS. and destroyed it, after having transplanted into a book, which he published as his own, as many passages as he thought he might venture without being discovered. But Varillos, a French historian, relates, that Petrus Alcyonius, an Italian physician, being obliged to write somewhat for the consolation of Cornaro, a Venetian in exile for having been beaten by the Turks, composed a book, which he entitled "De fortiter toleranda exilii fortunâ," and into which he introduced many ill-adjusted sentences from Tully's treatise "De Gloria," which MS. he afterwards burnt, to prevent the discovery of his plagiarism. Nothing, however, seems certain concerning this much wished for work, except what Petrarch tells us, in one of his epistles, that Raimond Sorenzo, a celebrated lawyer at Avignon, gave the two books "De Gloria" to him; that he studied them perpetually; but that having lent them to an old man, who had been his preceptor, want had tempted the borrower to pawn them. Afterwards the old man left the country, and the manuscript was never more heard of.

Pope Gregory VII destroyed many manuscripts of the classics deposited in the Vatican library.—Among the pieces which suffered were many books of Varro, one of the few authors who discussed the agricultural and domestic economy of his countrymen. Gregory having a great respect for St. Augustine, who is indeed regarded by the Romanists as more oracular, in points of discipline, at least, than the gospels themselves, and knowing the free use of that Roman author which the saint had made in his most celebrated work, chose rather to destroy Varro than to have the good father convicted of plagiarism. Of all the motives for destroying original works, to conceal a plagiarism seems to be the least deplorable. For in this case, properly speaking, that part of it which some literary knave has pilfered for his own use still survives, and the true gem cannot be of much value, or the penetration of the observer not very acute, if it cannot be distinguished in whatever situation it be found.

For the Literary Magazine.

VIRGIL'S MORNINGS.

THESE great natural exhibitions, evening and morning, have always been thought peculiarly susceptible of poetical description and embellishment. As I turned over the pages of the Mantuan bard lately, it occurred to me to enquire how he had pictured the *morning;* for, often as I have read this my favourite poet, I should not have been able to give any account of his poetry in this particular. I was surprised to perceive, that the morning did not appear to be a favourite object of attention with him, for I did not meet with it once in the Eclogues, and only once in the Georgics. In

the Æneid, which, as a narrative conducted through many successive days, would naturally require the morning to be frequently introduced, it occurs, I believe, only eleven times, which is at the rate of less than once in each book. The particular allusion or description extends to the length of two lines only in two instances, and in three cases the same identical line is repeated. Three times does he repeat

Titheni croceum linguens Aurora cubile.

This is a very plain and concise allusion to an old story, of Aurora being enamoured of a Trojan prince, Tithonus. Virgil seems to have been very fond of this image, in which, I must acknowledge, I cannot discover either much propriety or beauty. It seems with him a sort of technical or customary description of the morning, always proper, and always at hand, when he was too lazy or too barren for any other picture. By the way, it is a literal translation from Homer.

In the following passage he makes an allusion to another mythological story.

Nonamque serena
Auroram *Phaetonthis equi* jam luce vehebant.

This passage contains nothing properly characteristic or descriptive of the morning.

The ancients were much accustomed to consider the sun as a deity, riding in, or rather driving a chariot, with sometimes two and sometimes four horses. The tale of Phaeton, which is founded upon this belief, is well known. Virgil, like the other poets of his age and nation, naturally fell into this allusion, as in the following lines:

Cælo
Puniceis invecta *rotis* Aurora rubebat.

Ethere ab alto
Aurora in *roseis* fulgebat lutea *bigis*.

That is, in the first of these passages, "Aurora, carried upon *purple wheels*, reddens in the sky." In the second, "The yellow Aurora shines in *rosy traces*." In the first case, the *wheels*, and in the second, the yoke, or *coupling*, forms the principal image.

In the following lines the poet drops his mythological incumbrances, and describes the *natural appearance*, without the least circuity or ornament.

Jamque rubescebat radiis mare—Aurora—

Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis.

Aurora radiis retexerat orbem.

Humentamque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram.

In the following lines he returns a little into the customary tract, and speaks like his countrymen, as if the earth was only an island in a flat sea.

Oceanum interia surgens Aurora reliquit.

The following is the only passage I have met with in which the morning is described, not with its *physical*, but its *moral* accompaniments. Sad, however, and strangely gloomy is the garb in which the pensive poet has arrayed her. He views the dawn of day, not as the rural or picturesque enthusiast, who is enchanted with its tints, or animated with its cheerful promises, but like the busy or slavish classes of mankind, to whom each rising day only brings a renewal of labour and of care.

Aurora interia *miseris mortalibus* almam
Extulerat lucem *referens opera* atque *labores*.

Virgil will, I think, appear not to have shone very eminently in this department of poetical description. Many of our English poets, and principally Spenser and Shakespeare, have described the morning

in colours and with circumstances far more picturesque, splendid, various, and rich, than any of the Greek or Roman poets.

CRITO.

For the Literary Magazine.

FALSE WIT.

AS nothing occurs oftener in conversation than *puns*, so nothing seems to be oftener commented on by the writers of short essays and scraps. One would think nothing new could be said upon punning, and yet I cannot help encountering the hazard of saying trite and tedious things, by once more putting pen to paper, from the impulse which has been given to my thoughts by a punning epitaph, written by one of my friends, and which appears to me no contemptible performance in that style.

A poetical dyer (not Dyer the poet) is supposed to dedicate the following doleful stanzas to his deceased wife.

My wife has died and gone to dust,
The thing is strange to me;
Yet not a soul alive, I trust,
E'er dyed so much as she.

To dye, indeed, was all her pride,
For threescore years and four:
She dyed each day she lived, and died
When she could live no more.

When she grew old, I know not why,
Her dyeing days were past,
And so, for want of cloth to dye,
She died herself at last.

Aristotle is said to have taken great pains in dividing into genera and species the tribe of verbal witticisms, and Dean Swift did not disdain to employ his time in manufacturing clinches, conundrums, and puns, of all possible kinds and sorts. I hope I may not be severely censured for venturing to enquire, of those who have nothing better to attend to, to what genus or species the following is to be referred.

The celebrated Radcliff, in his early days, and before his practice enabled him to keep a horse, was met by a rival physician, who was extremely well mounted, and who was very proud of his steed. A friend of Radcliff's, who met him at the same instant, pointing to the horse, observed, "Is not that a very fine horse, doctor?" "Aye, aye," replied the other, sneeringly, "he *may* pass for a tolerably horse-doctor."

If you will allow me to trifle a little longer, I will add another specimen of the same kind.

Says Will to Tom, the other day,
As I was loitering in a lane
Down by the shore, I saw a house
Fly through a window's broken pane.

Tush, man, a stranger sight than that
I met this morning, Tom replied:
I swear I saw a winged horse
Fly o'er a river three miles wide.

Now, my grave reader, what think you?
Believe or not, they both said true.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE AT ROME.

From a Manuscript Journal.

WITH my peculiar taste, you will not wonder that the greatest objects of my curiosity in Rome were the Flavian amphitheatre and St. Peter's church. These are the greatest structures, in every point of view, which the world contains, and both evince the power and wealth of an imperial people.

Think not that I am going to give you a description of these stupendous monuments of art, power, and riches; for nobody could give an

intelligible description, or obtain, from actual survey, an adequate idea of them, without a great deal of architectural knowledge, and without time, and opportunities, and instruments which no traveller possesses. The survey, in this case, has been made already; and you, three thousand miles off, may gain a more accurate notion of these structures, from the works of Fontana, than another who passes his life within view of them. Indeed, without his assistance, it is impossible truly to comprehend them at all; and I came hither with a mind elated with expectation, merely that I might add the impression of the senses to those of the fancy.

The shape, dimensions, and uses of the amphitheatre are objects of awful contemplation. Its shape is a broad oval, about six hundred feet in length by five hundred in breadth. The space within these limits is filled with masonry, except a similar oval in the centre, three hundred and twenty by two hundred and twenty feet. The interior wall rises to the height of a hundred and sixty feet. This height declines inward towards the before-mentioned oval in the centre, at the edge of which the building terminates in a wall, fifteen feet high. The greater part of this slope is moulded into seats.

This building is a contrivance for seating a great number of persons, so that they may conveniently view an exhibition in the central area. This is the most extensive building ever applied to that purpose, and probably the largest that could be conveniently applied to it. From the centre of the arena to the outer wall, the greatest distance is three hundred feet, but the remotest seats are not further than three hundred feet from the remotest part of the arena. At this distance, one might distinctly see the gestures of a single person. These seats could conveniently accommodate upwards of one hundred thousand persons; and over the whole was occasionally extended an awning, to divert the sun and rain, the only roof of which such a building was susceptible.

The present state of this building is a strong proof, among many others, that the Romans built for immortal duration. Much of it is delapidated, but only by the same power that erected it. Time could not consume the texture of the stone; none of the usual commotions of the elements could shake them from their places. The pieces of the walls and arches are large blocks, *by their own weight made steadfast and immoveable;* and the loftiest and most slender arches are among those that are still entire. It is now about seventeen hundred years since these stones were put together, and there is no doubt that the building would have been entire at this day, had not the battering ram been often employed to overturn its walls and dislodge an enemy, or the stones taken away one by one to construct other edifices.

The great architect, Fontana, used to sigh over these ruins with regret and indignation. He thought the modern chiefs of Rome could not employ their wealth and power more usefully, than by restoring this wonderful edifice to its pristine state. Neither manners nor religion would allow the arena to be employed in the ancient way, but he thought the structure peculiarly adapted to the great and pompous exhibitions of the Roman religion, of which the whole christian world are occasionally spectators.

Where a single person, or where two or three persons, are exhibited to the eyes of a multitude, it is only necessary that they should occupy a pulpit or stage, a little above the heads of the beholders. Thus it is in the christian temples. The grand christmas benediction is bestowed in the view of tens of thousands, standing together on a flat plane, by the pope, stationed at a lofty window; but a drama containing scores or hundreds of actors, as in the ancient gladiatorial and modern mili-

tary exhibitions, can only be viewed by a vast number, or even by a small number of spectators, from a succession of gradually ascending seats, like those of the Roman theatres and amphitheatres.

Fontana rails at the homely and unsightly aspect of a great multitude standing or sitting on a plane. The grandest part of a spectacle, he says, is formed by the spectators themselves. In this he is doubtless in the right. It is impossible for any sublunary show to equal the variety and grandeur of one formed by a hundred thousand living and animated human faces, ranged in one convenient view. In the modern fashion, the multitude can only be seen from an elevated station, and even then with much less advantage than in the amphitheatrical order. To see the preacher, or orator, or actor, they must turn their eyes upward, in a painful and incommodious posture.

To reconcile the convenience of the amphitheatre with the formalities and modes of the Roman worship, Fontana proposed to erect a magnificent church at one end of the arena, whose plan and embellishments might easily be made to coincide with the principles of the original structure. This church would serve the purpose only of a more complete or complicated rostrum or stage, for exhibiting those awful pantomimes, which constitute the Roman worship, the ceremonies of the papal inauguration, and the great festivals of christmas and the jubilee.

For my part, I admire inexpressibly these ideas of Fontana. Instead of raising an enormous temple from the ground, composed, in no small degree, of combustible materials, and raised to a great height indeed, but comparatively on a tottering foundation, how much better would the same talents, power, and riches have been employed, in restoring and embellishing the amphitheatre, and augmenting it according to Fontana's plan! To effect this would have required but a small portion of the wealth expended in the *Templum Vaticanum*, and thus the imperial genius of Rome would have still continued to hover over the same favourite and august spot.

What a topic of sublime reflection would the traveller have enjoyed, in beholding this vast structure filled with a concourse of nations, from all parts of the christian world, drawn thither by devotion or curiosity; the arena occupied with numerous processions; and the gallery of the church, at one end, the scene of some splendid and solemn rite! Nothing to be found in the actual state of Rome is worthy of comparison with such a spectacle.

How much must the man of taste regret, that the wanton violence and havoc of lawless hands has defaced and overturned so much of this structure. All that was required to its preservation was to let it alone. Nothing would have vanished but a few beams and boards, easily renewed. Even all the minuter sculptures and mosaics would have remained entire, and every considerable expence been rendered needless. Now it is only a monstrous and cumbrous ruin; and, since it can never be restored, the only proper use of its remains is to contribute to the building of houses, and the paving of streets, in the neighbourhood. At present it is, at least to me, an object more of painful than of pleasurable contemplation.

For the Literary Magazine.

DON QUIXOTE.

DR. WARTON, in his Essay on Pope, observes, that the dialogue in the Essay on Criticism, between the poet and the mad knight, is not taken from the Don Quixote of Cervantes, but from one that is commonly called a continuation of it, and which was, in fact, written

after the publication of the first part, and *before* the second part appeared. For this reason, and some others, this performance, though inferior to the work of Cervantes, deserves more attention than is usually given to it. It is said to have been written by a person named Alonso Fernandes d'Avellanada; but this is supposed to be a fictitious name. This book was translated into French by Le Sage, a proof that he thought it not destitute of merit: there is likewise an English version, by one Baker; and Cervantes himself alludes to it, several times, in the second part of his own Don Quixote, particularly in chapters LIX and LXXII. One circumstance, indeed, renders this book a literary curiosity: the great probability that it caused Cervantes to make his Don Quixote a different character, in his second part, from what he was in the first. In the first part, it is true, he is not drawn as an absolute maniac, when not discoursing of knight errantry; but all his conversation is tinged with singularity, and the pertinent things he says are incoherently arranged, and out of place, as his long speech to the goat-herds on the golden age; but, in the second part, he is made a man of sound judgment, and elegant literature, when the subject of his madness is not immediately touched on. Now this seems to have risen from a desire of Cervantes to show he could, in every mode of writing, excel his rival, who had made the character of his Don Quixote a vehicle to convey his own learning to the public, a circumstance, of which the passage quoted by Pope is a striking instance. Cervantes would not, perhaps, have ever written a second part, had he not been provoked to it, by finding the subject taken out of his hands, by one so much inferior in the art of writing; and he certainly killed his hero at last, for the same reason which moved Addison to slay his sir Roger de Coverly, that he might not be made a fool of, by getting into other hands.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP.

IN relation to human purposes, this singular swamp justly deserves the expressive name commonly given to it, that of wilderness or *dismal*, no condition of the earth's surface being more wild and irreclaimable than this. It is scarcely possible to penetrate or pass through it. The foot, at every step, sinks not less than twelve or fifteen inches deep into the soil. The trees are generally small; they grow very thick together, and the undergrowth or shrubbery is so luxuriant, and composed of such tenacious, perplexing, and thorny wood, that the sight is bounded to a few feet, the flesh wounded and torn at every point, and a path only to be made by the incessant use of the hatchet. The stinging insects are likewise innumerable, and extremely venomous, and the exhalations fatal to human life. On the whole, it would be difficult to imagine a situation on this globe less suitable for human habitation and subsistence than an American DISMAL.

Yet the very circumstances that make it unsuitable for man, are those which produce an incredible abundance of vegetable and animal life. Not only the surface is covered with branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit, to such a degree that the sight cannot extend a foot beyond the eye, and the hand cannot be thrust forward an inch without encountering opposition, but the soil itself, to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, is one closely woven mass of vegetable fibres. A sharp stake can be thrust down by the hand to that depth, through a mossy, spungy, yielding mass, which, on the withdrawing of the foot or staff, instantly resumes its place, so as to leave no trace visible.

The following particulars, respecting one of these swamps, are furnished by an intelligent person, whose calling is that of a surveyor,

and who has been for many years employed in constructing a map of his native state, North Carolina. He has encamped, hundreds of times, on the borders of the *dismal* he describes, and has penetrated further into it than any of his countrymen. His calculations, therefore, though, from the nature of the subject, not infallibly or mathematically true, may yet claim a considerable degree of credit.

That part of *the Great Dismal*, lying between Albermarle Sound and the frontier of Virginia, contains about two hundred and fifty square miles. It is a vast plain, slightly inclined, the greatest elevation of the highest above the lowest part being about thirty feet. This inclination, though insufficient to drain off all the moisture, does yet occasion a considerable flow of waters, south-eastward, into a space called Lake Drummond. This lake is a sort of standing pool, whose bottom resembles the soil of the swamp. It is apparently motionless, and transparent as air ; thronged with fish, and between three and four feet deep. The banks or borders of this lake are of somewhat firmer footing than the neighbouring spaces, the timber is taller, and the undergrowth less perplexing. They have even afforded an asylum and subsistence to fugitive negroes for several years.

The margin of the swamp abounds with pine, oak, poplar, gum, and an evergreen called laurel, all of gigantic size. The swamp itself produces the same species, but here they degenerate into *pigmies*, whose height is from fifteen to twenty feet, and whose trunk is generally equal to the wrist. The smallness of the trees is compensated by their number, and the exuberance of flowering or berry-bearing plants amazing.

Lake Drummond, though supplied chiefly by that part of the *dismal* now under our view, lies within the frontier of Virginia. Exclusive of this, and of the Virginian part of the swamp, the area of the *Great Dismal* is 250 square miles, or 160,000 acres.

For the Literary Magazine.

VISIT TO THE PRISONS OF VENICE.

DR. MOSELY has given the following account of the prisons at Venice :

" I was conducted," says he, " through the prison, with one of its inferior dependents. We had torches with us. We crept along narrow passages, as dark as pitch : in some of them two people could scarcely pass each other. The cells are made of massy marble, the architecture of the celebrated Sansovino.

" The cells are not only dark, and black as ink, but, being surrounded and confined with huge walls, the smallest breath of air can scarcely find circulation in them. They are about nine feet square, on the floor, arched at the top, and between six and seven feet in the highest part. There is to each cell a round hole, of eight inches diameter, through which the prisoner's daily allowance of twelve ounces of bread and a pot of water is delivered to him. There is a small iron door to the cell. The furniture of the cell is a little straw, and a small tub : nothing else. The straw is removed, and the tub emptied, through the iron door, occasionally.

" The diet is ingeniously contrived for the perpetuation of punishment. Animal food, or a cordial nutritious regimen, in such a situation, would bring on disease, and defeat the end of this Venetian justice.

" Neither can the soul, if so inclined, steal away, wrapt up in slumbering delusion, or sink to rest, from the admonition of her sad existence, by the jailor's daily return.

" I saw one man, who had been in a cell thirty years ; two who had been twelve years ; and several who had been eight and nine years in their respective cells.

" By my taper's light, I could discover the prisoners' horrid countenances. They were all naked. The man who had been there thirty years in face and body was covered with

long hair. He had lost the arrangement of words, and the order of language. When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise; expressed fear and surprize; and, like some wild animals in deserts, which have suffered by the treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning, if he could."

Here, in several circumstances attending the fate of one of the prisoners, we perceive a close resemblance between what I suppose is a faithful relation, and Sterne's fancied description of his "Captive." The latter describes his situation in the most pathetic and affecting manner.

"I beheld," says he, "his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood. He had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time; nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait."

Where is that being who can read unmoved this pathetic description? where is the heart unaffected by the miseries of the unfortunate captive? It affects even to weeping, and we melt at the recital of such intolerable misery.

But how are we affected by the doctor's relation? here is only a statement of facts, plain and unadorned. "He was covered in face and body with long hair." The hardships he had endured were too terrible for nature; her noblest work, the form, was defaced; the general outline still remained, but like some noble edifice defaced by the hand of war, its shattered remains exhibited but the shadow of its former glory. He was rendered like a wild beast, a monster; an alien from his species, and an outcast from society.

Shade of the sentimental, the pathetic Sterne! if still thou wanderest amidst the scenes of earth; if still thou art sensible of what is passing among thy fellow creatures; if still thy sensibility can suffer beneath the attempts which envy may make to depreciate thy merit; think not I rank among those who would endeavour to exalt the living, by attacking the dead. No: thou wilt rather receive pleasure at beholding justice rendered to thy fellow mortal, though it may partially interfere with thy own claims. But the effusions of so humble a scribe can never pain thy spirit, or interrupt its repose.

"He had lost the arrangement of words, and the order of language." This simple relation paints at once his situation, better than whole pages of elaborate description. If we are melted at the picture of Sterne, here we are completely overpowered; we are struck dumb with horror, pity, and indignation; it strikes with the force of a thunderbolt; a dreadful weight of inexpressible sensations suspends the use of every faculty. Before we wept; here our feelings are too painful, too intolerable, to be relieved by tears, or vented by utterance.

"When I spoke to him, he made an unintelligible noise; expressed fear and surprize; and, like some wild animals of the desert, which have suffered by the treachery of the human race, or have an instinctive abhorrence of it, he would have fled like lightning, if he could." To him language had become useless; he had none to converse with, none to whom he might impart a knowledge of his sufferings, or communicate his ideas. For thirty years he had not heard the sound of the human voice. For thirty years, reflection alone could present him with any subject for contemplation; the view of nature was obstructed by the narrow and blackened walls of a loathsome and detested cell. "He had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the western breeze once fanned his blood." Language could only employ itself in curses on

his tyrants, or in petitions to his God. Memory sunk beneath a load of miseries, and words were no longer recollected.

Alas! to him the sight of man was dreadful. His detested prison had not for thirty years been cheered by his presence. He remembered him only as the author of his woes, as a cruel and unrelenting tyrant. To him he came not as a friend, as a brother, to pity and assist him, or sympathise with him in his sufferings; no wife, no children came to comfort him in his inexpressibly horrid confinement. The appearance of man, who ought to be the friend of man, was torture to his soul. He rushed not to his embrace; he folded him not to his bosom; to him he looked not for friendship; he knew him not as a man, but as an object of terror; he fled from him like a wild beast; he had lost all his native dignity; his mental faculties were destroyed by the sufferings he had endured. Oh horrid picture!

VALVERDI.

March 5th, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

A STAGE COACH ANECDOTE.

TWO passengers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morn. It was dark as pitch; and one of them, not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbour to discourse. "A very dark morn, sir." "Shocking cold weather for travelling." "Slow going in these heavy roads, sir." None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed, "What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got, to travel in!" No answer was made, and the enquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brighest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the taciturnity of his comrade, by presenting to his astonished view a huge bear, luckily for him muzzled and confined, in a sitting posture.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. VI.

PROPERTY AND MARRIAGE.

ALMOST all the relative duties of human life will be found more immediately, or more remotely, to arise out of the two great institutions of PROPERTY AND MARRIAGE; they constitute, preserve, and improve society. Upon their gradual improvement depends the progressive civilization of mankind; on them rests the whole order of civil life. These two great institutions convert the selfish as well as the social passions of our nature into the firmest bands of a peaceable and orderly intercourse; they change the sources of discord into principles of quiet; they discipline the most ungovernable; they refine the grossest, and they exalt the most sordid, propensities; so that they become the perpetual fountain of all that strengthens, and preserves, and adorns society; they sustain the individual, and they perpetuate the race. Around these institutions all our social duties will be found, at various distances, to range themselves; some more near, obviously essential to the good order of human life; others more remote, and of which the necessity is not, at first view, so apparent; and some so distant that their importance has been sometimes doubted; though, upon more mature consideration, they will be found to be outposts and advanced guards of these fundamental principles; that man should enjoy the fruits of his labour, and that

the society of the sexes should be so wisely ordered as to make it a school of the kind affections, and a fit nursery for the commonwealth.

—

FEMALE DRESS.

My great attention to the interests of those of my female friends who may honour my scraps with their notice, has, no doubt, been discovered before now, and, I hope, has received its merited thanks. As few things excite their curiosity so much as the dresses of their neighbours, I copy, for their amusement, Homer's description of the garments of Irene, when employed in a much more important undertaking than an exhibition at a birth-night, or an attack on the heart of a beau; and I beg them to imitate her simplicity, whatever they may think of her nudity. A modest commentator, the learned Eusebius, exults not a little at finding that Irene resorted to none of those contemptible artifices to embellish her face, and that she could decorate herself without the aid of a mirror or a maid.

Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders way'd like melted gold.
Around her next a heavenly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd;
Large clasps of gold the foldings gathered round;
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far beaming pendents tremble in her *ear*,
Each gem illumined with a precious *star*.
Then o'er her head she casts her veil more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.

—

MANNERS.

I am sometimes amused at listening to the complaints which ladies make of the familiarity and levity which distinguish the behaviour of their beaux. The fact is, the evils they lament they themselves create. It is in the power of any lady to command the respect of her admirers. It is they who polish the manners and soften the rugged nature of man. In ancient times, in the gallant days of chivalry, the slightest favour was prized with a sort of reverence, because it was rare, and was only the reward of merit. But by degrees such marks were bestowed on all who could make a well turned compliment, and according to the degree of its absurdity. As women value their favours so will they be prized.—There is an old proverb on this subject, *but it is musty.*

—

The din of politics, in all companies, makes one sometimes envy the Carthusian monks, of whom it is said, they lived a life of tranquillity, amidst the general tumults which distracted the rest of the world, of which they hardly heard the rumours, and knew nothing of the mighty sovereigns but by name, when they prayed for them. Volt. Hist. iv. 128.

The same writer makes use of a simile, which is as happily conceived as it is elegantly expressed.

The artificers and merchants, whose humble station had protected them from the ambitious fury of the great, were like ants who dug themselves peaceable and secure habitations, while the eagles and vultures of the world were tearing one another in pieces.

Although retirement is my dear delight, says Melmoth, yet, upon some occasions, I think I have too much of it, and I agree with Balsac, *Que la solitude est certainement une belle chose, mais il y a plaisir d'avoir quelqu'un a qui on puisse dire de tems en tems que la solitude est une belle chose.* Solitude is certainly a fine thing, but there is a pleasure in having some one whom

we may tell, from time to time, that solitude is a fine thing.

It is the disadvantage of retirement and solitude, that men fall into erroneous and fantastical opinions, for want of sifting and proving them in conversation and friendly debáte.

—

I observe a turbulent and factious spirit is just beginning to manifest itself, in some parts of this still unsettled country, which would tear up the ancient land marks of government, and eradicate every principle of a really free constitution. Innovations are always dangerous, and innovators have always been feared. Diodorus Siculus informs us of a regulation of Charondas, the legislator of Thurium, in Magna Græcia, which, with some mitigation of its severity, I should be glad to see in force here.

Charondas is said to have instituted a most strange regulation, with regard to the amendment of laws; for, observing, in most states, the established forms and government disturbed, and the people drawn into insurrection, by the number of persons who undertook to reform the constitution, he made this singular and unprecedented law. He ordained, that any person who wished to amend any law, should attend, when the senate met to consider it, with his head in a noose, and there continue till the sentiments of the people on the proposed amendment were declared. If it was confirmed by the assembly, he was released; but, if it was negatived, he was immediately *strangled.*

—

The mistakes which some of the English, whose pronunciation is vitiated by habit or affectation, may commit, are ludicrous. A well-meaning politician might endanger his neck, by wishing the present administration was all *h*altered; and a whining lover be driven to despair and a duck pond, by wishing to conquer the *art* of his mistress, and pointing out to her the *h*altar of *'ymen.*

—

Matthew Paris has left us an account of the "*Devil's Stage-Plays,*" as he terms them, said to have been exhibited, with many other curious sights, to the soul of a pious catholic rustic, under the special patronage of the saints. The following is a specimen of this very singular performance.

The scene, *Hell.*

"First, they (the devils) introduced a very proud man, in his robes, strutting along big, cocking his eye-brows, uttering swelling words; in short, braving all the manners of imperiousness and arrogancy: but while he was threatening horrible executions, and priding himself in his trappings, all on a sudden they turned into a flame around him, burning him most dismally, and then the devils seizing him, tormented him beyond what human malice can imagine."

The other characters, composing this *diabolical drama*, were a priest, a soldier, *a lawyer*, his rib, an adulteress with her gallants, two backbiters, and, lastly, a chorus of thieves, incendiaries, and violators of holy places.

—

No less a personage than St. Anthony, *in propria persona*, is marshal-general of the troops of Portugal! In 1706, the saint was made a soldier, subaltern, and captain; and being dressed up, he was at length elevated to that of marshal-general, with a pension of one hundred and fifty ducats. The first cannon ball, fired by the army of the duke of Brunswick, unfortunately took off the head of the holy general, who had been placed in an open chaise. It is said, that the

pay of this sacred officer is still punctually deposited by the sovereigns, at the chapel royal, every year, in a purse of red velvet.

Strange, that such gross ignorance should so long have pervaded a country, which, almost three centuries ago, gave birth to CAMOENS.

—

I have just met with a curious instance of alliteration, which I copy here, to show to what lengths the ancients carried this poetical artifice. It cannot be disputed that the harmony of verse is much promoted by a skilful alliteration, but the great fault with many writers is, that they resort to its *artful aid* so often, and with so much apparent self-gratulation, that they betray a narrow mind, more intent on the balancing of a period, or harmony of a line, than the novelty of an idea, or the accuracy of a sentiment. The instance that induced me to take up my pen is this. My readers must not be displeased at the continual obtrusion of quotation, throughout this work, since my professed object is to introduce such passages as I may meet with in the course of my reading, which are distinguished either for their excellence or absurdity.

Plaudite porcélli; porcorum pigra propago
Progréditur, plures porci pinguédine pleni
Pugnantes pergunt. Pécudum pars prodigiosa
Perturbat pede petrosas plérumque platéas;
Pars portentosè populorum prata profanat.

There are two lines in old Ennius, which are somewhat remarkable in him, as he is generally supposed to be very negligent in his verses.

O tite, tute tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti,
At tuba terribili sonitu taratantara dixit.

Nor has it been neglected in our own language; but has been cultivated with singular success by Pope, and other eminent poets. In the rhymes of the Della Cruscans it, however, degenerates to absurdity. You may have there *dewy drops* from *pearly peepers*, and *muddy moans* in any measure.

I recollect a very happy instance in some Lines on Smoking, in the Port Folio, which conclude

And, sadly silent, seeks the sweets of sleep.

This is truly what Churchill called apt alliteration's artful aid.

In the ninth century, Hubaud, a learned monk, dedicated to the emperor Charles the Bald (Charles le Chauve), a poem in praise of bald men, every word of which commenced with the letter C.

Cármina, clarisonce calvis cantate Camenæ.

Somewhat allied to this is another art in poetry, which I must illustrate by an example, as I cannot designate it by a name.

An author has written a poem of 2956 verses of six feet, of which the last only is a spondee, the other five being dactyles. The second foot rhymes with the fourth, and the last word of each verse rhymes with that of the subsequent one. It commences thus:

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.
Imminet, imminet ut mala terminet, æqua coronet,
Recta remúneret; anxia líberet, æthera donet:
Auferat aspera, duraque pondera méntis onustæ,
Sobria muniat, improba puniat útraque juste,
Ille piissimus, ille gravissimus ecce venit Rex
Surgat nonoreus, ínstat homo Deus, à patre judex.

—

"That we must never despair," is the title of one of the chapters of

a work on *the pleasures of study*, which was written, I believe, in the fifteenth century, by Ringelbergius, a German scholar. It is little known among men of letters, but its singular merits ought to rescue it from the oblivion into which it is falling. In the chapter I have mentioned, he exhorts us, though we should fall headlong a thousand times in our ascent, we must begin again every time more ardently, and fly to the summit with recruited vigour! Let no one be dejected if he be not conscious of any great advancement at first. The merchant thinks himself happy if, after a ten years' voyage, after a thousand dangers, he at last improves his fortune; and shall we, like poor-spirited creatures, give up all hopes after the first onset?—QUODCUMQUE IMPERAVIT ANIMUS OBTINUIT*. Whatever the mind has commanded itself to do, it has obtained its purpose.

Riches must have no charms, compared to the charms of literature. Poverty is favourable to the success of all literary pursuits. I mean not to throw contempt on money in general, but on that exorbitant wealth, which allures the mind from study.

The student must be desirous of praise. It is a promising presage of success to be roused by praise, when one shall have done well, and to be grieved and incited to higher aims, on finding himself blamed or outdone by another. He who aspires at the summit must be passionately fond of glory.

Thus have the first qualities, indispensably requisite in a youth devoted to study, been mentioned. He must aim at the highest points; he must love labour; he must never despair; he must despise money; he must be greedy of praise. It remains that we prescribe the methods. There are then three gradations in the modes of study: hearing, teaching, writing. It is a good and easy method to hear, it is better and easier to teach, and the best and easiest of all to write. Lectures are dull, because it is tedious to confine the liberty of thought to the voice of the speaker. But when we teach or write, the very exercise itself precludes the tedium.

I had intended to close the volume with this extract, but I cannot resist the temptation to make another; such is the enthusiasm of admiration, and the power of genius is so commanding.

How mean, says he, how timid, how abject must be that spirit, which can sit down contented with mediocrity! As for myself, all that is within me is on fire. I had rather, he proceeds, in his nervous manner, be torn in a thousand pieces than relax my resolution of reaching the sublimest heights of virtue and knowledge. I am of opinion, that nothing is so arduous, nothing so admirable in human affairs, which may not be attained by the industry of man. We are descended from heaven: thither let us go, whence we derive our origin. Let nothing satisfy us, lower than the summit of all excellence. The summit then I point out as the proper scope of the student. But labour must be loved, and the pleasures of luxury despised. Shall we submit to be extinguished for ever, without honour, without remembrance, ἀνδῶδες οὐδὲν ἐπιδεδειγμένοι, without having done any thing like men?

Such are the qualities required, such is the ambition recommended by this eloquent German, and, from my own short experience of the pleasures and pains of study, I hesitate not to give my feeble applause to his exhortation. Let the student be animated by the laurels of fame, which never fade, and spring forward, alert and vigorous, *to the Olympic prize*. Let not his industry be remitted by lassitude, or his

* The sentence which follows this quotation does not express the terseness and energy of the original: but its force is fully displayed in the language of an English writer:

Speak the commanding words I WILL,
and it is done.

ambition daunted by a temporary disappointment, but let him reflect on the reputation of Shakespeare and Johnson, over whose tombs perennial honours will ever bloom with unabated lustre. Let him consider that eloquence can force the reluctant wonder of the world, and make even monarchs tremble on the throne. This is the glorious triumph of knowledge, and the brilliant reward of industry.

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

IS A FREE OR DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT MOST FRIENDLY TO HUMAN HAPPINESS?

A FEW years ago, this would have been thought a most absurd, as well as impudent question. It would have been deemed an insult to the common understanding of every man born in Great Britain or America, to suppose this question susceptible of doubt or controversy. A revolution has certainly been effected in many minds, with regard to this question, within the last fifteen years. Many of those, who once considered the superiority of political freedom as a point altogether beyond dispute, and as supported, not only by intuitive, self-evident truth, but by the loud and uniform attestation of experience, have now gone over to the opposite opinion. Many have, at least, found their convictions shaken, and if they have not entirely abjured their ancient creed, begin, at least, to perceive that the truth of it is not quite as clear as they once imagined.

The cause of this silent revolution in human opinions is well known to be the horrors and disasters of the French revolution. The scenes of this revolution having taken place under our own eyes, our sympathy has been irresistibly affected. The story being familiarly known to us, in all its circumstances and details, the imagination, if I may so speak, has been filled with this single object, and grief and detestation has excluded or supplanted every other sentiment. It is true, that similar horrors and disasters have taken place in the Greek republics, and in the ancient and modern ones of Italy; but we are little affected by what is distant, and a summary narrative takes no hold of the imagination. Athens, Rome, and Florence were the scenes of commotions and bloodshed quite as dreadful, and, in proportion to their population and territory, quite as extensive, as France has lately been. But the eulogists of civil liberty seldom allowed these parts of the picture to engage their attention. They fixed their thoughts upon individual cases of military heroism, patriotic magnanimity, or intellectual vigour, and these being, as they conceived, the genial products of civil liberty, they admitted no side views or impertinent retrospects to damp their admiration. Now, however, it is not uncommon to perceive a resemblance between the history of the old and the new republics. The fruits of ancient liberty, in genius and heroism, begin to dwindle into nothing, in our eyes, while the tales of massacre, confiscation, and exile are listened to with new deference and new emotions.

It would probably be difficult, at this time, to meet with a strenuous advocate of that kind of liberty, which is necessarily productive of, or attended with, foreign and intestine wars; and yet I was lately in company with such a one, with whose eloquence and ingenuity I was so much pleased, that I took the first opportunity of putting his declamation on paper.

Men are destined, says he, to play in human life for manifold stakes of unequal importance. The merchant plays for profit, and hazards his property. The warrior plays for victory or conquest, and hazards his life. Every one who seeks fortune, preferment, or honour, hangs in suspence between the opposite events of success or dis-

appointment. What was staked among the ancients, in their national quarrels, was of greater importance than is risked at war, by the officer or soldier, in any modern nation. When captives were retained in servitude, or sent to the market for slaves, the soldier exposed not only his life but his personal freedom. This violation of humanity was enforced by the Romans in all their wars, and by the Greeks put in practice in their contests, not only with barbarous nations, but even with one another. During the Peloponnesian war, and for many years after it, the republics of Greece were, at home, almost always distracted by furious factions, and abroad involved in sanguinary wars, in which each sought not merely superiority of dominion, but either completely to extirpate all its enemies, or what was not less cruel, to reduce them into the vilest of all states, that of domestic slavery; and to sell them, man, woman, and child, like so many head of cattle to the highest bidder in the market.

From this account of the Greeks, some are disposed to infer, they were a wretched people, but I question the truth of the inference. The *fortunes* of men do not always decide their *feelings*. Cervantes wrote his adventures of Don Quixote in a prison; and, from so vigorous an exercise of all his faculties in that situation, we have reason to conclude that a person may not be wretched though in prison. The human mind gave similar proofs of felicity no where more conspicuous than in Greece. And if human life be compared to a game, it was played among ancient nations, and the Greeks in particular, on a stake no less indeed than that of freedom as well as life. But their example should lead us to think that the spirits of men are not greatly damped by the risks which they are made to run in the service of their country. The first citizens in every Grecian state, with this prospect of contingent slavery before them, took their post with alacrity in the armies that were formed for the defence or advancement of their country: and in no quarter of the world was the military character held in higher esteem. Those nations, at the same time, in other respects, show marks of felicity superior to what has ever been displayed in any other quarter of the world or age of mankind. In their very language, there is evidence of genius or intellectual ability, superior to that of other nations. The order and form of their expression kept pace with the order and discrimination of subjects to be expressed, with all the possible varieties of relation, and with all the subtilties of thought and sentiment beyond what is exemplified in any other known instance. They led the way also in all the forms of literary composition or discourse, under which the human genius is displayed. Their poets, historians, orators, and moralists, preceded those of other nations, and remain unequalled by those that came after them. Their sculptors, painters, and architects, excelled those of every other nation; and the same genius which rose towards every object, in which excellence or beauty could be required or exhibited, gave also the most masterly examples of civil, political, or military virtues; and, in the whole, gave the most irrefragable evidence of minds no way sunk by the sense of oppression, or the gloomy prospect of hazard impending from the loss of liberty, or the fear of slavery, to which they were exposed. The ease and alacrity with which they moved on the highest steps of the political, the moral, and intellectual scale, abundantly showed how much they enjoyed that life and freedom of which they were so worthy, and which they so freely risked in the service of their country. And if the hazard of blessings which they staked in every public contest had at all any effect on their minds, their example may serve to prove that men are not unhappy in proportion to the stake for which they contend; or, perhaps, what is verified in the case of other players

as well as in theirs, that persons who are used to a high stake cannot condescend to play for a lower; or that he who is accustomed to contend for his freedom or his life can scarcely find scope for his genius in matters of less moment.

A warden of the English marches, on a visit to the court of Scotland, before the accession of James to the throne of England, said he could not but wonder how any man could submit to so dull a life as that of a citizen or courtier: that, for his own part, no day ever past in which he did not pursue some one for his life, or in which he himself was not pursued for his own. It is the degradation of fear, the guilt of injustice or malice, to which the mind of man never can be reconciled; not the risks to which the liberal may be exposed in defending his country, or in withstanding iniquity.

We are, for the most part, ill qualified to decide what is happy or miserable in the condition of other men at a distance. The inconveniences which we see, may be compensated in a way which we do not perceive. And there is in reality nothing but vileness and malice that cannot be compensated in some other way. Even those we call slaves are amused in the performance of their task, and, when it is over, are observed to be playsome and cheerful beyond other men. They are relieved of any anxiety for the future, and devolve every care on their master.

We estimate the felicity of ages and nations by the seeming tranquillity and peace they enjoy; or believe them to be wretched under the agitations and troubles which sometimes attend the possession of liberty itself. The forms of legislature, which imply numerous assemblies, whether collective or representative, have been often censured as exposing men to all the inconveniences of faction or party division; but, if these inconveniences are to be dreaded, they nevertheless may be fairly hazarded, for the sake of the end to be obtained in free governments, the safety of the people, and the scope which is given to all the noble faculties of the human mind.

If I mistake not the interests of human nature, they consist more in the exercise of freedom, and the indulgence of a liberal and beneficent temper, than in the possession of mere tranquillity, or what is termed exemption from trouble. The trials of ability which men mutually afford to one another in the collisions of free society, are the lessons of a school which Providence has opened for mankind, and are well known to forward instead of impeding their progress in any valuable art, whether commercial or elegant.

In their social capacity, the most important objects of attention, and the most improving exercises of ability, are enjoyed by the members of a free state: forms of government may be estimated, not only by the actual wisdom or goodness of their administration, but likewise by the numbers who are made to participate in the service or government of their country, and by the diffusion of political deliberation and function to the greatest extent that is consistent with the wisdom of its administration.

While those who would engross every power to themselves may gravely tell us, that the public good consists in having matters ordered in the manner they conceive to be right, we may venture to reply, that it consists still more in having proper numbers admitted to a share in the councils of their nation: that though the proverb, in some cases, should fail, and safety should be wanting in multitude of counsellors, yet the multitude of council is in itself a greater public advantage than the talents of any single person, however great, can otherwise procure for his country. Single men may choose a measure or conduct a service better than might be obtained in any concourse of members; but numbers do more in a succession of ages than any single man could do; and human nature is more interested in having nations formed to

the character of manhood and public virtue, than it is in any particular measure of conduct, or the most successful atttainment of any particular object.

For the Literary Magazine.

PLAN FOR THE IMPROVEMENT AND DIFFUSION OF THE ARTS, ADAPTED TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE scarcity of taste and of skill in the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, in the United States, is a subject of great wonder to travellers. It is a paradox of difficult, but surely not of impossible, solution, that a civilized, peaceful, free, industrious, and opulent nation, of four or five millions of persons, sprung from one of the most enlightened nations of the globe, and maintaining incessant intercourse with every part of Europe, should have so few monuments of these arts among them, either in public or private collections. There was not a single public collection of this kind in the United States till the establishment of one, a few years since, at New York; and it is well known with what slender encouragement and support the rich have honoured the New York institution.

Under such impressions the following plan is published with little ardour or confidence. But if it has no influence at present, the time may come, and, perhaps, be not very distant, when some of its regulations may be carried into execution.

It is proposed that a subscription be commenced in order to raise the sum of ———, which, when completed, application should be made to congress for further assistance; the total of which sums, under their sanction, should be consolidated into a perpetual fund, to which proper trustees may be nominated, for the declared purposes, out of the annual interest, of commencing two galleries, and filling them, as fast as the interest accrues, with plaster casts from antique statues, bas-reliefs, fragments of architecture, fine bronzes, &c. collected not only from Italy, but from all parts of Europe.

That these galleries should be placed so as to enjoy a northern light, being parallel to each other, and consist of strong but simple forms; void, at first, of all ornament, and solely calculated for the purpose of containing, in a good point of view, and well lighted, the several specimens of art. A convenient space for visitors to pass in view of them below and between the objects and the artists, who should be possessed of a raised stage, under a continued window, contrived so as to illuminate at once their drawing-desk and the images on the opposite wall.

These galleries, one for statues and architectural models, and one for bas-reliefs, should be commenced at the same time in parallel directions, and each annually extended and furnished with casts, in the proportion that the funds would admit. They should be indiscriminately opened to all students in the arts, and the public, under proper regulations, during the greatest part of the day, throughout the year.

All fine bas-reliefs, &c. should, if possible, be obtained in moulds, with a cast in them, by which means they not only come the safest from injury, but it would enable the managers to place in the gallery two or three casts of such as best deserved imitation; and then the moulds might be sold to our moulders in plaster of Paris, by which means other cities would be enriched with many fine objects at a reasonable expence, to the great advantage of architects, schools, and the public in general.

There are not wanting people who think that such objects, by being cheaply multiplied, would injure the progress of our artists: but experience teaches otherwise; for those nations which most abound in

such things most abound in artists; and the more any thing is multiplied by casts or impressions, the more is the original esteemed; for while the narrow-minded amateur hides his fine Cameo, lest a sulphur should be obtained from it, both he and his ring are forgot; when, on the other hand, the liberal collector, whose chief pleasure it is to gratify all lovers with a copy of the fine originals he possesses, finds, to his surprise, the fame of his antique, and the credit of its owner, increased in the same proportion; and hence we may rest assured, that the multiplication of works of art always ends in a multiplied demand for the labours of artists.

The cheapness of paste has by no means decreased the esteem of diamonds; and man, happily for the multitude, has always considered richness and rareness of materials as no small addition to the merit of workmanship; even pictures have been painted, by good artists, on silver to enhance their value. And here I cannot avoid observing the utility it would be of to sculpture if artists would, as was done by the ablest of both Greece and Rome, make models for builders, in clay, at reasonable prices; for there are many who cannot afford marble, that would gladly encourage them in this effort in monuments, friezes, &c. The frequency of which in public would probably encrease the ambition of the wealthy to be represented in more expensive materials, and thence afford the artists more numerous opportunities of displaying their talents.

As each specimen must of necessity be placed at some distance from the ground, the space below should be filled with a concise history of the cast, or with the conjectures of antiquarians as to its original and author, to which should be added, the time and place, when and where it was found, and the name of the country and situation the orginal at present ornaments.

The pedestal of each statue might contain the like inscriptions, in painted letters, the more easily to correct them on any new information.

How useful such inscriptions would be to travellers, antiquarians, and artists, I need not point out; neither need I add the utility that would arise from marking with a line on each object the division of the restored parts; which lines might be made, by whatever artist was employed to send home the moulds, on the spot: for the baneful effects of partial ignorance, which, like a weed, springs up among the best crops of human learning, are seldom more manifest than among those whose labours are directed to the elucidation of fine art in antique monuments.

Such galleries, when finished, would possess advantages that are wanting in foreign museums; where often, to gratify the love of ornament in the architect, fine bas-reliefs are placed so high, as to be of little use to students, and as traps only to the antiquarian; of which, having with younger limbs, and younger eyes, often followed the enthusiastic Winkelman, I could give many instances.

Here, however, all would be brought to a level, and to light; all the restorations carefully distinguished; and such men of learning, as, without great detriment to their affairs, can never go abroad, would hence find daily opportunities of benefiting and crediting their country, as well as themselves, by their erudite remarks on monuments that relate entirely to classic ground.

In a word, well prepared, both by the knowledge and study of these casts, our yet unborn artists would be less confused on their arrival in Europe among the originals; and a much shorter stay would then suffice: lastly, on their return, these galleries would help to perpetuate in their memories the result of their studies; a fund of employment would be afforded to young artists in copying these antiques for foreigners, as well as natives; and our engravers, either native or im-

ported, would here always find objects from whence great works might be executed, equally interesting and much more correct, as well as less expensive, than any that have hitherto appeared in elucidation of antiquities.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. III.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcidine cunctos
Ducit.
OVID.

MOST men entertain a great partiality for the land of their nativity. This nature itself dictates; for that country, where we "first drew the vital air," by whose laws we were protected, and under whose government we lived, should always be viewed with respect and love. The conduct of its rulers, it is true, may sometimes appear imprudent, and therefore excite our regret; sometimes tyrannical and base, and therefore raise indignation in our bosoms; and sometimes we may suppose it derogatory to the best interests of the country, and dread the evil consequences which may result from it. But these things ought not to alienate our affections. What some may think wrong, others will contend is right; and if, at last, the former is verified in the issue, the greatest allowances are to be made for human fallibility.

Every good and sensible man will be induced to make these allowances, from a love for his country, and a desire to maintain its good name. He will always throw off party prejudice, so as to judge with candour, and to pardon errors. He that does not, though he may be a well-meaning man, cannot be a man of understanding: for though an ignorant one, with the best intentions, may be led astray by the art and hypocrisy of the interested, one of sense never can, as observation convinces him, that those who are continually finding fault generally possess the least regard for the laws, the least respect for every institution of their country, and the least natural affection for it.

That there are men of this description is unfortunately unquestionable. Their number, however, it is to be hoped, is few, and those few should be treated with contempt and abhorrence. Though the government under which they were born might not be congenial to their nature, nor calculated to make them happy, and they, of course, had left it for another, it does not follow that all predilection for it should be banished from the mind, or that they should rejoice to see it rendered contemptible.

The man of feeling, though separated for ever from his native land, looks back upon it with reverence and partiality, and he inclines to think it happier, at least in some respects, than any other.

But where to find the happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked Negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.

If the justice of these remarks is acknowledged, as they respect other countries, with how much more propriety will they apply to our own! How much greater should our regard for it be, how much

greater our ardour in promoting whatever is conducive to its welfare, our enthusiasm in resenting every insult to its honour, and every attempt to encroach upon its rights! We look upon our government as the best in existence, and think ourselves, in every respect, equal to any other nation. Our people, for enterprise and perseverance, are exceeded by none, neither are they inferior in point of genius and courage. This last qualification none will now doubt. Few instances have yet occurred to prove it, but these few are convincing. The heroes of the Mediterranean have advanced the reputation of their country, and deserve its gratitude. Their conduct, serving as a pattern for those who shall succeed them, will animate them to use the greatest exertions, and, on every opportunity, they will discover the native energy of Americans. As our revolution brought into notice many great men, whose characters were not before known, so did the shores of Tripoli, and so will every time of difficulty and danger.

In the infancy of a country, the great actions of its natives excite a greater degree of enthusiasm, than after she has attained an established character for bravery. Hence the extraordinary exploit of Decatur and his associates resounded with every acclamation and praise which language could dictate. Though in any age or country it would have been considered as an action in which the courage and prudence of those who conducted it were conspicuous, yet, in Americans, it is particularly entitled to praise. It is the first time they conducted a war in a foreign country, and the first time, since the revolution, that they had an opportunity of signalizing themselves in so great an undertaking. They could hardly be expected to possess the same confidence as those who had been concerned in former engagements, for to them the business of war was new. But advancing, with that courage and resolution which, I hope, will ever be the characteristics of the people of this happy land, they succeeded in their bold and hazardous attempt. The honours bestowed by government, and the praises of their countrymen are their just reward, and to their names immortality will be attached. In them may be seen what are Americans, what their courage, what their enterprise. And, without the spirit of prophesy, or the voice of inspiration, we may venture to predict, that the time is not far distant when America shall be respected as one of the most powerful of nations, and when her flag shall sail on the ocean, without any daring to insult it.

While dwelling on this part of my subject, I have gone beyond my intended length, for to me it is very interesting. Regarding my country with the strongest attachments, I cannot see any one view it with contempt, or attempt to form humiliating comparisons between it and others, without looking upon him as a most despicable being. How can any one, living under this government, be insensible of his happy situation, and unconscious of the many blessings which surround him! It is a land where "the man who has an honest heart has a charm too potent for tyranny to humble*;" and though the man of intrigue may obtain conspicuous stations, the man alone, whose guides are justice, honour, and benevolence, and who obeys the dicates of his conscience, commands the esteem of the virtuous, and the respect of all parties.

F.

For the Literary Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

STATE OF FRANCE UNDER LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

THE history of Louis XV is the history of despotism, superstition,

* Moreton's Speed the Plough.

impiety, and vice. From that prince's majority to the death of cardinal Fleury, every kind of vice was countenanced by the example of the nobility; the most unnatural crimes were perpetrated without shame, and almost without concealment. The conduct of the princes of the royal family was most detestably licentious, mixed with a degree of brutality and cruelty which disgraces humanity. The count of Charolois murdered one of his valets in 1725, to carry on, without interruption, an intrigue with the widow of this unhappy man; and he shot several persons, merely from diversion. In conjunction with the prince of Condé, he was guilty of a piece of cruelty toward madame de St. Sulpice, of which decency forbids our giving the particulars. Crimes of a similar kind are alleged against the prince of Conti, of which even the meanest wretch that ever was hanged at Tyburn would blush to be accused.

The character of Louis XV was the most despicable that could be imagined: from his education he had imbibed all the silly terrors of superstition, without one sentiment of religion. He remained for some time faithful to his queen, not from affection, nor from a sense of duty, but merely from his fear of the cardinal in this world, and of the devil in the next. The queen was a most fanatical devotee, the blind instrument of artful priests, and had neither personal charms, nor mental accomplishments, to attract his affections. The intrigues of the courtiers, countenanced by the hypocritical Fleury, to provide a mistress for the king, and the arts by which they at length overcame the timidity of this overgrown boy, for he was nothing else during his whole life, cannot but excite our indignation. The amours of Louis with madame de Mailly, and with her two sisters, madame de Vintimille and the duchess of Chateauroux, are well known: even the princes and princesses of the blood submitted to be the vile panders to the lust of the monarch, and countenanced, by their infamous servility, a conduct on which even the poorest woman, who had the least regard for the esteem of her fellow-creatures, would look down with contempt and aversion; nay, from which all, except the professedly abandoned, who can practise the arts of seduction for the gratification of others, would turn with disdain.

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GENOESE PATRIOTISM.

No part of history is so pleasing as that which exhibits emancipation from oppression: for nothing can afford greater satisfaction than to see a brave people resolving to be free, shaking off the yoke of unworthy servitude, and punishing their audacious tyrants. The revolution in Genoa, after it had been conquered by the Austrians, is an event of this kind. Botta, the general of the empress queen's forces, had, by his insolent menaces, so terrified the senate and nobles, that these contemptible grandees resolved to resign the republic into his hands, and to throw themselves on his mercy. Adorno alone, who commanded in Savonna, behaved with proper spirit: he declared that he was determined to defend this place to the last, and that he had made a will, by which he had destined all his fortune to the relief of the widows and children of those of his countrymen who might be slain during the siege. To the messengers sent by the senate to command him to resign the town to the Austrians, he answered, "That he had been entrusted with the defence of it by a free republic, and would not obey the orders of an enslaved republic to resign it." Accordingly he sustained a siege and blockade of three months, and did not capitulate till reduced to the last extremity. The rapacity of the Austrians was insatiable, and they added the most intolerable cruelty to their excessive extortions.

There were, however, in Genoa forty thousand men who were neither nobles nor senators, but whose conduct deserved a more honourable title than any which kings and senates can exclusively bestow.—The Austrians were about to carry off the cannon, in order to employ them against the allies of the republic, which excited the utmost indignation. During this operation an officer happened to strike a Genoese who did not obey his orders with sufficient alacrity; the Genoese instantly stabbed him to the heart: this was the signal for a general insurrection; the people attacked the Austrians with stones, which were the only weapons which they then had; but they soon procured other arms, notwithstanding the attempt of the doge and senate to prevent them. Botta was mad with rage; "Shall the Austrians," he cried, "who drove the French out of Italy, tremble before a Genoese mob?" Yet this Genoese mob, under the command of Doria, defeated them repeatedly, slew several thousands of them, made four thousand of them prisioners, and at length drove them entirely out of the city. This brave people did not long retain their liberty; the perfidious Louis, who had reaped such advantages from their spirited conduct, and who could not but approve of it when directed against the Austrians, was mean enough to assist the senate and nobles in re-establishing their aristocratical government.

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CHARLES STUART.

The treatment which the pretender received from the French court is one proof, among many, of the little dependence that can be placed on the friendship of despotic princes; and that their kind offices, as well as their enmities, are the result of a mean selfishness, and vary with their political views. During the negociations at Aix la Chapelle, this unfortunate man was not only meanly deserted, but was driven out of France, in an ignominious manner, by the very monarch who, a few years before, had professed the utmost friendship for him, and endeavoured to place him on the British throne. To the duke of Gesvres, who delivered to him a letter from Louis, announcing the order to leave the kingdom, the young pretender said that he would sooner die than obey. A letter from his father, persuading him to retire, was equally without effect; and he threatened, if force were used, to put an immediate end to his own life. Shortly after he was taken by surprise at the opera: a serjeant of the guards came softly behind him, seized him by the arms, and threw him down; others kept him in this posture while his pockets were searched, in which two pistols were found loaded, primed, and cocked. He was then bound like a felon, only that, in regard to his rank, the cord was of silk, hurried into a coach, and carried to the prison of Vincennes. His attendants and servants were lodged in the Bastile. On searching his house a considerable number of muskets and pistols were found, together with a small barrel of gunpowder. In prison he was constantly watched by a guard. This treatment broke his spirit; he wrote a submissive letter to Louis, and was released, on giving his word that he would immediately leave France, and never come into it again. He then took refuge in the canton of Fribourg; on which the British minister wrote, in a very haughty style, to the magistrates of that state, complaining, "that it afforded an asylum to an odious race, proscribed by the laws of Great Britain." This was answered by L'Avoyer with proper spirit. "This odious race," said he, "is not proscribed by our republic: your letter is highly improper; you forget that you are writing to a sovereign state; and I do not conceive myself obliged to give you any further answer." The pretender, however, soon set off for Italy.

ON THE PROGRESS OF NAUTICAL SCIENCE.

There have been in Europe two great nautical schools, the Mediterranean and the Baltic. In the first, a *calm* sea, the art of ship building was a continual improvement of the *oar-raft*, a coasting navigation, the practice of the mariners; and the port-customs, and the maritime terms and laws, all wear marks of this original character. In the second, a stormy sea, the art of ship-building was a gradual evolution of the sail-raft; an open navigation, from the earliest times, was preferred; and the usages, phraseology, the code of regulations, are all tinctured by a corresponding spirit. The common and statute law of sea matters handed down by tradition, and by the Rhodian code from the ancients, was gradually modified into that system of regulations known by the name of "*Il Consulato del Mare*," which received the papal sanction in 1075, was re-enacted in most of the sea ports of the Mediterranean, but not till 1162 at Marseilles, and was first printed at Barcelona in 1502. This work has been translated into most European languages, our own excepted. The Dutch version of 1704 is the best.

The rules and orders taught by circumstances and experience to the Baltic sailors were first reduced into written laws at Wissby, one of the Hanse towns, and were printed in 1505 at Copenhagen, in the Frankish tongue. The first English translation appeared in 1536.

The Arabians were the first to apply mathematical science to the improvement of navigation. The earliest books on the subject appeared at Seville and Lisbon. The first English hints on this head are found in W. Cunningham's Cosmographical Glass, 1559, where he recommends the use of the quadrant. In 1581 was published "The New Attractive, by Norman;" a book which forms an æra in the science. It is a treatise on the variation of the needle. The compass is generally thought to have been first used by the Chinese, and brought from the Indian seas, through Egypt, to Italy; but when we consider the vast difference in the mode of constructing this instrument, there is reason to believe that it is equally an original invention both in China and Europe. The variation is a European observation.

Davis' Seaman's Secrets, 1594, is a book which does honour to the author. His memory is properly preserved by the denomination of the straits which he discovered; but Edward Wright, who improved our sea charts at that period, the patrons of the society for making discoveries, founded in 1561, and many others, merit also to have their names preserved, by associating them with some of those natural monuments which our voyagers are often at a loss to baptize. Much of our national prosperity, and much of the civilization of the globe, are to be ascribed to those who first naturalized maritime pursuits among us.

After the year 1600 all the branches of nautics came to be generally studied; nor are the English writers on the subject at all inferior to those of the rival nations, till about the year 1750, when Euler's work appeared, which seems to have drawn the attention of the French mathematicians to the theory of ship-building; and, seconded by the countenance of the court, to have occasioned a remarkable advancement of naval science in France. The French, however, have made much greater progress in the theory than in the practice of the nautical arts. In this respect the English, and under this denomination the people of the United States may properly enough be included, have far exceeded all other nations. To sail fast, to carry much, to make way near, and, if I may say so, against the wind, to turn and shift postures and directions quickly, easily, and safely, are the constituents of a perfect ship. We cannot sup-

pose that, in all these points, we have as yet, by any means, attained the ultimatum, but, on the contrary, it is highly probable that the ship of future times will as far exceed the finest French frigate now sailing as such a frigate does a Mohawk canoe.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

GEOGRAPHICAL errors are more common in books than any other kind of errors. This is not surprising, when we reflect on the infinite variety and number of particulars of which geography consists. On this account, a writer may be reasonably excused if, on some occasions, he should place an inland town on the sea-side, or remove a country a few hundred miles further from some other country than nature has done. But these errors will be entitled to less excuse, when we reflect on the extreme facility with which every *man of books* may make himself acquainted with most points of geographical knowledge, whenever he has occasion for this knowledge. Maps are generally at hand, or easily procured, and when we are not certain, it becomes us to take the trouble to enquire, especially as that trouble is, in most cases, extremely small.

These errors are frequently met with when least expected. An eminent French physician, chief of the medical department in the army of St. Domingo, in a treatise on the yellow-fever, alludes to the history of that disease at Philadelphia, in 1793, which, he says, originated in the effluvia of some coffee thrown carelessly, and suffered to putrify *sur la rivage de la mer:* on the sea shore.

Racine, in his tragedy of Mithradates, has the following passage:

Doûtez vous que l'Euxin ne me porte en deux jours
Aux lieux où le Danube y voit finit son cours.

Strange that the poet should not have looked at a map before he ventured to describe the Euxine as a river leading into the Danube.

Boileau displayed as little knowledge of astronomy, when he described a philosopher making use of an astrolabe, in order to determine whether the sun revolves on its axis.

Of all errors the most unaccountable is that of the celebrated Salmasius, who, in a work printed at Leyden, represented our Saviour as born at Jerusalem.

A translation of Cæsar's Commentaries, by Louis XIV, was published in 1751, on which account this monarch is ranked among the learned. The justice of his claim may be determined by his asking cardinal Fleury, after hearing the word *quemadmodum* repeated several times in a motet which was performed before him, who this *prince Quemadmodum* was?

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON THE FORMER AND PRESENT STATE OF HOLLAND.

CIVIL liberty, as distinguished from political, is the grand purpose for which civil society was formed, and government instituted. With respect to this, the Dutch had advantages, before their revolution, which left them no room for complaint; and however imperfect their political constitution might be deemed, they actually enjoyed more freedom than the inhabitants of most other countries.

The spirit of moderation is truly admirable with which the government of the Dutch republic was generally administered, and the respect which it commonly paid to the privileges of the people. Some of these are such as even Americans might envy: for the house of a Dutch burger may with much more propriety be termed his castle, than that of a subject of our laws can be. No sheriff's officer, no exciseman,

nor even any inferior officer of justice can pass his threshold without his permission; nor can he, on any account, be taken out of his habitation, except by the judges themselves, who, for this purpose, must accompany the constables.

The equity of the courts of judicature was unvaried, and the security of private property inviolable. The taxes were heavy: but this must be ascribed to the nature of the country, the preservation of which from inundation required a very great expence; and these taxes were imposed, not by an arbitrary monarch, who demands them to supply the splendid luxury of his court, or who employs them in supporting numerous armies, in order to extend his tyrannic sway; not by a rapacious minister, who plunders the people, in order to fill his own coffers, to enrich his friends, or to execute his plans of personal revenge; but by the representatives of the nation, for such were the deputies of the states: these must consent to the tax in the name of their fellow-citizens, and, when they have done this, must bear their own share of the load which they have imposed on the public.

In general, taxation in the United Provinces was conducted with great wisdom. In no country did the inhabitants pay greater sums to government, but, from the manner in which they were collected, the burden was scarcely perceived; and great care was taken, especially in extraordinary impositions, to spare the lower class of citizens as much as possible. Even from the heavy tax of two per cent. on all property, whether real or personal, exacted to carry on the present war, all those are exempted, who can swear that they do not possess two thousand five hundred florins (a thousand dollars), exclusively of household furniture, linen, and clothes.

How far this desirable state of things is changed, since the country was subdued by the French, it is difficult for us, at this distance, to tell. Conquest is a very indefinite term, and implies things that have no relation to each other, as it takes place in different circumstances, among different nations, and under different leaders.

We have no reason to believe that the French interfere in the civil administration of the provinces.—Their power is chiefly exerted to procure money; but this is demanded and obtained in the lump, and the sums are levied on the people, in a way and by officers appointed by the native authorities, as formerly.

As to political liberty, if we confine that term to those who expressly chuse their governors by periodical elections, the Dutch never at any time possessed it. If we make the criterion of political liberty the inclination or acquiescence of the people, the general conviction as to the validity and sacredness of the title of those who actually govern, the Dutch possessed as much of it, and no more, than the Russians, Austrians, and Spaniards.—All government is founded on opinion, and the subjects of the most despotic prince in Europe are not less politically free, are not less completely governed with their own consent, than any of the democratic cantons which once existed in Switzerland.

According to the vulgar notions of political liberty, as resulting from the government of great numbers, periodically and expressly chosen by a majority of those who have the male sex, mature age, and some property, the Batavians are freer than they ever were. How far their civil liberty has been affected by the recent revolutions, it would be well worth while to enquire. That they labour under heavy inconveniences and privations is certain; but the greater part, if not the whole, of these are to be ascribed to the war, and will therefore cease when the war ceases, however their political independence may be influenced by that event.

VIATOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

IT is somewhat suprising that the merits of the government of the United States of America have not been more accurately discussed by European writers. It was this republic which exhibited the first instance, in the present century, of what could be effected by a people who were resolved to be free; and who, by their success, encouraged others to attempt to shake off the yoke by which they felt themselves oppressed: but they enjoyed advantages of which the nations of Europe were destitute. They had long been accustomed to live under a popular government, and had been educated amid the enjoyment of freedom, both civil and political; to them, therefore, liberty was not a stranger, known only by distant report, with whose features they were not sufficiently acquainted to distinguish her from the impostor licentiousness, that so often assumes her name, and counterfeits her pretensions. Their manners were not corrupted by the contagious example of those licentious courts, which consider religion only as a political machine to keep the people in subjection, and force on them an uniform profession of faith, while government itself may violate every obligation of morality. The jealousy and ambition of princes, instead of operating against us, was, by a concurrence of circumstances, directed against the power with which we were at variance, and at length openly favoured our efforts. Under these advantages, we not only succeeded in vindicating our independence, but obtained leisure to exert our abilities in planning a form of government, which, if not perfect, seems at least well calculated to promote the happiness of a people, whose love of liberty is attempered with that of order and decency, and accompanied with the virtues of integrity, moderation, and sobriety. Fortunately separated by the ocean from the present horrid scenes of war, we are undisturbed in the enjoyment of the advantages so dearly purchased. Our fields are not exposed to the irruptions of an irritated and licentious multitude; nor are we liable to see our country impoverished, and its inhabitants sacrificed, by being forced into a concurrence with the wild schemes of selfish ambition and the lust of power.

The constitution of the American states deserves the greater attention, as it is the first that, since the improvements in the circumstances of society, which so honourably distinguish modern times, was founded on the free deliberation of men, who understood the nature of liberty, and were zealous in her cause; who, while they despised the political and ecclesiastical prejudices, which are fostered in the countries of Europe, knew the necessity of obedience to laws, and of a regard for religion and virtue, both in principle and practice; and who were not fettered by that intimate political connection with foreign princes, which is always dangerous to the independence of republics. An attentive view of the history of the American revolution, will point out the causes why that of France has not been attended with more salutary consequences.

The chief faults in the old confederation had their source in that jealousy of power, which generally prevails among a people who have shaken off what they conceived to be an oppressive yoke, and have successfully asserted their liberties. Having long been accustomed to see authority and oppression united, they find it difficult to distinguish two ideas which they have acquired a habit of associating. They confess the necessity of laws to restrain licentiousness, as well as to regulate the proceedings of government: but they are apt to look with aversion on those who are appointed to execute them, as men who

wish to elevate themselves above the level of their fellow-citizens, and to acquire a power independent of them. They forget that, in a republic, the magistrate, of whom they are thus suspicious, holds his power only for a short period; that when this is expired, he must retire to the station of a private citizen; and, if he has laid any burthen on the community, must afterward bear his portion of it. It must however be acknowledged, that some degree of this jealousy is not more natural to republicans, than it is necessary to prevent their government from degenerating into an aristocracy: but when it is carried so far as to deprive the executive power of that vigour which is requisite to enforce the laws, and to maintain the constitution, it is pregnant with ruin to those liberties which it professes to guard.

The grand vice of the American union was that which has generally attended federate governments, the want of sufficient sanction to its laws, or of power to compel the several members of it to comply with the conditions under which they were united. This was the fault of the feudal monarchies, which were only private bodies, in which the king, or liege lord, was little more than the chief in a confederacy of petty sovereigns, each of whom had a supreme authority within his own territory; hence they were frequently engaged in wars, not only with each other, but also with their king, who had no other means of reducing them to obedience, than the precarious expedients of violence, in which it was impossible always to command success: hence the kingdoms of Europe were at that time continually involved in intestine war. The same vice prevaded the Amphyctionic and Achaian leagues of ancient Greece, and is found in the Germanic body; which would long since have been dissolved, but for the vast influence which the house of Austria derives from its hereditary territories. The Helvetic league, though often mentioned as an instance of the permanence of federal states, is equally faulty. The cantons had no common treasury, no common army, even in time of war, no common court of justice, nor any one property of federal government: they were kept together by the particular circumstances of their situation; by the consciousness which each has of its weakness as an individual state; by the dread of powerful neighbours, to one of whom they were once enslaved; and by other considerations of a similar nature.

Whatever efficacy this league may have had in common cases, it has always been found impotent in differences of great importance. Disputes concerning religion have three times occasioned the most violent and bloody quarrels, and have, in fact, dissolved their union; for the Romish cantons have since held their separate assemblies, and very little business is transacted in the general diet. The history of the United Provinces affords strong proofs, that a sovereignty over sovereignties, a legislation to states, which does not extend to the individuals of each state, is not only a political absurdity, but is inconsistent with order and the objects of civil government, by its tendency to substitute violence for law, and the compulsion of the sword for the coercion of the magistrate. The extreme facility with which both of these states have been lately overrun and subdued by their Gallic neighbours sufficiently proves, that their safety from foreign invasion and intestine war was built on foundations equally precarious.

It was another fault, that the constitution of each state was not guaranteed by the rest; by which I do not mean that congress should interfere with the domestic concerns of the states, nor that it should prevent them from effecting, in a peaceable and lawful manner, such alterations in their respective constitutions as the majority of citizens in each may deem necessary, but only that it should guard against

such changes as may be produced by violence. The contribution of men and money to the union, by *quotas* assigned for each state; the want of a general and uniform power for regulating commerce, and of a national court of justice; the equality of the smaller with the larger states, with regard to the votes in congress; the power of each to issue paper currency; the too frequent change in the members of congress; and the whole power of legislation for the union being vested in a single assembly, were the principal imperfections in the old constitution of the states. The bad consequences of these are shown by what has since happened, both with regard to internal differences between the several states, and the want of the confidence of foreign powers in a confederation, for the continuance of which there was so little security.

And yet, when we consider the circumstances of the old confederation, instead of wondering that it has these faults, we are only astonished that it has so few. The articles were drawn up, not in the cool hours of peace and security, when their authors had leisure to examine all the possible consequences of each, and could protract the conclusion till every difficulty could be removed; but they were planned amid the horrors of war, when immediate exertions were necessary against a common enemy; and when it was infinitely more prudent to produce, with all expedition, a plan of union, however imperfect, which might effect an immediate combination of the several states, than to consume their time in vain deliberations in search of a perfection, of which their actual situation rendered them incapable. It was probably never intended for a lasting, and certainly not for an unalterable, constitution; but the American legislators acted judiciously in not producing a second before the inconveniences of the first had been fully experienced. These inconveniences were felt, and induced the Americans, in the year 1787, to form a new constitution, in which most of the imperfections of the former were avoided; and which, though not entirely perfect (for what can be so that is of human invention?) is certainly the best republican government hitherto known.

Posterity will do justice to the wisdom and honesty of the governors of the United States of America, who did not make the acknowledged imperfection of all human institutions a pretence for persisting in errors, and for perpetuating abuses, but were ready to prevent the wishes of their countrymen, by such a voluntary reformation of their constitution, as, without departing from its spirit, might best secure its permanence, and promote the great ends of government; which was ordained by Providence, not to gratify the ambition of princes, the pride of nobles, and the vanity of ministers, but to promote the wealth, the peace, and the happiness of the whole.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY FASHION.

THE caprices and revolutions in literary taste form a subject of curious speculation. How many works and how many authors owe their popularity to fashion! The popularity of truly meritorious works is entirely owing to fashion, for some time, at least, after their publication. Perhaps the endurance of this popularity may be admitted as the test of merit. That popular approbation is governed almost wholly by caprice or fashion is a truth well known to booksellers. The following anecdote will show how little we are able before hand to distinguish the public pulse with accuracy:

The celebrated La Bruyere used to frequent the shop of a bookseller, named Michallet, where he amused himself with reading the new pamphlets, and playing with the book-

seller's daughter, an engaging child, of whom he was very fond. One day taking the manuscript of his *Characters* out of his pocket, he offered it to Michallet, saying, "Will you print this? I know not whether you will gain any thing by it; but, should it succeed, let the profits make the dowry of my little friend here." The bookseller, though doubtful with respect to the result, ventured on the publication; the first impression was soon sold off; several editions were afterward printed, and the profits of the work amounted to a very large sum; and, with this fortune, Miss Michallet was afterwards very advantageously married.

For the Literary Magazine.

PICTURE OF DUBLIN.

HOW far will a native of Ireland, and especially of Dublin, assent to the truth of the following picture, drawn up by a traveller, who, so far from carrying into Ireland any prejudices against that country, was strongly prepossessed in its favour? This kind of prepossession is indeed as unfavourable to truth as the opposite. Envy and ill-humour may not pourtray an object in worse colours than disappointment. But be that as it will, it may not be unamusing or uninstructive to listen to the remarks of at least a lively describer.

The first thing, says he, that struck me, upon entering Dublin, was the singular appearance of the women, who are all without either hat or bonnet to their head. Even many of genteel appearance parade the streets in this manner, and we as rarely see a woman in Dublin with a hat on, as one elsewhere with her head uncovered.

It is impossible to do justice to the exquisite filthiness of the hotels. Every thing is fine and dirty. Our beds had canopies and plumes, with counterpanes and sheets of a most sable hue. This appearance is not confined to hotels alone. The taverns are the same. The streets are filled with wretchedness and grandeur, idleness and extravagance. It is not the habit of a few; it is the characteristic of the nation: a popular concern to unite at once every species of dissipation, filthiness, and extortion.

The streets and avenues to this city are crowded with miserable objects, whose importunate clamours for charity are troublesome in the highest degree. In the environs, we saw numbers of dirty wretches, whose sole employment seemed to consist in divesting each other of filth and filthy insects. If you enter a fruit-shop or a tavern, a crowd of those poor creatures infest the door, through which you must press your way, and deem yourself fortunate if you escape the detached parties of vermin.

Beggars and prostitutes swarm in every street, and fill the air with their importunate cries. Extravagance is the leading trait in their character. I frequently saw children with broad laced frills to their shirts, who had neither shoes nor stockings to their feet. An instance of this may be seen at Drury's billiard-table every day, where there are two markers of this description. They will pawn their last rag for the pleasure of gaming; and I myself saw a fellow, opposite the custom-house, in Essex-street, who had seated himself upon the ground, and, having ventured every penny he had at chuck-farthing, was howling for the loss of it.

They are, in general, of a very irritable disposition, and will quarrel with each other upon the most trifling occasion. On the night of the prince of Wales's birth-day, I was walking in Dame-street, when a fellow, genteelly dressed, met a boy, who was running about with his companions. Without saying a word, he raised a loaded whip, and knocked the boy down. A mob gathered; the fellow made off, and the poor boy was carried, with a

broken head, to the apothecary's. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, I saw a vast crowd gathering, and, inquiring the cause, was told that some person had just killed a porter, whom they were conveying to the dispensary, and that his murderer was to go to Newgate. In the evening, a boy was flogged, *for some crime or other*, almost to death, at the cart's tail; and finding that he could not bear all his punishment, they removed him to prison, to take the rest at another opportunity.

Not a night passes without riot, although the police stand armed at the corner of every street. Duels, without end, continually furnish subject for conversation, and not unfrequently topics of fresh dispute. Of all the people I ever met, whether educated in the army, the navy, in the universities, or at home, the Irish are the greatest swearers.—Not a word passes without an oath, vociferated in the most vehement manner, and horrid imprecations are familiarly delivered, upon the most trivial events.

But no more of this hideous portrait. Some other travellers have, doubtless, seen things in a very different light; but I, who scarcely ever travelled further than the corner of the street in which I was born, cannot decide between the fidelity of the rival portraits. I have a good deal of Irish blood in my veins, and should be very glad to see the *solum natale* of my ancestors vindicated from such dreadful imputations. Perhaps some one of your readers may be of Irish blood and conversation, and withal possessed of the requisite information, and will condescend to put pen to paper, in defence of his calumniated country. INQUISITOR.

For the Literary Magazine.

ORIGIN OF QUAKERISM.

AMONG the whimsical ideas which have found harbour in the minds of the learned and ingenious, not the least remarkable, I think, is the hypothesis of a celebrated *Welch* antiquarian, that the society of quakers is only a continuation of the old bardic institution or religion. In analyzing the principles of the ancient druidical religion, he is struck by the surprising coincidence between them and those of the amiable society of quakers.

It is observable, says he, that this sect originally appeared under the name of seekers, and very generally, if not first, in South Wales. It is known that George Fox arranged his system, after availing himself of the experience and labours of William Erbury and Walter Cradock, natives of that part of Wales where the bardic institution is preserved. The Welch quakers still hold their meetings in the open air, mostly in a circular inclosure called Monwent.

The more this matter is considered, the more probable it will appear, that the masterly policy, with which the quaker sect is internally organized and governed, was not the contrivance of so extravagant a fanatic as George Fox; nor the systematic tendency of its principles to reduce all revealed religion to allegory, a likely speculation of his ignorant and turbulent followers.

The revolutions of opinion, and the causes that produced them, constitute an inexhaustible source of curiosity and wonder. No sect was ever more despised, and few have ever been more unrelentingly persecuted, than the *friends*, for a century after the period commonly assigned for its origin; yet, of late years, its reputation has been gradually emerging from the abyss of contempt and obscurity. It began to attract the regard of two classes of men, to whose respectful attention it should seem to be less entitled than to that of any other order in society. The first class is composed of those who are either lukewarm or hostile, with regard to all religion. The quaker system being so totally exempt from those forms

and ceremonials, and especially that hierarchy or clerical establishment, which are intimately blended with all other forms of christianity, and which they stigmatize as either absurd or pernicious, they feel themselves disposed to think favourably of this system. They revere it, not because it is the true form of the religion of Jesus, but because it possesses, in their opinion, least of that, or of any religion. Its tenets approach nearest to those of their philosophy.

The second class of its admirers are those who preach up philanthropic and political equality.—Those who deem the simple or popular form of government the best, fancy that they see in the policy of the quakers the purest and most perfect model of this government. It is very remarkable, indeed, that in the internal order of this society, in its legislative and judicial system, we see the most extravagant *political* reveries of Godwin and his followers realized. The division of the whole society into bodies sufficiently small to allow all legislative functions to be performed by the whole community assembled, without distinctions of rank, property, or even of *sex;* the deliberations of their public bodies, without any of those forms deemed indispensable by all other senates; decision in these assemblies accomplished *without vote*, or appeal to a majority; judicial powers united with the legislative, exercised without precise statutes, and executed without corporal punishment of any kind, are all characteristic of quaker as well as of Godwinian policy.

Some may observe, that the most extraordinary of these institutions imply the prevalence of civil laws and civil authority. The truth is, however, that the quaker system is intended for every condition of society, and would be the sole rule and order in a community consisting entirely of *friends*, as of one which composed a subordinate division of a larger community.

This conformity between this sect and the speculative politicians of the present age is the chief cause of the popularity of the former with the latter. It is true, they build upon a very different foundation; and not only different, but irreconcileable: but while inferences are the same, the diversity of premises is overlooked or disregarded. Thus the learned antiquary I have quoted above is so struck with the coincidence between the quaker and druidical systems and tenets, that he cannot help supposing the former to have originated from the latter.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

A LITERARY WIFE.

NOTHING is so terrible, to most men, as a literary wife. Indeed, nothing is so rare. Whatever a woman is, as to literature, science, or the arts, before marriage, she generally lays aside all her learning with her maiden state. Other avocations then engross her attention, and either her mind is not sufficiently capacious, or her taste sufficiently versatile, to enable her to divide her time between her old pursuits and her new. One of them must be neglected for the other, and the happiness of life is probably promoted by the preference usually given, in this dilemma, to the occupations of a nurse and housekeeper.

One of the most eminent examples of a literary wife on record is madame Dacier; but she was particularly fortunate in the direction which was taken by her literary and her matrimonial inclinations. This lady and her learned husband are said to have sympathized in their passion for letters and admiration of ancient authors; living in the utmost harmony to the end of their lives; united by taste and talents, but still more by affection. In Arabia, where polygamy is al-

lowed, a poor man frequently marries two, three, and four wives, for the convenience of their helping to maintain or enrich him by their united labours. What a treasure to a literary drudge would be such a *help-mate* as madame Dacier!

But this is a felicity rare and unparalleled, not only from the rarity of such characters among women, but from the unfrequency of such circumstances as enable a married couple both of them to devote themselves to learning and study, without material detriment to their happiness or comfort in other respects. As a general maxim, none can be truer than this:

Intolerabilius nihil est quam fœmina *studiosa.*

For the Literary Magazine.

STATE PRISONS.

CUSTOM has introduced, among the nations of Europe, a distinction between common prisons and state prisons. The former are designed for the reception of debtors or felons, who are victims of the laws in their regular and ordinary operation. The latter are destined to hold those who are guilty of offences against the sovereignty of the state, or who are confined by the authority of the executive magistrate, exercised independently of customary forms and ordinary tribunals.

Such is the constitution of our minds, that the greatest cruelty and most outrageous injustice exercised agreeably to written laws are passed over without notice. As our distinctions of right and wrong are creatures, for the most part, of habit, law and justice have become almost correlatives. Every thing is right provided it be legal, and every thing is wrong which is a breach of common and established laws. The smallest suffering or inconvenience, incurred from the illegal exercise of executive authority, is deplored as the most insupportable misery as well as the most flagrant injustice.

In America, and in a considerable degree in England, the executive power has no right to arrest, or imprison, or punish, independently of legal or judicial process. Hence the people of these countries have an unspeakable abhorrence of such proceedings, and nothing interest their feelings more than the tales of those who have been condemned to the solitude and hardships of a state prison. No lessons on the wickedness of despotism are thought to be more striking or affecting than are gathered from such stories. As the prisoner himself is always the relater of the tale, his own character and conduct are sure to be immaculate, all his sufferings undeserved, and the motives of the royal or imperial persecutor always cruel and malicious. As he stands in no danger of detection, his self-love will, of course, assume all the merits of unblemished innocence, and his fancy will clothe the sufferings he has endured with the blackest and most shocking hues. We resign ourselves without scruple to the impulses of a generous indignation, and are seldom aware that the cruelty we detest, the fortitude we revere, and the sufferings we commiserate, are, for the most part, imaginary.

A most striking example of this kind of narrative is afforded by the memoirs of Trenck, one of the most read and most widely diffused books in any language. Its popularity has indeed declined with its novelty, and the experience of more recent times has somewhat slackened the eagerness with which we used to listen to the tale of the horrors and oppressions incident to despotic governments.

The most curious instance of a state prison, with the condition and offences of those who are usually considered as its inmates, is to be found in Trenck's account of Konigstein (Kingstone), in Saxony.—This vast rock is not a fortress, he tells us, which an invading enemy

must subdue before he can conquer Saxony. It contains but a small garrison, incapable of making a sally; and serves only to secure the records of the country, and prisoners of state. Konigstein is the bastile of Saxony; in which many a man has pined out his life in durance.

On one occasion parts of the rock were blown up to form casemates. In doing this, was found a dungeon bored in the solid stone to the depth of three hundred and sixty feet. At the bottom of this dungeon appeared a bedstead, on which a skeleton reposed, and by its side the remains of a dead dog. Mournful sight for a heart possessed of the feelings of a man! At present the walls of this prison confine three persons not unworthy of notice.

One of these was private secretary to the court of Saxony, and in the year 1756 betrayed the secrets of the Dresden archives to the king of Prussia. He was taken in Poland; and has now been four and thirty years in a dungeon:—he still lives, but his appearance is more that of a wild beast than of a man.

Another is one colonel Acton. He who is acquainted with the secret history of Dresden will remem- the horrid poisoning scheme, which was detected, but was thought proper to be kept secret. Acton was the chief in this conspiracy. He was by birth an Italian; possessed a Calabrian heart; was a bold and handsome man; and was the favourite of the dowager electress.—Acton has still many friends in Dresden, and enjoys more liberty than his fellow-prisoners. Where he is, however, he must die: but he is a great villain, and cannot accuse his imprisonment of injustice.

The third is a fine young Swede. Six years ago he was arrested at Leipsic, at the private request of the king of Sweden, and brought to Konigstein in a mask. When he was taken, he defended himself like a lion, claiming his right to be protected by the laws of nations. This man is excluded from the light of day. No one sees him; no one speaks to him. And, on pain of death, no one must know what his name is, who he is, or that he is there. From what I could learn, he is no criminal; he has had no trial; but some *state* or love intrigue at the Swedish court has brought on him this fate. Pity him, reader! he has no deliverance to hope but death: for the elector has promised the king of Sweden, that he shall never more behold the beams of the sun. He is now under thirty years of age, and the worthy governor cannot speak of him without the tear of compassion in his eye: he shrugs his shoulders, looks up to heaven, and says—It is the elector's *order*, and I must obey.

By this account of the prisoners at Konigstein, it appears that two of the prisoners are really criminals, and by no means objects of compassion. We are even allowed to suppose, that Acton's condition is rather that of a *detained*, than of an imprisoned person. As to the third, this lively declaimer has so contrived as to excite our sympathy for the *fine young Swede*, and yet, for aught that appears in this passage, he may have justly merited his fate. It is worth observing, that in so extensive a territory, and so absolute a government, as Saxony, there should be, at one time, only *three* prisoners of state, the guilt of two of whom is unquestionable. The inference to be rationally deduced from this relation is by no means unfavourable to the justice and mildness of the Saxon government.

For the Literary Magazine.

A BOOKWORM.

A MAN may wander long before he meets with so memorable an example of a bookworm as I have lately met with in the account given by an entertaining traveller, of

Magliabechi, librarian to the archduke of Tuscany.

When this traveller visited Florence, he did not fail to pay his respects to this great man, who was considered as its ornament. He found him amongst his books, of which the number was prodigious. Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with them, not only along their sides, but piled in heaps on the floors; so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived indeed, so that by walking side-ways, you might extricate yourself from one room to another. This was not all; the passage below stairs was full of books, and the staircase from the top to the bottom was lined with them. When you reached the second story, you saw with astonishment three rooms, similar to those below, equally full; so crowded, that two beds in these chambers were also crammed with books.

This apparent confusion did not, however, hinder Magliabechi from immediately finding the books he wanted. He knew them all so well, that even to the least of them it was sufficient to see its outside, to say what it was; and indeed he read them day and night, and never lost sight of any. He eat on his books, he slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible. During his whole life he only went twice from Florence; once to see Fiesoli, which is not above two leagues distant, and once ten miles further by order of the grand duke. Nothing could be more simple than than his mode of life; a few eggs, a little bread, and some water, were his ordinary food. A drawer of his desk being open, the visitant saw there several eggs, and some money, which Magliabechi had placed there for his daily use. But as this drawer was generally open, it frequently happened, that the servants of his friends, or strangers who came to see him, pilfered some of these things; and, I suppose, preferred the money to the eggs.

His dress was as philosophical as his repasts. A black doublet which descended to his knees; large and long breeches; an old patched black cloak; an enormous hat, very much worn, and the edges ragged; a large neckcloth of coarse cloth, begrimed with snuff; a dirty shirt, which he always wore as long as it lasted, and which the broken elbows of his doublet did not conceal; and to finish this inventory, a pair of ruffles which did not belong to the shirt. Such was the brilliant dress of our learned Florentine; and in such did he appear in the public streets, as well as in his own house. Let me not forget another circumstance: to warm his hands he generally had a stove with fire fastened to his arms, so that his clothes were generally singed and burnt, and his hands scorched. Excepting all this, he had nothing otherwise remarkable about him. He was the best man in the world, and was extremely polite and affable to strangers.

Though so arrant a bookworm as Magliabechi is rarely to be met with, almost every student is remarkable for inattention to some circumstance of decency, comfort, or health. They are generally of good and placid tempers, and, by this circumstance perhaps, more than any other, are enabled to obviate or rectify the injuries which their health would incur from inactivity.

For the Literary Magazine.

ARABIA FELIX.

ALL ideas of merit are said to be comparative. Hence it is, that to comprehend one who endeavours to convey an idea of places or persons, in general terms, we must be thoroughly acquainted with the history of the describer. His judgment of what is great or little, good or bad, beautiful or ugly, is under the

influence of his own experience.—That is remarkably large, which exceeds in bulk any thing of the same kind he ever saw before, though to others it may be remarkably little, for a similar reason.

Our judgment is not only dictated by our general experience, but also by the state of our feelings at particular times. *All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.* Sickness and ill-humour will bestow gloomy and disheartening colours on every scene. Joyous health decks in gay hues a prospect the flattest and most dreary, as a keen appetite makes delicious the coarsest fare.

Men, after a long voyage, are in raptures with the verdure and fragrance of a fruitful shore. They dress out in the ornaments of paradise, in consequence of first impressions, what, after a few months' residence, dwindles into ordinary or insipid.

The epithet *felix*, or happy, is a most expressive term, and, when applied to a country, seems to lay claim to every splendid and delicious image. It has never been associated but with one name, Arabia, and habit has disposed us to bestow upon *Araby the blest* every terrestrial beauty and felicity. And yet, if we believe Niebuhr, a most intelligent traveller in the east, it is far from being worthy of this exalted epithet. In a journey of more than two months over this region, neither antiquities, arts, sciences, agriculture, nor any kind of cultivation, except the single article coffee, appeared in his whole route. So ignorant are the inhabitants of this part of Yemen, respecting the most common knowledge of clowns and peasants in Europe, that they have yet discovered no better method of felling a tree, than by burning the roots.

The country is, no doubt, indebted for this ostentatious appellation to the contrast which its irregular and not absolutely naked surface bears to the stony or sandy sterility and uniformity of the greatest part of that vast peninsula.

For the Literary Magazine.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.

THOSE who enumerate the mischiefs of the French revolution, are not contented with making out formidable lists of those who perished by the sword or the guillotine, by disease in military hospitals, or by hunger in the solitude of caves and forests, but they reckon at least four thousand persons, who died through fright, or killed themselves in despair. A due attention to this circumstance will considerably enlarge our view, as to the consequences of great public calamities or revolutions.

This representation is, in some degree, confirmed and illustrated, by the report of an eminent physician, published in a periodical work of Fourcroy's, for 1793, on the diseases of Paris. The reporter tells us, that the apprehensions which many people felt, on occasion of the revolution of the 10th of August, gave rise to the sanguineous apoplexy, to hemiplegia, and to paralytic affections of the organs of speech. One of my patients, says this physician, died of fright in three minutes, in consequence of seeing heads and dead bodies carried under his window. Another person, above sixty years old, of a corpulent habit, was struck with apoplexy, from the same cause, and died in three days. At the same period, a young man, thirty years old, died of a nervous fever, accompanied with convulsions of all the tendons (*subsultus tendinum*), in consequence of terror and alarm. In his delirium, he talked of nothing but massacre, and, at intervals, he became comatose.

For the Literary Magazine.

STAMMERING.

A WRITER in the above work mentions four cases of stammerers who could sing with the most per-

fect fluency. Stammering itself is a most curious phenomenon, and this circumstance shows the power of association in a surprising degree.

For the Literary Magazine.

HYBERNATION.

A LATE French writer has advanced a new and ingenious theory on the winter's sleep of animals. He supposes that the torpor of certain animals, in cold weather, is not *natural*, nor coeval with the species. The species subjected to it are natives of countries warmer than those in which they undergo this change; but, from their multiplication beyond their means of subsistence, they were obliged to emigrate. The unusual cold of the new climate (provided they moved from the equator), and the failure of food in winter, brought on the state of torpor. These animals, carried back to a warm climate, or supplied with food in plenty, never hybernate; in like manner, if fed by the hand of man, they lose this habit. It is probable, as Mr. Hunter also once conjectured, that all animals, man not excepted, are capable of this state: it is certain that sheep in Iceland pass the winter covered with snow, where they probably take no food, and where indeed they could only find a little dried heath: the Swiss have been found motionless under snow (*avalanches*), and, though they had remained long in this state without food, recover perfectly; it is now believed that swallows do not quit the country in which they live during summer. The small number of these birds hitherto discovered in a state of hybernation adds much probability to this opinion, since the swallow seems capable of passing the winter-months with us without torpor, according to circumstances. Extreme warmth has nearly the same effect on animals which cold produces. In excessively hot seasons, almost the same torpor prevails thoughout nature, and many animals hide themselves in dark and cool recesses, or emigrate.

One of the most mysterious things in nature is the cause of hybernation, especially that of aquatic plants, which, in order to avoid the rigour of winter, retire to the bottom of the water at the setting-in of this season, and emerge on the approach of the first fine weather in spring. Change of temperature alone seems insufficient to account for this phenomenon, for it sometimes happens that plants emerge when the temperature is lower than at the time of their sinking. The phenomenon doubtless depends on *the accumulation of excitability*, if we may use this phrase, during the state of quiescence of the vegetables: the same thing happens to animals.

For the Literary Magazine.

MRS. BARBAULD AND MISS BURNEY.

MRS. BARBAULD is generally known to us only as a poet and a writer of moral essays and tales. In like manner, Miss Burney appears before us merely as a writer of novels. To the honour of the sex, however, it is to be mentioned, that both these ladies have once been seduced into the paths of public and dignified eloquence. Two of the most eloquent productions of modern times claim these ladies for their authors. In 1793, Mrs. Barbauld, on occasion of a fast enjoined upon the nation, for the purpose of supplicating success to the war, recently engaged in with France, published a discourse, entitled *Sins of the Government Sins of the Nation.* In the same year, Miss Burney published an address to the British ladies, in behalf of the emigrant French clergy. Both of these performances manifested a wisdom and eloquence, which no productions of the present age have exceeded. If

I wanted to inspire a female with generous sentiments and a useful emulation, I should put these two pieces in her hands, rather than any other with which I am acquainted.

For the Literary Magazine.

OMNIPOTENCE OF LOVE.

FEW doctrines have perpetrated more lasting and extensive mischief, than that love is omnipotent, and that licentiousness is justified by the consideration that it was irresistible. While the mind is under certain mistakes, we must grant that certain consequences necessarily follow; and in that sense love is irresistible: but the principal of those mistakes is, that the party in love should suppose love to be unconquerable. The examples that other passions are, in certain individuals, stronger than love, are infinite; consequently, the supposition of its omnipotence is absurd. These remarks apply too much to the numerous class of books called novels; and we suspect that the mischief, which, according to some moralists, has been done by novels, originates in this error: it is an error that has been adopted by successive novel writers, because, not knowing how to unfold the emotions of the mind, and to give reasons for incidents which, though true, were uncommon, they could imagine no better expedient than that of resorting to the omnipotence of love. Those people, who are willing to indulge irregular desires, have very readily credited this doctrine, and the *force of love* is now a part of the creed of almost every master and miss in the reading world.

Novel writing has often been, and will, no doubt, again be, the source of great moral benefit to mankind: it is therefore peculiarly incumbent on novel writers to discard this prejudice from their productions. Let them, if they please, show us people in love; but, at the same time, let them unfold the emotions that preceded, and the causes that produced, the passion, and, afterward, trace it through all its consequences.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SPECIMEN OF POLITICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Continued from page 128.

EVERY district in Great Britain, of any considerable extent, contains at least the vestiges of an ancient castle and abbey. The ruinous condition of these edifices is more owing to the neglect and violence of men, than to the frailty of their structure or materials. The ferocious avarice and barbarous tyranny of Henry VIII, in England, and the wild fury of a fanatical populace, in Scotland, were the causes of the destruction of abbeys; while the change of manners, which rendered a fortress no longer necessary to personal safety, has occasioned the ruin of castles. In some few instances the abbey, though with a multitude of alterations, has become a private dwelling, and the castle, rendered sacred by the images of ancient grandeur and power, has, at an immense expence, been converted to the same use. In general, however, both are reduced to their foundations, and are cherished merely as mementos of past ages.

C—— is not a little singular in this respect. It has a castle and an abbey, but they can, in no sense of that word, be termed antiquities. They were erected by Alexander M——, lord of C——, in the course of the fifteenth century. The motives and character of the builder were somewhat remarkable, and deserve a more particular mention.

When he came to his estate he found the ancient abbey in a tottering condition. The castle was likewise sinking with age, but, in both cases, their crumbling state

was owing to an injudicious choice of materials, and mode of construction, as well as to age. They were founded in the eleventh century, by a Saxon thane, who, driven from the southern part of the island, by the Norman invader, took refuge in C——, and, by marrying the daughter and heiress of the native lord, became possessed, in due time, of the sovereignty. His abbey afforded an asylum to a colony of fugitive monks from Lancashire, and his castle protected his family and people from the inroads of neighbouring clans.

His descendant, Alexander, lived in an age when all the arts had made a considerable progress. He had spent his youth in France and Italy, and brought home with him ideas of accommodation and embellishment far superior to any before current among his countrymen. He had imbibed some very aspiring notions of his own dignity, and was determined to erect his lordship into a principality wholly independent and self-governed. He easily wrested from James II, who then reigned, almost all the royal prerogatives and superiorities relative to this district, and proposed to signalize his piety, as well as strengthen his power, by erecting a new abbey and a new castle. Both of these he was ambitious of making more solid, durable, capacious, and more suitable to their respective purposes than any buildings of either kind that then existed.

It was this lord who first discovered that valuable material, since brought so much into use by sir A——. It is a white freestone, very ponderous, but in the quarry, and while inaccessible to air, almost as easily wrought as chalk. With time and exposure to the atmosphere it acquires extreme hardness. Hence it is easy to shape it into the largest and smallest, the simplest and most complex figures. These admirable properties fit it, in the highest degree, for great and magnificent buildings.

Italy at that time abounded with artists capable of giving, to great buildings, every solidity and beauty of proportion and of ornament.—One of these was Piero Sarchi, who complied with Alexander's invitation, and spent the greatest part of his life in this remote district.

The monastery already existing was dedicated to St. Ulpha, whom tradition represents as the earliest christian missionary into C——. His remains were buried under the high altar in the church, and he was, like other saints in the Romish ritual, nothing more nor less than the local genius, the tutelary deity of C——. From the first visit of this saint, in the fifth century, this spot had been the scite of a place of worship. Edmond, the Saxon fugitive, raised an abbey on this spot, whose walls and towers, half demolished by time, were entirely razed by Alexander, who erected an entire new structure in its stead.

At the reformation, about one hundred years after, the people, simple and artless, by no means displayed that impetuous fury which distinguished the rest of their countrymen. The abbot himself was the first to adopt the fashionable change in religion, by which he converted the estate of the abbey which he held, as abbot, only for life, into an absolute inheritance. The abbey continued to be his own residence, and hence, instead of being overthrown like other fabrics of the same nature, was preserved with greater care than before.

This abbey has been exposed to few of the common causes of destruction to which such fabrics, differently situated, have been liable. Being always used as a habitation, it has always been kept in habitable order. The occasional waste of time and the weather have been repaired in due season, and its original ceilings, floors, and furniture being formed of imperishable stone, or of the durable larch, are in a sound and entire state. It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable, that,

since the change of its masters, it has undergone very few alterations, and that part of it which consists of stone bore no appearance of having undergone the slightest alteration since the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The stone is of a whitish hue, and, at a distance, looks as fresh and brilliant as if it were lately wrought. The contemplation of it suggests few of those images of which an ancient abbey is commonly a fertile source. Mouldering and ivy clad walls, solitude, silence, and desolation are not the companions of St. Ulpha, and it bears no marks of antiquity but the style in which it is built, which is a grand and simple gothic, and some antique tombs, furniture, and books.

Martin of C——, the abbot, at the reformation, was near of kin to the lord of C——, and the abbey, with the lands belonging to it, reverted, in the middle of the seventeenth century, to the chief of the family. From that period it ceased to be the habitation of the head, who occupied a large mansion of comparatively recent date, in the middle of the forest.

Some collateral relation of the family, some maiden sister, or some dowager mother continued to reside at the abbey. Here the great grandmother of sir A——'s wife breathed her last, at a great age, about the time her grandson acceded to the estate. After that event, a few domestics were all its inhabitants, and its books, furniture, and curiosities were a prey to the rapacity of Donald the steward.

At the time of sir A——'s arrival, the usual family abode was in a very ruinous condition, and the abbey, though not without its inconveniences, was, in every respect, a preferable residence. Here, accordingly, he took up his abode, and from this recess superintended the execution of his schemes.

Sir A—— was far from being indifferent to the genuine luxuries and refinements of life, but his passion for objects of this kind was subordinate to other passions, and he felt no inclination to provide for himself until he had amply provided for others. During the time sir A—— spent in the abbey, it underwent no alterations but such as were required to make it a comfortable abode; but after he removed to apartments in his new town, he began to enquire to what use the vacant abbey might be best applied. After some deliberation, he resolved to convert it into a college, in which a certain number of pupils, selected from the inferior schools, might be instructed in the higher branches of knowledge.

As this college was a creature of his own munificence, he was at liberty to give it what form he thought proper, and it afforded so favourable an opportunity for promoting knowledge in his little territory, that he set himself to the task of devising and digesting its rules and canons with extraordinary zeal.

Among various other rules, prescribed to this institution, the following were perhaps of most note.—The offices of teacher, in the inferior schools, of stewards, both principal and subordinate, and of parish ministers, were only to be filled by the pupils of this college. Pupils were admitted at the age of twenty, and a diploma, declaring them proficients, and making them eligible for such offices, was only granted after a scholarship of five years, and after their attainments, intellectual and moral, had undergone a strict examination. By marriage, contracted during this term, they forfeited their station in the college, with all its advantages.

Knowledge may be distinguished into such as is acquired by secluded study and meditation, and such as requires, in order to its production or perfection, travel, and residence in foreign parts.

Natural history, and especially its chief object, the science of *man*, can only be studied and improved by passing through different countries, and residing in different nations. We cannot improve and enlarge our own mechanical and agricultu-

ral arts, without viewing and investigating those of other nations; and the finer arts of dancing, music, painting, and sculpture, particularly require a residence in France, Germany, and Italy.

Sir A——'s ruling passion was connected with those objects of pursuit, by which the real comfort and wealth of his people were promoted. In comparison with the art of doubling the product of a hay or turnip field, or making a certain quantity of fuel answer all the purposes formerly effected by a double quantity, all other arts were trivial and insignificant, in his estimation. But though these things were of prime importance, he well knew that the happiness of life is drawn from a great number of sources. His natural temper, had it not been controuled by principle, would have entirely devoted him to the luxuries of taste. As it was, he conceived them worthy of no small portion of regard. He carefully noticed any juvenile token of genius for poetry, painting, or music, drew the fortunate youth from his obscurity and poverty, and bestowed upon him every advantage of education and travel.

A certain number of the members of this college were constantly employed in foreign countries, on an adequate though moderate pension; a certain number were entirely employed in education at home, within the precincts of the college; while a third class, enjoying apartments in the college, were bound to devote themselves to the cultivation and improvement of the sciences in general, or to perform some college office.

This establishment has long consisted of ten travelling or *missionary* members, who each receive a stipend of three hundred pounds a year, while absent *on mission*, ten resident members, ten tutors, one hundred pupils, and twenty servants.

The dress, diet, and employment of the resident members of this college were all regulated by a strict regard to sobriety and temperance. Soundness of mind and body was the object of these regulations; but, while this benefit was gained, that of cheapness and economy was accomplished by the same means. The whole annual expence, which was defraved by the lord, did not exceed six thousand pounds: a sum you will think extremely small, when divided among so many. On the tenants of the college itself, there was indeed expended only three thousand pounds, which is only an average of near thirty pounds a piece; but this was made a liberal subsistence by several circumstances. Provision was expended with the utmost order and economy, which was facilitated by the whole society dwelling under one roof. The diet was confined to domestic products, and the whole of it was raised upon three farms of twenty-five acres each, belonging to the college, and is not included in the above sum, which was laid out on other objects.

To accommodate this society, though so numerous, the abbey in its original state was quite sufficient. In making the necessary alterations and additions, the old fabric was carefully preserved, and the same style of architecture carried throughout. Sir A—— was ambitious of preserving a monument of art, honourable to his own taste, and useful to his people. He procured the aid of the best artists of the age, in planning and adorning his college, and his free income giving him an almost unlimited command of labour, all that he designed he required only a short time to execute.

Sir A—— enriched his college with all the furniture of knowledge: books, maps, and prints, botanic and mineralogical specimens, philosophical apparatus of every kind.—Within this studious and favourite enclosure, he endeavoured to collect every thing which could enlarge the understanding, exalt the fancy, or purify the heart.

Many circumstances aided and befriended sir A—— in these his

arduous schemes. His uncle had spent a much longer life than his has been in maturing the same plan of improvement, in his Devonshire estate. This estate was indeed originally much smaller, its soil and climate better, and the people and their arts in a much more improved state, than the northern one; so that the proprietor had much fewer objects to attend to, and fewer obstacles to overcome. But the difficulties of sir A—— were much lessened by the institutions of his predecessor, not only inasmuch as they afforded him the inducement and direction of a practical example, but also plenty of the hands and the tools which his purposes demanded.

A wise system of government not only encreases the happiness of individuals, but multiplies their number. The latter effect is, to a certain degree, inconsistent with the former, and it is the test and essence of political wisdom, not only to raise the number of its subjects to the greatest height consistent with individual felicity, but likewise to perform a more arduous task, that of hindering this number from encreasing.

Men who endeavour, like the uncle and the nephew in the present case, to raise the condition of such human beings as reside within a few miles square, can scarcely ever have the latter task to perform. As their influence is confined to a small spot in a great country, all redundant population finds an outlet, by which to flow off.

Happily, indeed, for sir A——'s English tenants, as well as for the success of his own projects, the Scottish demesnes afforded this convenient and beneficial outlet. All the art, industry, moderation, and wisdom, of which a considerable portion was required in his subordinate agents and ministers, were, if I may so speak, ready furnished by his uncle's institutions. These had bred up a great number of ingenious, accomplished, and industrious young men, who were eager to embrace the advantageous offers of their landlord, and not only to people his farms and work-shops, but to fill the pulpits of his churches, and the preceptorial chairs in his schools and his college, and to execute his scientific and literary commissions in foreign countries.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

CONNECTICUT SCENERY.

From a Traveller's Journal.

HIGBY'S MOUNTAIN.

ON Wednesday, Mr. D—— and myself on horseback, and my friend and A—— in a chaise, visited two lofty points in the neighbourhood of this city (Middletown), called Higby's mountain and Powder hill. The first is ascended by a winding and craggy road, leading through a forest of shrub-oaks and cedars. The opposite side is a steep and rugged cliff, the height of which it is difficult to ascertain. This cliff, whose descent is, in many places, perpendicular, forms a kind of wall, from the foot of which there stretches a scene of magnificent extent, and delicious variety.

The prospect was obscured by woods, till we reached the verge. The farther we advanced, the declivity became more steep and rugged. It is usual to leave carriages and horses at the bottom, and ascend on foot. Unwillingness to leave our horses at a distance made us persist in pushing them forward, till we brought them within sixty or eighty yards of the precipice, over rocks and steeps, which a calm view would have deemed wholly impracticable.

We traversed this brink for some time, chusing different stations to diversify the view. I feel an elevation and expansion of soul on these occasions, difficult to be described. These emotions were heightened, in

the present instance, by their novelty. Scenery so ample and stupendous, I never before beheld. A plain, broken up into luxuriant undulations, checquered by sunshine and shade, divided into regular enclosures of grove, corn-field, and meadow, and forming a circle, whose diameter was hardly less than forty miles, was diffused before us. The cliff on which we stood formed part of the circumference of this circle. The Sound and the shadowy ridges of Long Island formed another part. The remainder was shut out by a smooth and gradually swelling ridge, covered with wood, which advanced into the midst of the circle, and then sinking suddenly to the level of the adjacent spaces, left an abrupt knoll, which we conjectured to be ten miles distant.

Nothing is more deceitful than the common estimate of heights. That which we occupied appeared the greater by being so abrupt, and by contrast with that wide spread and billowy surface which it bounded. The fields appeared like the plots of a garden. In one of them, immediately beneath us, were kine grazing, which my companions, for a time, mistook for sheep. Viewed from so high a pinnacle, their outlines were indistinct, and peculiarities of shape and motion were not to be distinguished.

My friends dared not to approach the verge. Dizziness and a disposition to spring forward seized them when they caught a glance at the abyss. I gave them much disquiet, and brought upon me the reproach of fool-hardiness and temerity, by venturing to sit upon the utmost brink, and look steadfastly on the gloomy and profound dell, in which the cliff terminated. I took pleasure in following with my eye the rocks which they rolled down the precipice, and which carried down with them the stony fragments which they encountered in their passage, and bounded over rocks and chasms with a noise that had in it no small portion of sublimity.

Satiated with this amusement, we at length prepared to return. This was more difficult than the ascent had been. It cost us much trouble to find a practicable path for our horses. D—— and I, taking the way which we had already traversed, arrived, after much stumbling and sliding, at more *footable* spaces. A—— and W——, who had charge of the chaise-horse, made their way, with extreme difficulty, and some injury to the poor animal whom they conducted, over a more dangerous track.

We carried refreshments along with us; and stopping at a farm at the mountain's foot, enjoyed the luxury of coolness, and shade, and pleasant viands. Lemonade and cold ham formed an agreeable repast, in the midst of new made hay, and beneath an apple-tree, in an orchard, whence the neighbouring mountain could be advantageously seen.

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POWDER HILL.

After our refreshment, much of the day being unconsumed, we proceeded, over a pleasant road, to *Powder hill.* I had much talk with D—— as we trotted side by side.

We found colonel Lyman, a farmer who lives near the hill, busy in his hay field. He led us to an excellent spring, where we once more regaled ourselves on lemonade, and leaving our horses in the meadow, ascended the hill. Like the former, this hill consists of a gradual ascent on one side, and a towering precipice upon the other. The cliff was not so high, nor the landscape so extensive, as the former, but it was an enchanting scene. The atmosphere was, in a high degree, serene and luminous, and the sun promised to set with uncommon splendour. The cliff looked towards the west, and the harbour of Newhaven and the Sound were distinctly visible. I was willing to sit here till the sun

had disappeared, but my friends did not concur.

The artifices of description would give as much dignity and splendour to these scenes, as if they had occurred in the bosom of the Alps. All mountains and mountainous excursions agree in essential particulars. The difference is unimportant, and would not be discovered in the hands of an eloquent describer.

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JOB'S POOL.

Yesterday afternoon, A———, W———, and I crossed the river, half a mile wide in this place, in a kind of boat, which I cannot better describe than by calling it a batteau, both whose ends are stern-fashion, that is, broad and square. It was impelled forward, not by rowing, but by *sculling*. We were provided with a half dozen limes and a glass tumbler, which we produced at the edge of a spring, and refreshed ourselves after a fatiguing walk.

This lake was made to embellish a poetical description. Fancy, in her pictures, is ingenious in omitting all harsh and untoward features. All is chrystaline, and cool, and flowery, in the abode which she selects for the nymphs. Here, however, the truth is so graceful and enchanting as to require no omissions, and be scarcely susceptible of any embellishments.

This lake is called *Job's Pool*. It lies in the midst of cultivated lawns and wooded dales. Its surface is unbroken by shoals or islets, and is spread over some hundreds of acres. Its sides constitute waving and corresponding lines, whose curvature is the smoothest and most luxuriant imaginable. Its supplies are drawn from subterranean or secret sources, as no stream either enters it or issues from it, and its height is said to be equally unaffected by winter's torrents or summer's droughts.

Its depth, in the middle, has not hitherto been fathomed. The bottom ascends on all sides, and by equable degrees, to the margin, which is smooth, unembarrassed by stocks or stones, and covered with white clover, whose blossom is exceeded by few plants in its fragrance and beauty. This embroidery extends to the very skirts of the lake, and ends only where its liquid murmurs and transparent refluence begin.

Its waters abound with perch and other fish, whose sports are seldom or never interrupted by the fisherman. The temperature, as we experienced by bathing in it, was, in the highest degree, mild and salubrious. We lingered here for some time, and returned to Middletown at the close of a delightful day.

For the Literary Magazine.

PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

BONAPARTE'S passage of the Alps has been celebrated as an exploit no less singular than arduous; and yet France has produced, almost every war, for this half a dozen centuries, at least one Hannibal as adventurous and successful in surmounting this gigantic barrier, as the Hannibal now living. The attempt of the prince of Conti, under Louis XV, to pass these mountains, by no means falls short of the recent one, and shows as forcibly that the greatest difficulties may be surmounted by valour and perseverance. Most of these *passages* are equal to each other in the havock and cruelty committed on the people of the invaded country. Among many like instances which occurred under the prince of Conti, the following was by no means the most atrocious. Thirty peasants were carried to their native village, and hanged, in the presence of their friends and relatives, for having opposed the invaders of their country. Bonaparte's punishments were still more summary and comprehensive. When a village was found a little restive and turbulent, *all* the inhabitants were collected and shot to

death, and the houses, after being well rummaged and ransacked, were burnt to the ground.

For the Literary Magazine.

EMPLOYMENT A CURE FOR LUNACY.

IT may be very wise in most cases, and in some cases absolutely necessary, to shut up maniacs alone, in naked, gloomy, noisome cells, and to consign them to total inactivity. One, who is no physician, can hardly fail of condemning such modes of treatment. We know that these circumstances would make a sound man crazy. It is hard to believe them capable of making a crazy man sound.

The following information, to be found in a report upon the state of the lunatic hospital at Saragossa, in Spain, is worthy notice. The cure, says the reporter, is generally attempted by cold bathing and refrigerant medicines; but the treatment seldom answers. Constant experience has shown, that some employment, which exercises the patients' limbs, is the most efficacious mode of cure. Most of those lunatics, who are employed in the shops and offices of the house, recover. Their occupation consists in cleaning the house, carrying wood and water, harvest work, and the like.

Part of the house is appropriated to persons of the richer class, whose friends support them. It is asserted that *lunatics of distinction*, who are not employed in any servile occupation, nor in labour of any sort, seldom recover.

For the Literary Magazine.

MARVELLOUS STORIES.

IGNORANCE, they say, is the mother of credulity; but I think this maxim is a false one. It is the characteristic of human nature to discredit what is opposite to our own observation or experience.—Whether this observation and experience be narrow or extensive, we are equally disposed to deny credit to that which contradicts it. Perhaps it is the natural consequence of enlarged knowledge to produce credulity, or a disposition to admit, if not the truth, yet, at least, the likelihood or possibility of facts, not enforced by the strongest testimony, though such facts do not coincide with our own experience. The more we know, the larger are the limits of possibility. Every new fact or appearance is, of course, not coincident with previous knowledge, and seems to allow us to conjecture the possibility or existence of things, as remo.e from the fact just known, as this fact is from what was previously known.

Should a traveller in unknown countries, half a century ago, have related, on his return, that, in this remote region, he met with an animal, whose fore legs were not one-fifth part, in length or size, of the hind ones. Suppose him to say, that the strength this animal has, in its hind quarters, is very great: in its endeavours to escape when surprized, it springs from its hind legs, and leaps at each bound about six or eight yards, but does not appear in running to let its fore feet come near the ground; indeed they are so very short, that it is not possible that the animal can use them in running: they have vast strength also in their tail; it is, no doubt, a principal part of their defence, when attacked; for with it they can strike with prodigious force, I believe with sufficient power to break the leg of a man; nor is it improbable that this great strength in the tail may assist them in making those astonishing springs.

The opossum (which, before the discovery of America would have been thought a natural impossibility) is also very numerous here, but it is not exactly like the American opos-

sum; it partakes a good deal of the moka, in the strength of its tail, and make of its fore legs, which are very short in proportion to its hind ones; like the opossum it has the pouch, or false belly, for the safety of its young in time of danger, and its colour is nearly the same, but the fur is thicker and finer. There are several other animals of a smaller size, down as low as the field rat, which, in some part or other, partake of the moka and opossum. I have caught many rats with this pouch for carrying their young when pursued, and the legs, claws, and tail of this rat are exactly like those of the moka. It was wonderful to see what a vast variety of fish are caught, which, in some part or other, partake of the shark: it is no uncommon thing to see a skate's head and shoulders to the hind part of a shark, or a shark's head to the body of a large mullet, and sometimes to to the flat body of a sting-ray.

With respect to the feathered tribe, the parrot prevails; I have shot birds with the head, neck, and bill of a parrot, and with the same variety of the most beautiful plumage on these parts for which that bird here is distinguished, and a tail and body of a different make and colour, with long, straight, and delicately made feet and legs, which is the very reverse of any bird of the parrot kind formerly known. I have also seen a bird with the legs and feet of a parrot, the head and neck made and coloured like the common sea-gull, and the wings and tail of a hawk. I have likewise seen trees bearing three different kinds of leaves, and frequently have found others bearing the leaf of the gum tree, with the gum exuding from it, and covered with bark of a very different kind.

There are a great variety of birds in this country; all those of the parrot tribe are clothed with the most beautiful plumage that can be conceived; it would require an able pencil to give a stranger an idea of them, for it is impossible by words to describe them. The common crow is found here, but the sound of their voice and manner of croaking are very different from those in Europe. Here are a great variety of smaller birds, but I have not found one with a pleasing note. I have seen several large birds, which I supposed, when I first saw them, to be the ostrich, as they could not fly when pursued, but ran so exceedingly fast, that a very strong and fleet greyhound could not come near them: it was, when standing, seven feet two inches from its feet to the upper part of its head. The only difference which I could perceive between this bird and the ostrich was in its bill, which appears to me to be narrower at the point; and it has three toes, which, I am told, is not the case with the ostrich. It has one characteristic, by which it may be known, and which may be thought very extraordinary; this is that two distinct feathers grew out from every quill. The ants are of various sizes, from the smallest known in Europe, to the size of nearly an inch long. Some are black, some white, and some of the largest sort, reddish. Those of this kind are really a formidable little animal; if you tread near the nest, which is generally under ground, with various little passages, or outlets, and have disturbed them, they will sally forth in vast numbers, attack their disturbers with astonishing courage, and even pursue them to a considerable distance; and their bite is attended, for a time, with a most acute pain. Some build their nests against a tree, to the size of a large bee-hive; an other sort raises mounts on the ground, of clay, to the height of four feet. In speaking of the spider, it would be improper to be silent on the industry of this little creature: I call them little, although, if compared with our common spider, they are very large; they spread their web in the woods between trees, generally to a distance of twelve or fourteen yards, and weave them so very strong, that it requires considerable force to break them. I have

seen the silk of which the web is composed wound off into a ball, and think it equal to any I ever saw in the same state from the silk worm. I have found upon bushes, on which the web has been hanging in clusters, a thin shell, something like that wherein the silk worm prepares its silk, and, on opening them, I have seen a quantity of this silk within, in which a spider was found wrapped up.

When speaking of birds, I should have mentioned the *black swan* which is found in some parts of the west coast of this country; the extremities of their wings are white, and all the rest of the plumage black. I have seen one which answered the above description as to colour, but the bill was a pale pink, or crimson; it was about the size of a common white swan, and was good meat.

Here we will suppose the traveller to end, though indeed the patience and attention of his hearers must have ended long ago. These stories would be classed with fictions, no less absurd than impudent, and their authors would speedily be consigned to contempt and oblivion. And yet such are almost literally the representations made of the animals of New Holland, by the English governors of the colony in that region, and which are supported by such evidence as the ignorant would probably reject, though the wise and knowing cannot but admit it. Change the word moka into *kangaroo*, and the original of the strangest of these pictures is familiar, by hearsay at least, to most readers.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF CARWIN THE BILOQUIST.

Continued from page 114.

I RETIRED accordingly to my apartment, and spent the prescribed hour in anxious and irresolute reflections. They were no other than had hitherto occurred, but they occurred with more force than ever. Some fatal obstinacy, however, got possession of me, and I persisted in the resolution of concealing *one thing*. We become fondly attached to objects and pursuits, frequently for no conceivable reason but the pain and trouble they cost us. In proportion to the danger in which they involve us do we cherish them. Our darling potion is the poison that scorches our vitals.

After some time, I went to Ludloe's apartment. I found him solemn, and yet benign, at my entrance. After intimating my compliance with the terms prescribed, which I did, in spite of all my labour for composure, with accents half faultering, he proceeded to put various questions to me, relative to my early history.

I knew there was no other mode of accomplishing the end in view, but by putting all that was related in the form of answers to questions; and when meditating on the character of Ludloe, I experienced excessive uneasiness as to the consummate art and penetration which his questions would manifest. Conscious of a purpose to conceal, my fancy invested my friend with the robe of a judicial inquisitor, all whose questions should aim at extracting the truth, and entrapping the liar.

In this respect, however, I was wholly disappointed. All his inquiries were general and obvious.—They betokened curiosity, but not suspicion; yet there were moments when I saw, or fancied I saw, some dissatisfaction betrayed in his features; and when I arrived at that period of my story which terminated with my departure, as his companion, for Europe, his pauses were, I thought, a little longer and more museful than I liked. At this period, our first conference ended. After a talk, which had commenced at a late hour, and had continued many hours, it was time to sleep,

and it was agreed that next morning the conference should be renewed.

On retiring to my pillow, and reviewing all the circumstances of this interview, my mind was filled with apprehension and disquiet. I seemed to recollect a thousand things, which showed that Ludloe was not fully satisfied with my part in this interview. A strange and nameless mixture of wrath and of pity appeared, on recollection, in the glances which, from time to time, he cast upon me. Some emotion played upon his features, in which, as my fears conceived, there was a tincture of resentment and ferocity. In vain I called my usual sophistries to my aid. In vain I pondered on the inscrutable nature of my peculiar faculty. In vain I endeavoured to persuade myself, that, by telling the truth, instead of entitling myself to Ludloe's approbation, I should only excite his anger, by what he could not but deem an attempt to impose upon his belief an incredible tale of impossible events. I had never heard or read of any instance of this faculty. I supposed the case to be absolutely singular, and I should be no more entitled to credit in proclaiming it, than if I should maintain that a certain billet of wood possessed the faculty of articulate speech. It was now, however, too late to retract. I had been guilty of a solemn and deliberate concealment. I was now in the path in which there was no turning back, and I must go forward.

The return of day's encouraging beams in some degree quieted my nocturnal terrors, and I went, at the appointed hour, to Ludloe's presence. I found him with a much more cheerful aspect than I expected, and began to chide myself, in secret, for the folly of my late apprehensions.

After a little pause, he reminded me, that he was only one among many, engaged in a great and arduous design. As each of us, continued he, is mortal, each of us must, in time, yield his post to another.—Each of us is ambitious to provide himself a successor, to have his place filled by one selected and instructed by himself. All our personal feelings and affections are by no means intended to be swallowed up by a passion for the general interest; when they can be kept alive and be brought into play, in subordination and subservience to the *great end*, they are cherished as useful, and revered as laudable; and whatever austerity and rigour you may impute to my character, there are few more susceptible of personal regards than I am.

You cannot know, till *you* are what *I* am, what deep, what all-absorbing interest I have in the success of my tutorship on this occasion. Most joyfully would I embrace a thousand deaths, rather than that you should prove a recreant. The consequences of any failure in your integrity will, it is true, be fatal to yourself: but there are some minds, of a generous texture, who are more impatient under ills they have inflicted upon others, than of those they have brought upon themselves; who had rather perish, themselves, in infamy, than bring infamy or death upon a benefactor.

Perhaps of such noble materials is your mind composed. If I had not thought so, you would never have been an object of my regard, and therefore, in the motives that shall impel you to fidelity, sincerity, and perseverance, some regard to my happiness and welfare will, no doubt, have place.

And yet I exact nothing from you on this score. If your own safety be insufficient to controul you, you are not fit for us. There is, indeed, abundant need of all possible inducements to make you faithful. The task of concealing nothing from me must be easy. That of concealing every thing from others must be the only arduous one. The *first* you can hardly fail of performing, when the exigence requires it, for what motive can you possibly have to practice evasion or disguise with me? You have surely committed

no crime; you have neither robbed, nor murdered, nor betrayed. If you have, there is no room for the fear of punishment or the terror of disgrace to step in, and make you hide your guilt from me. You cannot dread any further disclosure, because I can have no interest in your ruin or your shame: and what evil could ensue the confession of the foulest murder, even before a bench of magistrates, more dreadful than that which will inevitably follow the practice of the least concealment to me, or the least undue disclosure to others?

You cannot easily conceive the emphatical solemnity with which this was spoken. Had he fixed piercing eyes on me while he spoke; had I perceived him watching my looks, and labouring to penetrate my secret thoughts, I should doubtless have been ruined: but he fixed his eyes upon the floor, and no gesture or look indicated the smallest suspicion of my conduct. After some pause, he continued, in a more pathetic tone, while his whole frame seemed to partake of his mental agitation.

I am greatly at a loss by what means to impress you with a full conviction of the truth of what I have just said. Endless are the sophistries by which we seduce ourselves into perilous and doubtful paths. What we do not see, we disbelieve, or we heed not. The sword may descend upon our infatuated head from above, but we who are, meanwhile, busily inspecting the ground at our feet, or gazing at the scene around us, are not aware or apprehensive of its irresistible coming. In this case, it must not be seen before it is felt, or before that time comes when the danger of incurring it is over. I cannot withdraw the veil, and disclose to your view the exterminating angel. All must be vacant and blank, and the danger that stands armed with death at your elbow must continue to be totally invisible, till that moment when its vengeance is provoked or unprovokable. I will do my part to encourage you in good, or intimidate you from evil. I am anxious to set before you all the motives which are fitted to influence your conduct; but how shall I work on your convictions?

Here another pause ensued, which I had not courage enough to interrupt. He presently resumed.

Perhaps you recollect a visit which you paid, on Christmas day, in the year ——, to the cathedral church at Toledo. Do you remember?

A moment's reflection recalled to my mind all the incidents of that day. I had good reason to remember them. I felt no small trepidation when Ludloe referred me to that day, for, at the moment, I was doubtful whether there had not been some bivocal agency exerted on that occasion. Luckily, however, it was almost the only similar occasion in which it had been wholly silent.

I answered in the affirmative. I remember them perfectly.

And yet, said Ludloe, with a smile that seemed intended to disarm this declaration of some of its terrors, I suspect your recollection is not as exact as mine, nor, indeed, your knowledge as extensive. You met there, for the first time, a female, whose nominal uncle, but real father, a dean of that ancient church, resided in a blue stone house, the third from the west angle of the square of St. Jago.

All this was exactly true.

This female, continued he, fell in love with you. Her passion made her deaf to all the dictates of modesty and duty, and she gave you sufficient intimations, in subsequent interviews at the same place, of this passion; which, she being fair and enticing, you were not slow in comprehending and returning. As not only the safety of your intercourse, but even of both your lives, depended on being shielded even from suspicion, the utmost wariness and caution was observed in all your proceedings. Tell me whether you succeeded in your efforts to this end.

I replied, that, at the time, I had no doubt but I had.

And yet, said he, drawing something from his pocket, and putting it into my hand, there is the slip of paper, with the preconcerted emblem inscribed upon it, which the infatuated girl dropped in your sight, one evening, in the left aisle of that church. That paper you imagined you afterwards burnt in your chamber lamp. In pursuance of this token, you deferred your intended visit, and next day the lady was accidentally drowned, in passing a river. Here ended your connexion with her, and with her was buried, as you thought, all memory of this transaction.

I leave you to draw your own inference from this disclosure. Meditate upon it when alone. Recal all the incidents of that drama, and labour to conceive the means by which my sagacity has been able to reach events that took place so far off, and under so deep a covering. If you cannot penetrate these means, learn to reverence my assertions, that I cannot be deceived; and let sincerity be henceforth the rule of your conduct towards me, not merely because it is right, but because concealment is impossible.

We will stop here. There is no haste required of us. Yesterday's discourse will suffice for to-day, and for many days to come. Let what has already taken place be the subject of profound and mature reflection. Review, once more, the incidents of your early life, previous to your introduction to me, and, at our next conference, prepare to supply all those deficiences occasioned by negligence, forgetfulness, or design on our first. There must be some. There must be many. The whole truth can only be disclosed after numerous and repeated conversations. These must take place at considerable intervals, and when *all* is told, then shall you be ready to encounter the final ordeal, and load yourself with heavy and terrific sanctions.

I shall be the proper judge of the completeness of your confession.—Knowing previously, and by unerring means, your whole history, I shall be able to detect all that is deficient, as well as all that is redundant. Your confessions have hitherto adhered to the truth, but deficient they are, and they must be, for who, at a single trial, can detail the secrets of his life? whose recollection can fully serve him at an instant's notice? who can free himself, by a single effort, from the dominion of fear and shame? We expect no miracles of fortitude and purity from our disciples. It is our discipline, our wariness, our laborious preparation that creates the excellence we have among us. We find it not ready made.

I counsel you to join Mrs. Bennington without delay. You may see me when and as often as you please. When it is proper to renew the present topic, it shall be renewed. Till then we will be silent.—Here Ludloe left me alone, but not to indifference or vacuity. Indeed I was overwhelmed with the reflections that arose from this conversation. So, said I, I am still saved, if I have wisdom enough to use the opportunity, from the consequences of past concealments. By a distinction which I had wholly overlooked, but which could not be missed by the sagacity and equity of Ludloe, I have praise for telling the truth, and an excuse for withholding some of the truth. It was, indeed, a praise to which I was entitled, for I have made no *additions* to the tale of my early adventures. I had no motive to exaggerate or dress out in false colours. What I sought to conceal, I was careful to exclude entirely, that a lame or defective narrative might awaken no suspicions.

The allusion to incidents at Toledo confounded and bewildered all my thoughts. I still held the paper he had given me. So far as memory could be trusted, it was the same which, an hour after I had received

it, I burnt, as I conceived, with my own hands. How Ludloe came into possession of this paper; how he was apprised of incidents, to which only the female mentioned and myself were privy; which she had too good reason to hide from all the world, and which I had taken infinite pains to bury in oblivion, I vainly endeavoured to conjecture.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SPECIMEN OF POLITICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Continued from page 205.

I AM much mistaken if the castle of C—— be not, in many respects, the most extraordinary monument of its kind to be found in Great Britain, and perhaps in Europe. It is true, my acquaintance with buildings of this sort is extremely limited, and the model of this castle may be common in Italy and Germany, but these, the vestiges of which are scattered over the British islands, seem to be constructed on a plan widely different from this. You must indulge me in giving you some description of it, though I am aware no description, in such cases, can be very clear or satisfactory.

This fortress is placed near that end of the peninsula which looks towards the ocean, on an elevated mass of rock, which descends, in a rapid but rugged declivity, on three sides, to the sea-shore. This declivity has been broken, by nature, into rude steps or terraces, over which all passage is nearly impossible, except on foot. A narrow path conducts you from the interior of the district, among sharp points and dangerous chasms, to the summit of the hill. By any other way, the castle may be deemed inaccessible, and, in this way, it cannot be approached by more than two persons abreast.

The summit and sides of this hill comprehend about six hundred acres, and was once a naked and desolate jumble of grey rocks. At present, every rift and hollow, every flat and crevice that could afford room for a tree, is overshadowed by larches or pinasters, planted by sir A——. This change has made the place not less solemn and gloomy than before, but its aspect is no longer quite so dreary and forlorn, and the ground has, by this means, been converted to some profit and advantage. The scite itself of the castle is a level, which, however, has been produced by quarrying out the hill on which it stands, to supply the materials of the towers and walls.

The castle is composed of a central edifice, encompassed by a wall, strengthened at certain intervals by round towers. These towers are fourteen in number, and are similar in form, and in all their dimensions, except their height. Ten of them are of the same height with the wall from which they project. Four of them rise considerably above the wall, and, from their height and station, may be considered as watch-towers.

Besides these mural towers, there are two insulated ones within the enclosure, of form and diameter like the rest, but equal to the watch-towers in height; so that the whole number is sixteen. All the mural towers are placed at the angles formed by the course of the wall, so that there are ten of these angles, all of which are right angles. All these towers would be comprehended within a circle six hundred feet in diameter.

The wall is twenty feet thick, and one hundred and twenty feet in height. The mural towers are of the same height, but forty feet in diameter. The watch-towers and the inner towers are of the same thickness, but rise to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The central edifice, or great tower, or what, on other occasions, might be called the *keep*, is eighty feet in dia-

meter, and one hundred and sixty in height.

These dimensions, though great, are by no means unparalleled: but the peculiarity of this fortress consists in its materials, and the mode in which it is built. The walls, towers, and keep are entirely composed of the freestone before-mentioned, of which the hill itself, on which they are erected, is no more than a vast quarry. This substance has been wrought into blocks, containing from ten to forty cubical feet. —These being made extremely smooth, and the junctures exactly fitting each other, it is evident their connection is sufficiently secured by their own weight. This principle of union, however, has been assisted by so modelling the surfaces of contiguous stones, that the upper one shall be a tenon, and the lower one its mortise. The cohesion has also been occasionally strengthened by cramps and clasps of iron, but every other kind of cement or connective, being unnecessary, has been omitted.

The distinguishing properties of these structures are their regularity, simplicity, and the magnitude of the parts, whence arises the solidity of the whole. The exterior surface of the walls is an exact perpendicular; all the parts are of the same diameter at top and bottom; and the *plane*, exhibited to the eye, is interrupted only by the cavities or projectures, which have been introduced by design. The blocks are so large, and so well fitted to each other, that the lines of juncture are not visible but at a small distance. The intervals between the towers are equal, not only to the eye, but are proved to be so by the exactest mensuration. The walls move from one tower to another in an absolutely straight line; the horizontal outline of the towers are portions (three-fourths) of an exact circle; and the wall which enters them on one side is exactly at right angles with the one which issues from them at the other.

The same exactness prevails in the form and order of the apertures and cavities, and in the shape and distribution of the rooms and passages within the walls and towers. Every room, without exception, is circular, and this circle is exact. Their cielings are all arches, and, as such, are perfectly proportioned. The floors are uniformly level and horizontal, and each range or story preserves its parallel throughout.

In most other cases, all these properties are neglected. These edifices having been constructed in rude times, and when strength was chiefly studied, so far as it could be reconciled with expedition, the only means for obtaining regularity was the measurement of the eye. Stones, irregular in shape, and of unequal size, were taken at random from the neighbourhood, and, instead of being bound together by their own weight, and by the coincidence of smooth surfaces, they were fastened by mortar, and for these stones to fall apart, or be disjoined by the weather, it was only necessary that this cement should crumble away. Exactness or uniformity was seldom preserved in the course, height, or thickness of the walls, or the shape and dimensions of towers or apartments. They do not manifest any previous plan, any effort after symmetry or regularity, and they never totally excluded that grand foe of security, fire: wooden steps and wooden ceilings were always admitted into these erections.

No structure of the kind was ever better calculated for duration than C—— castle. From their magnitude, position, and shape, the stones of which it consists can be raised or overturned by no force but that of gunpowder. That force, applied as it is applied in blowing rocks or springing mines, nothing can resist. Common builders are obliged to husband labour and materials. They nicely calculate the weight which a wall or column will support, and make them of the least thickness or height which these calcula-

tions allow; but this builder seems to have paid little or no attention to that particular. To save himself the trouble of such calculations, or the danger of calculating wrong, he has given a superfluous solidity to his walls and piers.

The more this vast building is examined, the symmetry and uniformity of its exterior structure, and the artful and commodious distribution of its rooms, passages, and staircases within, the more is our admiration excited. The genius that planned is not more wonderful than the labour and perseverance that accomplished it. Great works of this kind, if not dictated by necessity, are extremely liable to fall through and be abandoned, before they are finished, either by the change of views in their author, or what is still more unavoidable, by his death. He cannot entail his taste, as well as his property, on his children, and the chances are by far greater that the son will take down the stone set up by the father, than put another on the top of it. Alexander not only enjoyed a long life, but his enthusiasm and ambition luckily continued to keep the same channel to the end of it.—There was a good deal of patriarchal simplicity in his own manners, and in those of his people, of whom he was the father, as well as the lord. They were numerous, and but little occupied. War, the principal business in that age, he carefully avoided, and this circumstance enabled him to carry on his work with less interruption. There was nothing to divert his inclination and attention from the task, or to call away the hands it required.

There is one remarkable convenience, for which the castle is indebted more to the accident of situation, than to the wisdom of the contriver. The only supply of water, in such cases, is usually drawn from wells, which are sunk in different parts of the fortress, to the depth, in some cases, of two or three hundred feet. There was no great difficulty in boring through a rock of a kind like this: but the cumbrous apparatus, and the great labour necessary to draw up this water to the brink of the well, and from thence convey it, as might occasionally be required, to the highest apartments, may be easily imagined.

The Italians, even in the fifteenth century, were well acquainted with the great variety of uses to which water was subservient. Besides its universal use to quench thirst and support life, to fertilize the soil, to supply the place of animal force, in impelling all kinds of machinery, to carry away every kind of personal or domestic impurity, are services all effectually performed by water, when properly managed and conducted; and one of the earliest objects of the architect's attention was to supply his projected castle with water, for all these purposes, in some way more convenient and more plentiful than by the common method of wells.

There were two obvious means of doing this: by artificially raising some fountain head above the level of these walls and towers, or searching out one which nature had thus raised already. This being effected, he had only to provide a passage, and the water would spontaneously diffuse itself to every corner, and rise to every height not above its original source.

To raise, by an engine, the water of a well to the desired height, was a task too awkward and laborious to be adopted, except when every other expedient should fail. In the present case, the nearest spring, whose situation was higher than the foot of the walls, was more than three miles distant. This, indeed, was a powerful torrent, bursting from a fissure in a rock, which poured out a stream, at all times equally abundant, and which produced not less than a cubic foot of water in a second. This spring was about a hundred feet above the base of the castle; it would therefore by no

means supply its highest apartments; but as it was the only one so far useful to his purpose, the builder resolved to conduct this stream to a reservoir within the inclosure.

These particulars are taken from a manuscript of Sarchi, preserved among the records of the lordship; but this account does not tell us whether he designed to conduct this water to the destined spot by pipes under ground, or by an aqueduct above it. In either case, it is easy to perceive that this supply would be made exceedingly precarious, by the accidents of time and of war. The enemy would not fail to break up the work, and compel the besieged to rely upon wells. It is not improbable, that Sarchi might have relinquished this project, long before its completion, even had he not been justified in doing so by a discovery made in sinking a well in an angle of the great court. It appears that the workman had not descended forty feet below the surface, hewing out a cylindrical cavity, about four feet in diameter, when he came to water, which rushed in upon him, rose almost instantly to the mouth of the well, and spouted from it with the greatest velocity. It immediately formed a copious and incessant stream, which, winding down the neighbouring precipices, soon lost itself in the sea. It was quickly discovered, that, at the time this torrent burst out, the spring before-mentioned became entirely dry. The volume of water issuing from the well appeared quite equal to that of the spring; the inference therefore was obvious, that there was a communication, by some secret passage, between them, and that, if proper means were provided, the water from the well would spontaneously rise to a level with the spring head. It would not be raised higher, because, if the communication were still open, the water would naturally betake itself to to the lowest outlet. By fixing a temporary vertical pipe to the mouth of this well, the truth of this conjecture was fully ascertained.

This fortunate circumstance seems to have opened new views to the mind of the architect. To lay pipes of wood or metal along the walls of the building would conduct the water wherever he thought proper: but this method was no less expensive than precarious. Wood and metal were liable to injury and decay; they would demand incessant care and reparation; and the exposure of this apparatus to view had an artificial and bungling appearance. What canal, thought he, can be more lasting and firm than than the substance of the wall itself? If the water flows through the centre of a cube of marble, one foot or five feet square, it is perfectly secure from any external injury or meddling, short of that which will destroy the wall, and overturn the fabric itself. This stone may be bored, like wood, with an augur, and by the exercise of sufficient forethought and judgment, in modelling and perforating the stones, before they are arranged, and sufficient exactness in adjusting them, a cylindrical canal or duct, an inch in diameter, may be carved *rectilineally* and *continuously* through a dozen contiguous blocks, with as much ease as through a single block. To give due compactness and solidity to a wall, by means only of the junction and weight of its parts, required mathematical skill and laborious exactness, quite as great as to carry a stream of water through the length of such a wall, so that it should meet with no interruption or diversion, and that no moisture should escape or exhale, but at the mouths provided for it, in the quantity and at the time required. As the builder thought himself equal to the first exploit, he conceived himself, of course, not unequal to the second.

The stretch and application of mind required in the perfect execution of such a plan may be easily imagined. To convey and distri-

bute these canals, in such a manner that they should not interfere with or obstruct each other; to blend independence of the parts on one another, with the unity and simplicity of the whole; and so to manage, as to afford an inexhaustible supply of this fluid to every habitable apartment in this vast assemblage of walls and towers: flowing, as it were, from the heart of the stone, on the slight pressure of a spring, or opening of a valve, was a task requiring the most unwearied vigilance and consummate skill. What augmented the difficulty, in the present case, was the connection of all these ducts with one source, and the situation of the canal, by which the smallest error was rendered at once fatal and irreparable. The wall must be finished before the accuracy of the distribution could be tried; and then, though an error might be sensibly felt, its exact situation in the wall could never be discovered, or when discovered be repaired, without the destruction of the wall itself.

Not satisfied with carrying this supply a hundred feet above the foundations, that is, to a level with the ancient spring head, the architect conceived, from the velocity of the torrent, and from the existence of springs considerably higher than this, in other parts of the lordship, that the law of equilibrium would raise the water much higher, if means could be used to seal up the original outlet. Accordingly, a sort of column, twenty feet in diameter, and sixty feet high, was raised over it. To this height it formed a solid mass, except a circular perforation in the centre, fourteen inches wide, in which the water rose perpendicularly. When it reached this height, it found its way to the outer sides, through eight holes.

This tower is strongly characteristic of the genius of the architect, who built not for the passing day, but for centuries. In a diameter of twenty feet, the only opening or cavity is in the centre, and that is little more than a superficial foot. No other purpose is joined with that of raising a column of water to a certain height, for there is no staircase in the tower, and the outside is quite plain. It is close and solid at the top, and the water escapes only at openings in the side which slant downwards.

This structure remains in its pristine state. It is a sort of air-built well. The water rushing violently through the lateral openings, in an oblique direction, forming a considerable stream as it collects at the foot of the tower, and proceeding from thence towards the sea, constitutes a singular spectacle. By this erection, the design of the architect is fully answered, and the highest apartment in the keep is supplied with a perennial fountain.

The canals, by which the water passes from the well into the walls and towers, are formed beneath the pavement at a considerable depth. The original mouth of the well is blocked up, and the spot would be distinguished with difficulty from any other part of the solid pavement. The ducts within the walls are wholly inaccessible to injury, and were in their primitive state at sir A——'s accession. But as every habitable apartment, and every considerable passage, had an aperture in the wall, communicating with the unseen canal within it, the original contrivances, by which the stream would be drawn forth or shut up at pleasure, were exposed to a thousand accidents, and every vestige had long since disappeared. In most cases, the orifice had been blocked up by small pieces of brick or stone. In many cases, all obstruction, if any had ever been employed, was removed, and the water spouted out incessantly, overflowing floors and rooms, and finding its way gradually to the bottom. In this respect, this building afforded the extraordinary spectacle of walls, whose veins and pores were apparently filled with water, and which poured forth an inexhaustible foun-

tain at every crack or cranny which chanced to offer it a passage. The prison tower was the only one inhabited. Every apartment in this, as in the rest, was supplied with water. but the only canal in use was that which supplied the lowermost room. The rest were shut up by stoppers of wood, stone, or metal.

We may easily conceive that this edifice was uninhabitable, as long as the water in its walls was not imprisoned. The earliest attention, therefore, was paid, by sir A——, to this circumstance, and suitable valves and stoppers were adapted to these apertures, by which the stream was brought under absolute command. The obvious purpose to be served by this water was that of quenching thirst. In order to obtain it, it was only necessary to stretch out the hand, or to walk across the room. But this water served innumerable other purposes, and passages were made through the solid of the wall, for water to run off, after being previously employed to purify the person, closets, and apartments.

Sir A—— extended to its utmost limits all the uses of these canals, and produced an infinite variety of surprising, as well as beneficial effects, by means of them. Many mechanical contrivances were set in motion, and put under the command, if I may so speak, of this power, which, such was the profusion and velocity of the stream, might even be applied to the impelling of heavy machinery. The extent of this force may easily be calculated, when you recollect that the produce of this well was one cubic foot of water in a second. It would consequently fill a tube, one inch square, and one hundred and forty-four feet in length, in one second, and this was the rate of its produce and motion at the height of one hundred feet above the pavement of the court. It exercised, indeed, a vast force, and the architect, perhaps, was influenced as much by the consideration of this force, as by any other circumstance, in enclosing it within such solid boundaries.

Some observers would be apt to exclaim, on beholding this structure, to what purpose is this immense heap of stones, and this wonderful variety and *composition* of apartments? The avowed and most obvious end is to afford a place of refuge and safety to the neighbouring inhabitants. But how precarious and imperfect is such security? The people can have occasion to retire to this fortress only when the enemy has over-run the open country; but the cowardice and weakness that has resigned the *field* to the invader will always find the entrenchment untenable. Besides, we must not only provide a steep wall to resist the foe, but ammunition and provision to maintain its defenders. How difficult to collect such a store of either of these, as would last a few hundred persons a few months. The district, in former times, scarcely produced sufficient for the passing day. The most propitious season rarely afforded a surplus to lay up, and bad seasons, which were by no means unfrequent, left them too little for their daily sustenance. To keep the place constantly supplied was unnecessary and impossible, and how many difficulties must there always have been in the way of supplying it at any temporary exigence. —The same impediments which checked the approach of an enemy obstructed the easy and prompt conveyance of provisions: and when all these requisites were obtained, the fear or treachery of a single man might render them altogether unavailing.

What salutary wonders might have been wrought, by the same ingenuity and labour, differently applied! If these stones had been so disposed, along the surface of the earth, as to form a compact mass, twenty feet wide, and five feet high, they would have extended near ten miles, and formed a road which no time, no intemperature of the elements, neither winds nor floods, and

neither, human use nor human negligence would have destroyed, or even impaired, for ages to come. The real opulence and population of the district, and consequently its real strength, would have been greatly and permanently promoted. Had the same number, so long busied upon this gigantic though useless edifice, been employed in constructing humbler dwellings, of the same materials, the whole population might have been comfortably and conveniently lodged. Had they been employed in draining, inclosing, and manuring the ground, the soil would have produced fifty times more food than it used to do, and would, of consequence, have maintained fifty times more people.

These objections are undoubtedly just; but, when we fully consider the matter, we shall, perhaps, be inclined to acquit the lord of C—— of much blame. The employment of power and riches, in the manner they were employed by the present possessor, was morally impossible in a Scottish chieftain of the fifteenth century. Neither education nor example had opened his eyes to his true interest, and that of his people; and however eager he might be to attain that object, he was totally ignorant of the way that led to it. On the contrary, he seems to have displayed a genius far superior to that of his contemporaries. Besides the merit of a wise and impartial judge in all the litigations that occurred among his people, he was exempt from the spirit of revenge, and the rage for war, then so generally prevalent among the nobility of all Europe. He erected this castle for the defence of his people from invasion and foreign oppression, and he pursued this end by means which formerly, as well as at present, have been thought the best, and on which the governments of the most enlightened nations, of the present age, have expended immense labour and treasure, with far less judgment and efficacy. Reflect a moment on the money and lives which have been thrown away upon the construction and defence of Louisburg by the French, of Havannah by the Spaniards, and of Gibraltar by the English, within the last hundred years. These walls answer the end designed by them, in an eminent degree. The art of man could not devise any thing more capable of resisting external force. The heaviest battery might play for weeks, without effect, on their sides.—Bombs could not lodge a moment on the slanting or convex roofs, and the pavement is the solid rock. The hardening influence of the air extends gradually deeper and deeper into this species of stone, and miners would find it a most arduous task to penetrate beyond the surface. This stone itself does not extend a hundred feet beyond the foot of the wall, and all the works of an assailant, at a much greater distance, are overlooked and entirely commanded by those stationed on the top of it. It is certain, that almost any other chief would not have employed his people better; he would have spent his revenue at a distance, and reduced them every day to greater poverty, or involved them in destructive conflicts with their neighbours, or, at best, have left them in the idle, unprofitable state in which he found them. As it is, a durable monument has been produced, which may occasionally be found extremely serviceable to the end intended by it, while, at the same time, and in the intervals of peace and tranquility, some advantages of a different kind may be derived from it.

More than two hundred and fifty years had elapsed between the completion of this building and the succession of sir A——. During that period, this lordship had many successive masters, whose characters and habits were extremely various. Some of them were active in the affairs and revolutions of the nation in general, and the fortunes of the clan were, of course, affected by those of their lords. This impregnable fortress sometimes lessened

or shortened, but oftener aggravated and protracted, the evils produced by the wars and factions of the times. It has occasionally been assailed, and sometimes been surrendered by treachery and famine, but no permanent impression has been made upon its walls, nor any material alteration taken place in its plan. It has more than once run an imminent risk of being demolished by gunpowder, and but for some slight accident, or momentary caprice, this elaborate structure, which, if left to itself, would survive a dozen centuries, without the loss of a moulding, the hasty or envious rage of a military leader would have levelled with the ground in a few weeks. The history of its escapes would be an instructive comment on the destiny of most buildings of this kind.

There was one purpose, however, for which it was by-far too convenient. One of its inner towers was originally designed as a prison, and was constructed, not so much with a view of excluding those that were without, as to detain those that were already within. Such a building was necessary to a fortress, in war time, but it could not fail to have its use as a prison extended at all times beyond its own walls, and the chief of the estate, or his deputy, being master of the castle, this tower was a ready engine of punishment. Donald, the last factor or steward, took care that it should seldom be empty. Indeed the history of this castle is far more remarkable as a prison than in any other light, and, in this light, its erection must be numbered among the most disastrous events in the history of C——. The power of the chiefs, which has been rendered by circumstances more absolute than that of any monarch, would of course display itself, on some occasions, in immuring its victims within these inaccessible walls. Not only a breach of law, but an opposition of interests or inclinations, laid an obnoxious tenant at his mercy. Not only his subject tenants, but even his own family, a wife or child, were liable to the same fate. It was even sometimes subservient to the interests or cruelty of persons at a distance, and one very memorable instance occurred, in what we may call the *reign* of Donald, which only wants the embellishment of circumstances, to make one of the most mournful that has ever been recorded.

A lady, nearly connected with the C—— family, brought a large fortune to her husband; but that husband was a selfish and tyrannical wretch; and after driving her to the desperate resolution of seeking a divorce, he prevented the execution of her design, by having her secretly conveyed to C——, and put into the power of Donald, whose concurrence had been purchased by a large sum. She was immured in this prison, with no attendant but a beldame who could not speak her language, and died a very few months before the arrival of sir A——, after a miserable exile of eleven years. What aggravates the horror of the story, is the reflection that she was married, against her will, to a man recommended only by his birth and specious qualities, and who sought only her fortune. Donald's bribe was taken out of this fortune, while the husband continued to enjoy the rest.

Great pains were taken, by Donald and the husband, to bury in oblivion all traces of this event; but the diligence and penetration of sir A—— brought them to light, and such measures were taken as to load the guilty with all the punishment which the laws would inflict.

On sir A——'s arrival, an exact survey was made of this castle. All its vaults and passages were thoroughly explored, and the use to which it might be applied became a subject of much deliberation.

The establishment of law and order through the nation, and the union of the three kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, took away, in a great measure, the use of this castle as a fortress. The nature of the coast, and the defences

raised at the mouth of the harbour, almost the only accessible or vulnerable point in the whole circuit of the lordship, contributed still more to render its aid superfluous. It was still possible, however, that the shelter of its walls might one day become necessary, and with a view to such a possible emergency, it deserved to be valued and cherished. Meanwhile, there were certain temporary or immediate benefits, which it might be calculated to afford.

Some place of detention and confinement, for accused or guilty persons, was still absolutely necessary; but the number of such persons was greatly diminished, not only by the diligence exerted to prevent crimes, by annihilating poverty and temptation, and by a strict police, but likewise by banishing guilty, and even suspected or questionable persons, from the lordship. Notwithstanding this, however, there was occasionally a necessity for continuing the use of the castle, or rather of one of its towers, as a prison. But this prison was no longer the receptacle of the victims of injustice. Its unfortunate tenants were no longer subjected to the caprices of ignorance and obduracy, in the form of a jailor. Their gloomy cells were no longer the seats of filth and indolence. It was subjected to a mild superintendance, and salutary discipline. Care was taken that a state of accusation should not be a state of punishment, and that punishment should be no more than a process for supplanting knavish, dissolute, and idle habits, by honest, abstemious, and laborious ones.

The power of imprisoning had always been exercised by the lords, not only over real or imagined culprits, but likewise over such as could not or would not pay their debts. On this account, the inhabitants were in the power, not only of the lord, but of each other, it being optional with every creditor to take the goods, or imprison the person of the debtor. As every process for debt was conducted before the lord or his deputy, and he had irresistible means in his hands of influencing the conduct of the suitor, without a formal abrogation of any usage or law, no debtor was thenceforth liable to be imprisoned, unless on account of some fraud or iniquity, quite distinct from the mere naked circumstance of owing money.

The history of this prison, which has been amply compiled by sir A——'s direction, exhibits a truly horrible picture of human depravity and misery. From age to age it was filled with real or imaginary criminals, who were subjected to all the evils of a listless indolence, a noisome atmosphere, and a hard-hearted and despotic keeper. Neglect could not but make it the seat of darkness, moisture, cold, and filth. Food, dress, water, firing, bedding were all provided in the worst fashion, and the genius of man could not have devised more successful means of generating despair and ferocity, pestilence and death.

This, it is true, is the picture of almost every prison in Europe.—They only want a historian, to produce a catalogue of ills as long and as shocking as this prison has furnished. But when we view the state of things at present within these dreary walls, the mind is lost in astonishment at a change, at once so total, so thorough, and yet, as it seems, so easily effected. Now it is the abode of order, peace, industry, and happiness. It has a striking resemblance to a convent, the chief points of whose discipline are *cleanliness* and *quiet*. This prison was always what the sovereign will of the lord determined to make it.—Whatever took place within its bounds, was the absolute result of either his direction or his negligence. Its present condition betrays, in like manner, the uncontroulable authority of the present ruler. He has expressly prescribed the whole system of management, and his admirable wisdom and unslackened energy have fully provided for the good of its tenants, and carried these provisions into full effect.

The keep, or great central tower,

was a building containing a great many spacious apartments. The proportions of these rooms were not deficient in beauty or grandeur, and a very large family could be conveniently accommodated in them. For a century after the death of its founder, it was the customary residence of the lords of C——, and had been deserted for a modern mansion, nearer the centre of the estate, more through caprice than necessity. During that period, it had been furnished and embellished in the prevailing style of the times, but neglect and the weather had reduced it to a state of nakedness. For many years previous to sir A——'s succession, no domestic use was made of it. The glass in the windows was gone. The wooden doors had vanished. Through these apertures the wind and rain found an unobstructed passage. Particles of dust, wafted by the gales from afar, lodged and insensibly accumulated in ledges and angles. Some of the subterranean apartments were pools of water. Minute and vagrant seeds of creeping plants insensibly made good their footing in the chinks and corners. Owls, and reptiles, and foxes, found a safe harbour in the darksome passages.—Superstition lent its aid still more to estrange the steps of man. Tradition supplied a thousand incidents wherewith to build up the story of an apparition, and nobody would trust themselves within the door, for any reward.

This edifice, as I mentioned before, was so constructed that time and the weather could have no effect but upon the surface. The stones could not be removed from their places. Water might insinuate itself sometimes between them, but their coherence could not be affected by that circumstance. Nothing but the wooden parts and the iron which chanced to be exposed to the air had decayed; nay almost every vestige of these had disappeared.

The same description will apply to the apartments and passages in the walls, as well as to those of a second inner tower, which corresponded in situation, height, and size with the prison. This building was originally designed as a kind of monastery. It was occupied by religious persons, whose mode of life was monastic or collegiate. They seem to have been appointed to officiate in all the clerical and studious functions pertaining to the fortress, and to have formed a separate community. It was in the same desolate condition with the keep.

Sir A—— was no stranger to those emotions which give sanctity or solemnity to scenes of past transactions. In the towers and apartments of this castle, he beheld the principal abode of the ancestors of his house, for more than seven centuries. Every door and window was connected with the lively recollection of numberless incidents; some joyous, and some mournful, but all, in some degree, involving or affecting the destiny of those from whose loins he sprung. In the vaults below the monk's tower lay, hearsed in marble, their reliques. He determined, therefore, not to forsake it, but to restore it to a habitable state. To effect this, little more was necessary than to supply the doorways with doors, and the windows with glass; to dislodge the owls and bats, the snakes and spiders; to cleanse every nook and corner, and to place in it canopies and bed-steads, tables and seats.

It is true, the mansion was, in some respects, gloomy. The jambs of the windows are ten feet in depth, but the gloom is not too great for convenience. None of the apartments exceed twenty or twenty-five feet in breadth, except one, which is forty feet wide, but their form and proportions are magnificent and beautiful. The artist seems to have studied the most consummate simplicity in embellishing and finishing his work, which has been productive of one advantage: that future proprietors have enjoyed the privilege of superinducing any ornaments they pleased. The great depth and solidity of the walls allow of former

sculptures to be erased, and their place supplied anew. Both these capacities were found extremely useful by sir A——, who had much more occasion for the chisel, in clearing away the rude sculptures of the sixteenth century, than in adorning the original simplicity of the design. This simplicity, indeed, might, in some cases, rather deserve the name of nakedness.

The gothic style, as it is called, was in some degree adopted by Sarchi in constructing the abbey, and the Tuscan in building the castle. In both cases, he adhered to much greater simplicity, and exercised much greater freedom than is any where else to be found. The chief characteristic in both was the form given to rooms, and especially to the upper part of rooms, passages, and apertures. In the abbey, the shape of the rooms presented only polygonal figures of three or more sides, and the upper part or ceiling continually affected an arch composed of several successive segments of a circle. In the castle, every room was purely cylindrical, always terminating above in a spherical concave. The arch, in all cases, was a single curve. Almost all his *surfaces* were *plane* ones. To mark, externally, the division of the stories, and blunt the sharpness and abruptness of the angles formed by the upward and downward terminations of the walls, both outer and inner, he admitted, though sparingly, those curvilineal and rectilineal members, on the relative dimensions and position of which the ornamental part of architecture depends. The form of every tower, like that of every apartment, was cylindrical, its smooth surface being chiefly diversified by oblong openings, for doors and windows, square at bottom, but arched at top. On the sweeping curves, either convex or concave, formed by this figure, and the symmetrical variety produced by cavities and apertures, placed with due and exact order, together with the graceful bend of vaults and arches, the architect almost wholly depended for making agreeable impressions on the eye. Sir A—— was fully sensible of the simple grandeur and genuine beauty flowing from these principles, and most of the labour employed in his improvements was designed to renovate the original plan, by chiseling away all the injudicious or fantastic mouldings and emblems produced by his predecessors.

In his choice of furniture and ornaments, he was guided by the value which things derive, not from the rarity or costliness of the materials, but from the convenience or grace of the form, and from the delicacy and perfection of the workmanship. He was profuse of nothing but glass and marble. The finest of these substances, in colour and texture, abounded; the first in windows, mirrors, and lustres, and the second in cornices, pannels, and tablets, in mosaics and relievos.—Every improvement in mechanism, and every contrivance for conveying water and heat; every instrument of rational enjoyment, wholesome luxury, culinary order, and domestic convenience, were adopted by sir A——, in this and in all his buildings.

In this plan of renovation and improvement, the monk's tower was included, as well as the mural towers, and all the apartments and communications in the wall itself. The monk's tower was fitted up for the residence of learned men, to whose care was consigned all the registers and records of the estate and the family, which had been spared by the malice or neglect of his predecessors. Every written document, and every monument and relique, ancient or recent, connected with the history and political state of the lordship, was deposited in this treasury. From several peculiar causes, these monuments were very numerous; and the task of arranging and digesting them required, for a long time, the care of more than one person.

In the researches instituted by sir A——, into the former history and actual condition of the lordship, he

was influenced not merely by the necessity of knowing the size and extent of the evil before it could be remedied, but by a liberal curiosity. A kind of passion for this object of his thoughts and cares acquired daily new fervour, and he overlooked nothing, how remote, obscure, or inconsiderable soever, which bore any relation to the lordship. Every department, and every period of its history, both natural and civil, was minutely and laboriously investigated, by learned and skilful persons, whose devotion to this service he repaid by placing them, for their lives, in affluence and ease. This tower, supplied with every thing that could make it a quiet and luxurious abode, was allotted to those who employed their whole attention on the civil and economical state of the district, previous to sir A——'s possession of it.

This tower contained three apartments, twenty feet in diameter, and thirty in height, and twelve other rooms, half the diameter and height of the former, besides numerous closets, passages, and staircases. By this you may judge of the extent of accommodation in the *keep*, which is a tower twenty feet higher, and double the diameter of that just described.

The substance of the walls and mural towers is, for obvious reasons, a more entire solid than that of the towers within the inclosure. The rooms in the latter are smaller, and the apertures by which light and air are admitted more narrow. They were therefore less suitable for human habitation, and were indeed originally designed for little else than for stairs and store-rooms. The mural apartments, especially in the upper stories, being lighted from within the court, were more spacious and luminous than the rest.

In time of war and danger, all these rooms and avenues were no more than sufficient to accomodate the persons, and store the luggage and provisions, which would be obliged to take shelter in them; but in time of peace, they could only be fully occupied, it seemed, in consequence of some trade or business, which might make a large and permanent concourse of people necessary or convenient. No good cause for drawing people together on a sudden, in such a situation, occurred to sir A——. He therefore, after shutting up these rooms with windows and doors, left the peopling of them to depend on circumstances as they chanced to arise.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON BUCHAN'S ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Advice to Mothers, on the subject of their own health, and on the means of promoting the health, strength, and beauty of their offspring. By William Buchan, M. D., fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and author of "Domestic Medicine." Philadelphia: Bioren. 1804.

THIS performance is one of the most useful and agreeable that could have been transplanted to our soil. The author is an old man, but he writes in an entertaining and persuasive, and even in an elegant manner. The work is entirely free from technical obscurity, or scientific method. It is written to instruct, and, for that purpose, endeavours to engage the attention of that sex, whose interests he takes into his care.

The following passages should be gotten by heart by every young woman. She must be strangely stupid or callous, who can read them without conviction, and fervent resolutions, at least, to comply with the instructions of this eloquent monitor.

"The desire of preserving and improving personal beauty, which discovers itself, at an early period, in the female breast, is wisely designed by nature for the best and most important ends: it is a powerful check on excesses of every kind,

and is the strongest incitement to cleanliness, temperance, moderate exercise, and habitual good-humour. All that is necessary is to convince young people that these are the true means of rendering them lovely, because they are the only means of securing the enjoyment of health, the very essence of beauty; instead of sourly discouraging so natural a wish, let us point out the way to its full accomplishment, and thus prevent many amiable women from taking a wrong road, and from destroying both health and beauty by an absurd pursuit of the latter alone.

"One of the first truths to be impressed upon the minds of young women is, that beauty cannot exist without health, and that the one is absolutely unattainable by any practices inconsistent with the other. In vain do they hope to improve their skin, or to give a lively redness to their cheek, unless they take care to keep the blood pure, and the whole frame active and vigorous. Beauty, both of shape and countenance, is nothing more than visible health; the outward mirror of the state of things within; the certain effect of good air, cheerfulness, temperance, and exercise.

"There is nothing, perhaps, so pernicious to women as the use of creams, and pastes, and powders, and lotions, and numberless other contrivances to bleach the skin, or to produce an artificial white and red. All of them act with double injury, not only in destroying the surface which they were expected to beautify, but in poisoning the habit, and causing a fatal neglect of the great preservatives of life itself. A blotch or a pimple, however offensive to the eye, gives timely notice of the impure state of the fluids, and of the kind efforts of nature to expel the noxious matter. Ought not these efforts then to be assisted by a judicious plan of diet and regimen, instead of throwing back the impurity into the blood, and converting the very means of health into the seeds of infection and disease? Besides, lead or mercury is the chief ingredient in all those boasted cosmetics, and, being absorbed through the skin, cannot fail to occasion cramps, spasms, convulsions, colics, and the incurable train of nervous and consumptive complaints.

"Beauty is impaired, and health too often destroyed, by other absurd practices, such as drinking vinegar, to produce what is called a genteel or slender form, and avoiding exposure to the open air, for fear of its injuring the fancied delicacy of a fine skin. Vinegar, used as sauce, and in moderate quantities, serves to correct the putrescent tendency of various articles of food, and is equally agreeable and wholesome; but when swallowed in draughts, for the purpose of reducing plumpness, it proves highly injurious, causing excessive perspiration, relaxing the bowels, imparting no small degree of acrimony to the blood, and very much enfeebling the whole system. The dread of open air is still more ridiculous and detrimental. Look at the healthy texture of the milkmaid's skin, and at the roses ever blooming on her cheek, and then consider whether the open air can be unfavourable to beauty. The votaries of fashion may affect to despise these natural charms, and to call them vulgar: the heart of man feels their irresistible attraction, and his understanding confirms him in so just a preference. Surely the languid sickly delicacy, produced by confinement, cannot be compared to the animated glow of a face often fanned by the refreshing breeze!

"The woman, therefore, who feels a laudable wish to look well, and to be so in reality, must place no confidence in the silly doctrines or the deceitful arts of fashion. She must consult nature and reason, and seek for beauty in the temple of health; if she looks for it elsewhere she will experience the most mortifying disappointment; her charms will fade; her constitution will be ruined; her husband's love will vanish with her shadowy attractions;

and her nuptial bed will be unfruitful, or cursed with a puny race, the hapless victims of a mother's imprudence. She cannot transmit to her children what she does not herself possess; weakness and disease are entailed upon her posterity; and, even in the midst of wedded joys, the hopes of a healthy and vigorous issue are blasted for ever.

"The only way to prevent such evils is to pay a due regard to those rational means of promoting health, which I have already hinted at; temperance, exercise, open air, cleanliness, and good-humour. These subjects are pretty fully discussed in my "Domestic Medicine;" yet a few remarks may be proper on the present occasion.

"In laying down rules of temperance, I do not wish to impose any restraint on the moderate use of good and wholesome food or drink: but under these heads we must not include spirituous liquors; relaxing and often-repeated draughts of hot tea and coffee; salted, smoke-dried, and highly seasoned meats; salt fish; rich gravies; heavy sauces; almost indigestible pastry; and sour, unripe fruits, of which women in general are immoderately fond. We pity the green-sick girl, whose longing for such trash is one of the causes as well as one of the effects of her disease; but can any woman, capable of the least reflection, continue to gratify a perverse appetite by the use of the most pernicious crudities? Fruit, in the season of its maturity, is no less salutary than delicious. By plucking and eating it before it is ripe, you defeat the benignant purposes of nature, and will severely feel her resentment. The morning is the best time to eat fruit, when the stomach is not loaded with other aliment. Even in the evening I had rather see it introduced than the enervating luxuries of the tea-table, or the still worse preparations for a supper of animal food. A meal of this sort should not be made twice in one day. After a hearty dinner, a long interval is necessary before nature can require, or even bear, without injury, another substantial repast. Suppers are doubly prejudicial on account of the lateness of the hour, and the danger of going to bed with a full stomach. Apoplexies are often occasioned by such inconsiderate and unseasonable indulgence, but its certain effects are restless nights, frightful dreams, broken and unrefreshing slumbers, an incapacity of early rising next morning, head-achs, paleness of aspect, and general relaxation. Whoever sets any value on health or beauty, will always make very light repasts at night, and will go to bed early; that is to say, never later than ten or eleven o'clock, in order to enjoy sweet repose, and to rise betimes, with renovated strength and alacrity, to the pleasures and duties of the ensuing day.

"Pure air and moderate exercise are not of less importance than food and drink. Women are much confined by their domestic employments and sedentary pursuits: for this very reason they ought to go out frequently, and take exercise in the open air; not in a close carriage, but on foot or on horseback. When prevented by the weather from going abroad, dancing, provided it be not continued to fatigue, is the most cheerful and healthy amusement within doors. The only sedentary diversions proper for women are playing on some musical instrument, singing, and reading aloud delightful pieces of poetry or eloquence. Young ladies and mothers should wholly resign the card-table to old maids, who can only injure their own health, and who have no taste for any other mode of social intercourse.

"It may seem a little strange that I should think it in any sort necessary to recommend cleanliness to the fair sex: I am far from intending to convey the most distant insinuation of their negligence in this respect; I only wish to heighten their ideas of its utility, and to point out farther methods of increasing its benefits. They are rather too sparing of water, from an apprehension of

its injuring the skin, or giving it a disagreeable roughness. This is a great mistake. Pure water may be truly considered as a fountain of health, and its frequent use is the best means of improving the skin, and strengthening the whole frame. The offices performed by the skin are of greater importance than most people imagine. It is not merely a covering or shield to guard the fine organs of feeling from irritation or external injury, but one of the grand outlets admirably contrived by nature for expelling the noxious and superfluous humours of the body. The perspirable matter thus thrown out will of itself clog the pores, and relax the skin, unless care is taken to promote its easy escape, by keeping the entire surface of the body perfectly clean, well-braced, and elastic, which can only be done by frequent washing, and instantly wiping the parts dry. Those who have not a bath to plunge into, should wash the face, neck, hands, and feet, every morning and night; and experience will soon convince them, that the more they accustom themselves even to this partial application of clean water, the more comfortable and enlivening they will find it. If misguided tenderness has produced an extreme delicacy of habit as well as of skin, it will be proper to use lukewarm water for some time; and then gradually to diminish its temperature, till cold water can be employed, not only with safety, but with benefit. As a preservative of health, it is far more bracing and more invigorating than warm water, though the latter may be often adviseable in cases of particular infirmity, indisposition, or disease.

"All women of delicacy and good sense are sufficiently attentive to remove any outward soil or visible dirt from their person; but they do not all know, that a vapour, too fine to be perceived by the eye, is constantly issuing from the pores, the little orifices or mouths of which must therefore be kept clean and unobstructed. For the same reason, the linen and interior articles of dress should be often changed, as they become impregnated with the perspirable matter, and, when foul, would not only prevent the escape of any more, but would even have a part of what they had received re-absorbed by the skin, and thrown back into the system. The whole dress also should be loose, and as light as may be found consistent with due warmth, so as not to increase perspiration too much by its heaviness, nor to check either that or the free circulation of the blood by its pressure.

"Among many improvements in the modern fashions of female dress, equally favourable to health, to graceful ease and elegance, the discontinuance of stays is entitled to peculiar approbation. It is, indeed, impossible to think of the old straight waistcoat of whalebone, and of tight lacing, without astonishment and some degree of horror. We are surprised and shocked at the folly and perverseness of employing, as an article of dress, and even as a personal ornament, what must have checked youthful growth; what must have produced distortions and deformity; besides, occasioning various irregularities and diseases. I need not point out the aggravated mischief of such a pressure on the breast and womb in a state of pregnancy; but I must notice a defect very prevalent among young women of the present day in London, who, though they have not worn stays, may be fairly presumed to inherit, from their mothers, some of the pernicious effects of such a custom.

"The injury to which I allude, is the want of nipples. This unnatural defect, seems to have originated from the use of laced stays; and as children so often resemble their parents in outward form, it is not improbable that the daughter may bear this mark of a mother's imprudence, and may even transmit it to her own female children. Where stays have never been used, the want of a nipple is as extraordinary

as the want of a limb; and no mother is found thus disqualified from discharging one of her most sacred duties. *But in London the instances are too frequent to be ascribed to accident, and cannot, perhaps, be accounted for more satisfactorily, than in the manner here suggested.*

"Among the means of promoting health and beauty, cheerfulness or good-humour is certainly not the least in point of efficacy. It has the happiest influence on the body and mind; it gives a salutary impulse to the blood, keeps all the vital organs in easy and agreeable play, renders the outward deportment highly pleasing, while the perpetual sunshine within spreads a fascinating loveliness over the countenance. Peevishness or ill-humour embitters life, saps the constitution, and is more fatal to beauty than the small-pox, because its ravages are more certain, more disgusting, and more permanent."

The directions given to mothers and nurses, in this work, carry with them the stamp of good sense. They seem, to an unlearned capacity, in themselves so reasonable, that they gain at once implicit credit. They are clear and intelligible, and accomplish the end of enlightening the fair reader, without awakening chimerical terrors, and suggesting extravagant inferences. The venerable writer appears to draw his illustrations from his own experience, and some of them are extremely curious and instructive.—The following is a specimen:

"As strong examples often make some impression where other modes of reasoning fail, I shall here beg leave to introduce the history of a young gentleman, whom I attended at a very early period of my practice, and who fell a victim to the excessive fondness of an indulgent mother. With every wish to promote her son's health and happiness, she was, as far as respected intention, the *innocent* but absolute cause of totally destroying both. She brought on relaxation and debility by her misguided endeavours to avert pain; and while she hoped to prolong the life of an only son, the means which she made use of, for that purpose, not only abridged its duration, but precluded his power of enjoying it. Though he was buried at the age of twenty-one, he might be said to have died in his cradle; for life has been well defined, not to consist in merely breathing, but in making a proper use of our organs, our senses, our faculties, and of all those parts of the human frame which contribute to the consciousness of our existence. That he never attained to this state of being, will fully appear from the following narrative:

"Edward Watkinson was the only son of a country clergyman, of amiable manners and sound learning, but of a recluse turn of mind. The mother was the daughter of a London tradesman, and had been educated with extreme delicacy. She naturally pursued the same line of conduct towards her own child; and her fond husband was too much under the influence of the like fatal weakness. Many a child is spoiled by the indulgence of one parent: in the case now before us, both concurred to produce that enervating effect.

"For some time after his birth, master Neddy was reckoned a promising boy. When I first saw him, he was about eighteen years of age; but, to judge by his look, one would have supposed him to have been at least eighty. His face was long, pale, and deeply furrowed with wrinkles; his eyes were sunk in their sockets; his teeth quite decayed; his nose and chin almost touched each other; his breast narrow and prominent; his body twisted; his legs like spindles; his hands and fingers approaching nearly to the form of bird's claws; in short, his whole figure exhibited the truly pitiable appearance of a very old man, sinking under the weight of years and infirmities into the grave.

"It was at Midsummer I paid my first visit. I then found him wrap-

ped up in clothing sufficient for the rigours of a Lapland winter, and so closely muffled that one could hardly see the tip of his nose. He wore several pair of stockings; his gloves were double, and reached his elbows; and, to complete the absurdity of his dress, he was tightly laced in stays. Though armed in this manner at all points, he seldom peeped out of doors except in the dog-days, and then ventured no farther than the church, which was only forty paces from his father's house. I believe this was the most distant excursion he ever made; and the extraordinary attempt was always accompanied with peculiar care, and many additional preservatives from cold.

"The eye of his parents might be truly said to watch over him, not only by day, but by night also, as he slept in the same bed with them, having never been permitted to lie alone, lest he should throw the clothes off, or feel the want of any immediate assistance. It did not once occur to his father or mother, that all the inconveniences which they so much dreaded, could not be half so injurious as the relaxing atmosphere of a warm bed, surrounded by close curtains, and impregnated with the noxious effluvia from their lungs and bodies.

"His food and drink were of the weakest quality, always administered warm, and by weight and measure. When I recommended a more nourishing diet, and a little generous wine, I was told that the strongest thing master Neddy had ever taken was *chicken water*, and that they durst not venture on wine or animal food for fear of a fever. Thus was the poor lad reduced almost to a skeleton, through the silly apprehension of a disease, of which he was not susceptible. Nature was in him too weak to spread a hectic flush, even for a moment, over his countenance, which had acquired the colour of a parboiled chicken. All his vital powers were languid; and even his speech resembled the squeaking of a bird, more than the voice of a man.

"When I spoke of exercise, I was told he took a walk every fine day in the hall, and that was deemed sufficient for one of his delicate constitution. I mentioned a horse; the mother was frightened at the very name of so dangerous an animal. On telling her, that I owed the firmness and vigour of my own constitution to riding every day, she began to think there might be something specific in it; and she therefore consented to the purchase of a little horse. But tame as the creature was, it did not quiet the mother's alarms. Master Neddy, though placed upon the poney's back, was not entrusted with the reins. These were given in charge to a maid-servant, who led the horse round the orchard, while the cautious rider fastened both hands on the pommel of the saddle; and the father walking on one side, and the mother on the other, held him fast by the legs, lest he might be brought to the ground by any sudden start of his high-mettled racer. This exhibition was too ridiculous not to excite the laughter of the neighbours, which soon put an end to master Neddy's equestrian exercise.

"The timidity of a youth thus brought up is more easily conceived than described. Fearful of every thing, he would run from the most inoffensive animal, as if he had been pursued by a lion or a tiger. His weakness in this respect being known to the village boys, it was a common practice with them, whenever they saw him peeping through his father's gate, to frighten him into the house, by calling the pigs to bite him. This sportive alarm had the same effect as the sudden rush of a mad bullock.

"With such excessive weakness both of mind and body, master Neddy had some good points about him. His parents represented him as a perfect model of morality; and I had no right to doubt the truth of

their representation, though I did not give him quite so much credit on that score, because he did not possess sufficient force of constitution to be capable of any kind of vice. But I viewed, with mixed emotions of admiration and pity, some proofs of learning and abilities which he left behind him. I was the more surprised, as the incessant care bestowed on his person seemed to leave very little time for any mental acquirements.

"Improper food, tight or oppressive clothing, and want of fresh air and exercise, have, in their turn, proved destructive to thousands. This young man fell a victim to them all; and it would have been a miracle indeed had he survived their combined influence. He died without a groan, or any mark of disease, except premature old age, the machine being fairly worn out, before he completed his twenty-first year. His death proved fatal to both his parents, whose lives were closely *bound up in that of the lad.*

"The father had perceived his own error, but not before it was too late. He sent for me, and begged I would endeavour to save his son. The youth, alas! was far beyond the reach of my most zealous efforts: I could only witness the certainty of his fate. Medicine was of as little use to him, as consolation to his afflicted parents. The bitterness of their grief was increased by self-reproach; and friendship exerted her soothing voice in vain."

On the whole, this work is one of the most valuable presents that can be made to any woman, who has sense enough to profit by the instructions it affords.

POETRY.

A HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

IN lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A hermit thus enjoy'd:

His choicest book
The remnant of a human head
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.

"Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou!

On thee to muse
The busy living world I left;
Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obsequious thousands bow'd?

Was learning's store
E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
Did wisdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghastful face?
Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

If on this brow
E'er sat the scornful, haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that disdain?—'tis gone.

If cheerful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness cast,
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now?—'tis past.

To deck this scalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen?—'tis lost.

But painful sweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,

Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

Oppress'd perhaps
With aches and aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few, and hoary, hairs;

'Tis all perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace
What, on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless, unknown,
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh! who shall thee declare?

Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human visage see.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What we are now,
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave
Shall all hereafter be—
All hermits in the grave."

TO SPRING.

By Cupid.

TEEMING with Nature's living fires,
I bid thee welcome, genial Spring,
While Fancy wakes her thousand lyres,
And woods and vales responsive ring.

She comes—lo! Winter scowls away:
Harmonious forms start forth to view;
Nymphs, tripping light in circles gay,
Deck'd in their robes of virgin hue.

Then I, on am'rous sportings bent,
Like a sly archer take my stand;
Wide thro' the world my shafts are sent,
And ev'ry creature owns my hand.

First man, the lord of all below,
A captive sinks beneath my dart;
And lovely woman, fram'd to glow,
Yields the dominion of her heart!

Thro' sea, and earth, and boundless sky,
The fond subjection all must prove,
Whether they swim the stream, or fly,
Or mountain, vale, or forest rove.

Nor less the garden's sweet domain,
The mossy heath, and verdant mead,
The tow'ring hill, the level plain,
And fields, with blooming life o'erspread.

AD ELIZABETHAM SEMPER UNAM.

UNA quod es semper, quod semper es optima Conjux
Quam bene conveniunt hæc duo verba tibi?
Quod pia, et prudens quod casta, quod fœmina nupta
Semper es, hoc etiam semper es una modo
Et maritum quod ames, marito quod amata vicissim
Semper es, hic constans semper et una manes
O Utinam: quoniam sic semper es una, liceret
Una te nobis semper, Eliza, frui!

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES.

Randolph, Virginia, Dec. 17.

ON the 10th inst., as captain Thomas Lamson and his son Ira Lamson, together with another young man, were cutting timber, the two young men having cut a large tree nearly off, captain Lamson told his son to run and drive the oxen away, out of the reach of the tree; but seeing it was about to fall, he cried to him to look out. At this time he was out of danger; but, alarmed by the cries of his father, he turned and ran towards the tree, and continued a straight course towards his father, who stood near the roots of the tree, and had nearly reached him when it fell. The father, sensible of the fate of his son, ran, with great violence, to push him aside, to avoid the impending danger, and just reached him as it fell. They both fell at the same instant, the father with his arms stretched forth to snatch his son from immediate destruction; and had he advanced one step farther, must have shared the same fate! It is remarkable, that had he varied his course one foot either way he might have escaped unhurt, as the tree fell perfectly in his tracks. Not a groan escaped him, nor did he struggle or breathe afterwards. No pen can possibly paint the scene. In this awful situation he lay, with his ribs and shoulders very badly broken, and his head almost bruised to atoms, while the young man cut off the tree in two places; and the father, to prevent the head of his son from being torn to pieces, was obliged to hold it in his hands, as it lay under the tree.

We can only imagine the feelings of a parent on such a melancholy occasion. To captain Lamson, this scene must have been more than commonly trying, not only from the peculiar situation in which he himself was placed, at the time, but from the consideration of the character of his son. He was about 19 years of age, and for virtue and fidelity, few young men in life sustained so high a character.

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Massachusetts.

The following is a record of the weather in the year 1780, twenty-five years ago, since which we have not had so severe weather till the present, 1805.

In the month of January, 1780, the mercury in the thermometer was, at one o'clock, the 28th day, 8 degrees below 0, in Boston. A philosophical gentleman, then in the town, observed, that the day following, viz. the 29th, was the coldest day we had experienced since 1755.

In that year, it was only one degree colder. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather at that time, one of the Boston pilots came to town on the ice from Thompson's Island, a distance upwards of three miles. The 31st of January, the weather was so cold as to prevent business abroad.

The snow, within fifteen miles of Boston, was so high as to oblige the people to travel on rackets to get fuel and their corn ground. The roads were so filled as to be opened by horses, oxen, and sleds; and, in some places, it could not be accomplished by these means. The quantity of snow then on the ground is said to have exceeded that in the year 1740. In some places, the snow was so deep as to render the roads impassable by horses. Some small sleds were drawn by hands fifty miles.

Charles river froze over, and Boston harbour was full of ice.

It has been observed, that the wind W. by S. brings the coldest weather.

On the 19th of February, 1780, the harbour of Boston began to open to Rainsford or Hospital Island, about six miles from town.

A thaw taking place rendered the roads extremely difficult to pass,

and almost impossible with loaded teams.

The diary of a country gentleman (not long since deceased) informs, that "water, contained in a silver cann, in his bed-chamber, in the night of April 1, 1780, froze into a solid body of ice." The spring of this year was uncommonly backward.

The gentleman mentioned found under chips in his yard a quantity of hard ice. The earliest fruit was not in bloom the last of April, nor any seed sown, large bodies of snow being yet on the ground.

Besides the foregoing events in the year 1780, we notice the 19th of May, when an unusual darkness encompassed the atmosphere in the day, and the darkness of the night is represented as Egyptian. A grand eclipse of the sun happened October 27th, 1780, visible in Boston: not a cloud to be seen during the eclipse. Without the influence of the sun, it was remarked, what a dismal region would the earth be.

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Annapolis, Maryland, Feb. 14.

On Saturday last, the body of Mr. Searson Dove, of this city, who had been missing near three weeks, was found at Belmont, the plantation of J. T. Chase, Esq. On Sunday morning, a jury of inquest was held on the body, whose verdict was, "that he had perished and froze to death."

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The Massachusetts legislature have unanimously concurred in the amendment to the federal constitution, proposed by North Carolina, to authorise congress to prohibit the further importation of slaves.

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On the night of Febuary 14, from the violence of the wind, one of the arches of the bridge over the Mohawk, at Schenectady, was blown over. This accident, we are told, was occasioned by the temporary work remaining as a support to the arch. The loss is not mentioned, but supposed to be considerable.

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Raleigh, N. C., February 18.

On Friday last, John Blount, Esq., of Chowan county, brought to this city Thomas Morris, charged with passing, in Edenton, counterfeit bills of the United States branch bank at New York, Baltimore, and Charleston. When Morris was taken up, he had six bills of one hundred dollars each, all counterfeit. He said he lived in Tenessee, but was born in Burke county, in this state, where his father now resides, and that he had received the bills from a William Wood of South Carolina. Having three horses with him, he said his business at Edenton was to sell them.

On Saturday, Mr. Blount lodged him in the jail of this county.

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Notwithstanding that there is a law to prevent the carrying of slaves through this state, and a very heavy penalty on those who violate it, yet we are sorry to say that this inhuman traffic is still pursued.—Seldom a week intervenes, but three or four savage looking whites pass through this place, driving before them gangs of negroes from Maryland and Virginia, through this state, to South Carolina and Georgia.—During the late fall of snow, and hard weather, a great number of these unhappy creatures were brought to this place; one half took the road to the west, and the others to the south. This separation caused several of the blacks to be taken from their relatives and acquaintances, and afforded a scene, by their cries, truly distressing to any of the least humanity.

Much to the credit of John G. Rencher, Esq., of this county, he stopped the drivers of these slaves, but, while he was in search of an officer, they made their escape, and got out of the county before the sheriff, who lives out of town, could be had.

We learn that it is the determination of several magistrates of this and the adjacent counties to arrest the first of those inhuman speculators who shall make his appearance with slaves for traffic.

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AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Communications.

On the Occultation of Aldebaran in the Disk of the Moon, 21st October, 1793, by J. I. de Ferrer.

Facts and Observations on the Beaver of North America, collected by Mr. Heckewelder; communicated by Dr. Barton.

On many of the Pernicious Insects of the United States; intended for the magellanic premium. (*Of this memoir, which obtained the premium, Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton was the author.*)

A set of tables, with their application, to a useful improvement in navigation and surveying, signed C. c. b. R., for the magellanic premium.

An account of the great cold at Northampton, Great Britain, January 7, 1776, by Dr. A Fothergill.

DONATIONS.

For the cabinet.

A model of a life buoy, by T. Hamilton.

A model of his temporary rudder, by captain Mugford, of Salem, Massachusetts.

A number of shells and corals from Sumatra, by captain A. Newell, of Boston.

For the library.

Asiatic Researches, 7 vols., royal 4to., Calcutta, 1788 to 1801, from the society.

Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, second volume to ninth, 4to., 1788 to 1803, from the society.

Letters and Papers of the Bath and West of England Society, 9 vols., 8vo., 1783—9, by the society.

Transactions of the Batavian Society of Haarlem, 30 vols., 8vo., old series, 1754 to 1793, 1 vol. new, 1799 to 1801, by the society.

Catalogue of the Library of the London Medical Society, 8vo., 1803, by the society.

Sixteen numbers of the Journals of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; also an account of the Library and Mineralogical Establishment, by the Society. London, 1800—3.

Supplement to the Encyclopedia, 3 vols, 4to., Philadelphia, 1803, by Thomas Dobson.

Voyage dans L'Egypt. Par Vivant Denon, 2 vols., imp. fol., by William M'Clure, Esq.

The works of James Wilson, Esq., 3 vols., 8vo., Philadelphia, 1804, by Bird Wilson, Esq.

Traite de la Fievre Jaune de L'Amerique, 8vo., Paris, 1803. Par L. Valentin, M. D., by the author.

Memorial of the French, in reply to the English, respecting the war of 1755, Philadelphia, 1757, by Dr. Mease.

Alcoran of Mahomet, from the French of Du Ryer, London, 4to., 1649. Assertion of the seven Sacraments, by Henry VIII, against Luther, 8vo., London, 1688, by T. Stretch, Esq.

Thesaurus Medicis, G. Smellie, 2 vols., 8vo., Edinburgh, 1788—9.—Collection of Pennsylvania Almanacs, by Franklin, &c., 1720 to 1748, by Dr. James.

Dr. Hawes' Annual Report to the London Humane Society, 1804.—Giles' Sermon on premature Interment. Cautions concerning the Poisons of Lead and Copper, by Dr. A. Fothergill.

Narrative of the Sufferings of Captain Woodward among the Malays, 8vo., London, 1804, by William Vaughan.

English translation of the Geometria of Peter Ramus, from the original, Hanover, 1611, by T. Hamilton.

Account of the Re-establishment, &c. of the University of Wilna, in Russia, by A. Stroynowsky, rector of the university.

American Coast Pilot, by L. Furling, Newburyport, 1800. Geography of J. Payne, 4 vols., 8vo., New York, 1800. Roman Conversations, by J. Wilcocks, 2 vols., 8vo., London, 1797. Recherches Physiques sur le Feu, par Marat, 8vo., Paris, 1780, by J. Vaughan.

Deposited with the society, by William Loughton Smith, Esq., a very valuable collection of engravings, and books relative thereto; sent to this country, from Italy, by his brother, Joseph Smith, Esq., in prosecution of a plan to promote a taste for the arts in the United States.

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To the Editor of the Norristown Register.

Sir,

I wish, through the medium of your paper, to inform the neighbouring farmers, that they may have an opportunity of seeing that greatest of all modern improvements in agriculture, the thrashing machine.

It is needless to quote authorities for the advantages it possesses over thrashing by the flail, or treading by horses, I will only observe, that the machine erected in my barn, by Mr. David Prentice, is of the most approved kind, and clears out the grain without breaking the straw. It is calculated for two horses.

A trial was made of it last week in the presence of Dr. Mease, of Philadelphia. The horses being engaged, a pair of oxen were yoked to it. We first tried oats, when it thrashed and winnowed twelve bushels per hour. We then counted out three dozen sheaves of wheat, which were thrashed in eleven minutes. With a pair of horses, instead of oxen, it will move about one third faster, which is at the rate of sixteen bushels of oats, or two hundred and sixty sheaves of wheat, in an hour.

The holidays have prevented our proceeding with it, but I purpose to have it going on Monday next.

WILLIAM BAKEWELL.

Fatland Ford, Jan. 1st. 1805.

Mr. Thomas Beatt has constructed a grist-mill, saw-mill, and fulling-mill, to go with the tide (or any stream of an equal force).

The grist-mill has two pairs of stones, and is so constructed as to grind both together, or separate, with either flood or ebb, or the one with the flood and the other with the ebb.

The saw-mill and fulling-mill work on the same principle, either together or separate, with either flood or ebb.

The whole works on a water wheel that rises and falls with the tide or stream, and will work each mill separate, or either two or all together.

The model has been placed divers times on different places on the tide, and in the presence of a number of respectable citizens and men of mechanical genius, and is found to completely answer the end designed.

Mr. Beatt is a native of New Jersey, and a citizen of the township of Greenwich, in the county of Gloucester.

A model of this curious machine is in my possession, and may be seen gratis, by any citizen inclined to view the same.

JOHN FIRTH.

Barnsborough, Gloucester county, New Jersey, January 1, 1805.

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Presqu'ile, Jan. 27.

We have had a very hard winter, so far; a great deal of snow; but people are healthy, and trade encreases every day. Above 4000 barrels of salt have been hauled over from this place to La Bœuff, this winter; and traders are sending down to Buffaloe, for more, to be sent on the ice, on sleds:—there is now advertisements up, for 30 to fetch salt upon the ice. What a vast benefit the salt trade will be to this country! The salt taken over to La Bœuff, and sent down the river, this last fall and winter, has caused a great deal of money to be

left in this country: a great deal of salt has gone down as far as Cincinnati. There are, this winter, between 30 and 40 flat-bottomed boats building at La Bœuff, to carry salt, and other produce, down French Creek against the spring opens, to go to Cincinnati; and there is a vessel building here, to sail on the lake. You may form an idea of the great advantages this country will receive from such an extensive trade as will be here in a short time. If we view its growth, what may we calculate on in ten years, from the present! Three years ago, the salt brought here was scarce sufficient to supply the people of this place; and now we can send five thousand barrels down the Alleghany. Land is rising to a great price; a few weeks ago, a tract of 400 acres sold for ten dollars fifty cents per acre.

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The number of barrels of pickled fish inspected in Massachusetts, according to the report of the Inspector General, from April 1, 1804, to January, 1805, was 19,163; half do. 537.

—

COTTON MACHINE.

The ginning and carding part of this machine was invented some time ago, by Mr. M'Bride, in South Carolina, before he moved to this state, and may be used with great advantage by private families. He has lately, after many trials and much labour, constructed it to gin, to card, and to spin at the same time, by the turning of one wheel. It requires daily one person to attend it. It is not necessary to stop the machine, except for the purpose of mending a broken thread, or of taking away the full spools and putting empty ones in their places.—The threads break very seldom, and, by paying more attention to the workmanship, the inventor believes, that this inconvenience will be almost wholly removed. It spins yarn of the size of seven hundred, at the rate of fifteen dozen in twelve hours, though it be constructed for spinning only fifteen threads at a time. It may be easily altered to spin yarn of any size in common use. Machines of this kind can be made either upon a small scale, to work by the hand of the attendant, or on a larger, to go by means of horses or water. After the portion of cotton, which each of the saws gives to their respective brushes, has passed through the cards and rollers which prepare and stretch them small enough for threads, without interfering, in the least degree, with each other, they are twisted close to the rollers, and gently taken on by the spools, which are regularly filled by means of another part of the machine which slowly recedes and returns for that purpose. Two sets of spools will suffice, as a reel is fixed at one end to reel one set while the other set is filling. The yarn spun by it is equal or superior to that spun upon the common family wheels.

MARRIAGES.

February 9. AT Philadelphia, Mr. William Kennedy to Mrs. Pervian.

25. At Philadelphia, Mr. William Robinson, of Chester county, to Miss Mary Morrison.

28. At Philadelphia, Mr. William Bryant, cabinet maker, to Miss Margaret Delavau daughter of Mr. John Delavau, of Southwark.

March 1. Mr. Joshua Cresson to Miss Hannah Roper.

7. At Trenton, New Jersey, at the Friends' meeting-house, Mr. Joseph Abbot, of Nottingham, to Miss Ann Rickey, daughter of John Rickey, merchant.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John W. Scott, late editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia Repository, to Miss Jane Cooper.

10. At Philadelphia, Mr. Anthony Ireton to Miss Mary Tranc[illegible]i of Upper Derby, Delaware [illegible]ty.

At Philadelphia, Mr. William Cummings to Miss Mary Mullikin.

DEATHS.

January 30. IN the Pennsylvania hospital, Mr. Isaac M'Hugh, printer, late of Washington, Pennsylvania, in the 22d year of his age.

31. In Donegal township, Lancaster county, Alexander Lowery, Esq. Mr. Lowery was in his 79th or 80th year, and died much regretted, by his numerous friends and acquaintances. Through all the various walks of life, he was sociable, kind, and hospitable.

February 3. At Baltimore, Capt. Jeremiah Yellot, merchant, of that city, after a lingering illness.

His resignation under his affliction was conformable with his life, exemplary, firm, and characteristic of a reconciled christian. Blessed with a large portion of the good things of this world, he used them correspondent to the apparent will of the Giver: liberal in his charities to the poor, bountiful to the meritorious in distress, and humane to all, few men have lived more beloved, few men have died whose loss will be more sensibly felt, than that of the deceased.

It is said, that after making ample provision for his wife and family, he hath willed considerable donations to charitable and public purposes in Baltimore.

4. At Haverhill, Massachusetts, the Rev. Hezekiah Smith, D. D., pastor of the baptist church in that place, and one of the fellows of Brown university, in the state of Rhode Island.

At two o'clock, the corpse was removed into the meeting-house, when the Rev. Dr. Stillman, in a judicious and well adapted discourse, founded on Acts xiii, 36, addressed a very crowded and deeply affected audience. After the public services, the body, preceded by the Merrimack Humane Society, Fire Society, &c. and followed by the mourners, neighbouring clergy, and a numerous procession of citizens, was conveyed to the still chambers of the dead.

This amiable man was born on Long Island, state of New York, April 21, 1737. He was a happy instance of early piety, as appears by his making a public profession of religion before he was 19 years of age. He was a graduate at Princeton college, at which university he took his master's degree, in 1765. The year preceding this, he visited New England, and preached in various places, and among christians of different denominations, to general acceptance.

His labours having been peculiarly blessed to many in the town of Haverhill, a baptist church was formed, in 1765, and Mr. Smith invited to take the pastoral charge. Yielding to their solicitations, he was installed, November 12, 1766.

He continued in the successful discharge of his pastoral duties, until the commencement of the American revolution. Though engaged in the sacred office, he did not relinquish his rights as a citizen. He saw, with deep concern, the freedom of his country invaded, and felt too sensibly interested to remain a silent spectator. Therefore, while the storm was increasing, and the fate of his country hung in awful suspence, his patriotic ardour compelled him to take a decided part. Accordingly, in 1776, he accepted an appointment from congress, as a chaplain in the army of the United States, in which service he continued until honourably discharged, in 1780. Such was his exemplary dignified behaviour, during his residence in the army, as to gain him the highest confidence and esteem of the officers, as well as the most affectionate regards of the men. Often did he expose his own life to danger in the time of battle, whilst encouraging and animating the soldiers, and in soothing the sorrows of the wounded and dying. Having finished the term of his engagement in the army, he returned to his be-

loved flock, and resumed again his pastoral functions.

As a preacher, Dr. Smith was equalled by few. His subjects were well chosen, and always evangelic. His voice was strong and commanding, and his manner solemn and impressive. In the endearing relations of husband, father, pastor, friend, he was faithful and most tenderly affectionate. He delighted in alleviating distress, and in making all around him happy.

In the death of this good man, science has lost a most zealous friend and patron. His unwearied exertions for the promotion of literature, as well as his personal donations, are well known, and will long be remembered.

His family and flock most sensibly feel his loss, as do his brethren in the ministry; whilst the town at large, many in the vicinity, a numerous circle of acquaintance, all mingle their sympathizing tears.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Lately, in Amwell, New Jersey, —— Naylor, aged about 103 years. She was born in that neighbourhood, in its first settlement. Her husband was killed in Braddock's expedition, in the year 1755, since which time she has remained a widow, being left with nine children. She enjoyed good health until within twenty-four hours of her decease, and last summer could walk two or three miles. It is remarkable, that, for upwards of fifty years past, her whole diet consisted of bohea tea and a little bread and butter, three times a day; and her amusement was continually smoking tobacco.

6. At New York, Mr. Gabriel W. Ludlow, in the 71st year of his age.

7. At Philadelphia, after a lingering illness, Mr. John M'Pherson, confectioner. He has left, to lament his removal, an affectionate wife and five small children. In him his family lost a kind husband and a tender parent, society a valuable member, and his intimates a steady and a scrupulously honest friend. Of him it may be truly said, that his life was exemplary and pious, and his steps, in the christian race, firm, and characteristic of one who sought a better country.

At Philadelphia, of the small-pox, in the 30th year of her age, Mrs. Charlotte Lillibridge, consort of captain Robert Lillibridge, and daughter of the late Thomas Sabins, of Providence, Rhode Island.

9. At Philadelphia, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Rebecca Mayburry, relict of Thomas Mayburry, Esq., formerly of Potts-town, and daughter of the late Mr. Jeremiah Warder, merchant, of Philadelphia.

Of this worthy lady it can be truly said, that, in the several important relations of friend, wife, and mother, her conduct has been not merely blameless, but meritorious in a high degree. Benignity of disposition and genuine piety were the leading, but not the only ornaments of her character. By these she endeared herself to all her friends, and bequeathed to them, in the tenour of a long life, an example no less worthy to be admired than imitated.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Joseph Hardy, a worthy man, and a respectable citizen.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Robert Bishop.

In New York, the Hon. John Sloss Hobart, in the 67th year of his age, judge of the district court of New York. In the death of judge H., another of our revolutionary patriots has left the stage. During the war, he was employed in some of the most confidential and influential situations in New York, and always acquitted himself to public satisfaction. Mr. Jay, Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Yates were the three judges of the supreme court first appointed after the revolution. This situation he held for many years. He was once elected senator of the United States. Of judge Hobart it may with truth be said, that, from his

his earliest manhood to his death, no man ever sustained a more blameless and unspotted character.

In Nantucket, the Hon. Stephen Hussey, Esq., aged 69 years and 6 months, chief justice of the court of common pleas, and collector of the customs. In the year 1766, he was chosen a representative to the general court at Boston, and continued a representative successively, from the year 1768 until 1775; and at the close of the American revolutionary war, he took his seat in the first congress of the United States. He then received his commission as a civil magistrate and collector of the customs, both of which places he filled with satisfaction to the general government and his fellow-citizens, and presided as chief justice of the country, until the year previous to his death. He was of a mild, happy disposition and temper; an agreeable address; truly religious; indefatigable in fulfilling the duties of his office; no partizan, but an invaluable friend to the best interests of his country. He has left a widow and five children to bewail his loss.

In Wilton, Connecticut, Mrs. Rachel Betts, aged 102 years. She had enjoyed good health till within a few days of her death, which was occasioned by a fall upon the ice.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN MARCH.

Authors and publishers are requested to communicate notices of their works, post paid, and they will always be inserted, free of expence.

THE Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal. Part Second of Volume I.—Conrad and Co., 1 dollar.

Medical Theses, selected from among the Inaugural Dissertations, published and defended by the Graduates in Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, and of other Medical Schools in the United States; with an Introduction, Appendix, and occasional Notes, by Charles Caldwell, M. D., editor of the work.—Thomas and William Bradford, 2 dollars, in boards.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence of Sir William Jones, by Lord Teignmouth.—Poyntell and Co., 2 dollars, 75 cents.

A Treatise on Fractures, Luxations, and other Affections of the Bones, by J. P. Desault. Translated from the French, by Charles Caldwell, M. D.—2 dollars, 75 cents, for the translator.

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR.

THE editor was beginning to fear that his agreeable and valuable correspondent, Sabina, had laid aside the pen, when he received her communication. Unfortunately, it was a few hours too late for insertion in the present number, but it shall have due place in the next. Every thing from this hand is received with gratitude and pleasure. An old critic tells us, that a middling poet is intolerable: but if things are valued in proportion to their rarity, even a middling poet deserves to be highly prized. How much then must we value one *above* mediocrity!

A description, with a plate annexed, of a recent improvement in the steam engine will be inserted in our next; together with several other communications, received in the course of the present month.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 19. APRIL, 1805. VOL. III.

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1805.

THE

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No. 19. APRIL, 1805. VOL. III.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

NEW INVENTION.

AN IMPROVEMENT ON STEAM ENGINES.

With an Engraving.

THE engine of which an engraving is annexed is thus described by the inventor, Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia.

My principle is to confine and retain the steam, and, by that means, encrease the heat in the water, which encreases the elastic power of the steam in a rapid ratio, to a great degree, by a very small encrease of the consumption of fuel: namely, as the heat of the water is increased in an arithmetical progression, the elastic power of the steam increases in a geometrical progression. Every addition of about thirty degrees of heat to the water, by Fahrenheit's thermometer, be the temperature what it may, doubles the elastic power of the steam, so that doubling the heat in the water increases the elastic power of the steam about a hundred times. Similar ratios hold good in practice; every addition of a small quantity of fuel doubles the power and effect of the engine, so that doubling the fuel produces about sixteen times the effect, which enables us with small, simple, and cheap engines to produce effects equal to larger, more complex, and expensive ones, heretofore used, with about one-third part of the fuel: which renders them useful for a great variety of purposes for which other engines would be unprofitable, as they can be constructed at half the expence to produce equal power, and are from five to ten times as powerful, according to their size and weight. The power can be doubled or tripled at pleasure, to meet extra resistances, and may be kept in reserve until wanted; which qualities render the engines applicable to and suitable for all the following purposes, and profitable in each case, where water-falls are not to be had, viz. for grinding all kinds of grain, sawing of all kinds of timber, raising of water for draining of mines, watering of cities or lands, driving of sugar-mills, working of rolling and slitting-mills, forge hammers, or

bellows for furnaces, chopping grain and pumping water for distilleries and breweries: where the steam, after it leaves the engine, may be applied to heat the water, and save fuel; to turn grinding stones, turning lathes to grind coffee, chocolate, paints, bark, &c., to propel boats against a current, and waggons on turnpike roads; in short, for every purpose for which power may be wanted, from the power of one man, to that of one hundred horses.

I am preparing for the press a small work, explaining the principles, and showing the reasons why they produce such wonderful effects; but to do justice to this subject would require a large and very expensive volume, which I had began, but have relinquished, believing the sales would not defray the expense.

The Plate represents a plain elevated section of the different parts of the engine, connected in the operation, but they are differently arranged in the construction.

EXPLANATION.

a The end view of the boiler, consisting of two cylindrical tubes, the best form for holding a great power, the lesser inside of the greater. The fire is kindled in the inner one, which serves as a furnace, the water being between them. The smoke passes to the other end, is turned under the supply boiler, *b*, to heat the water for supplying the waste occasioned by working; *c* the supply pump, which brings water up, and forces it into the supply boiler, at every stroke of the engine.

The steam ascends the pipe, and if the throttle valve *d* be lifted to let the steam into the engine, and valves *e* and *f* be opened, the steam drives the piston *g* to the lower end of the cylinder, as it appears in the plate. The steam escaping before the piston through the valve *f*, as soon as the piston is down the valves *e f* shut and *h i* open, the steam enters at *h* to drive the piston up again, and escapes before the piston through the valve *i*. These four valves are wrought by two wheels, *k l*, with cams on their sides, which strike against four levers, not shown in the plate, to which the stems of the valves are attached, and which open and shut them at the proper time. The motion of the piston *g* gives motion to the lever *m n*, and the rod *m o*, connected to the crank, puts it in motion, and the fly wheel *q r* keeps its motion regular, the spur wheels *s t*, of equal size, move the valve wheels *l k*; the lever *m n* works the supply pump *c*. Thus the motion is continued, and the cog wheel *v* of 66 cogs going into the tunnel *u* of 23 cogs, gives the stone *w* 100 revolutions per minute, when the piston strikes 35 strokes. This cog wheel may move any other work, or instead thereof a crank may move a pump or saw, as this engine may be made to strike from 10 to 100 strokes per minute, as the case may require; and if the working cylinder be 8 inches diameter, it will drive a pair of five feet millstones, or other work requiring an equal power.

The steam, after it leaves the engine, escapes up the pipe *x x*, through the roof of the house, or into a condenser, if one be used, or through the supply boiler to heat the water. *v* A safety valve, kept down by a lever graduated like a steelyard, to weigh the power of the steam; this valve will lift and let the steam escape, when its power is too great.

If the pipe of the safety valve be turned into the flue of the furnace, then, by lifting the valve, the ashes may all be blown out of the flue.

This engine is of a simple construction, easily executed by ordinary mechanics: the valve seats are formed by simple plates, with holes in them, easily cast.

In working this engine to drive ten saws, we find, that if we put her in motion as soon as she has power to drive one saw, and suffer her to move briskly, she carries off the heat from the boiler nearly as fast as it is generated, and fuel may be

consumed and time spent to little purpose; but if we confine and retain the steam in the boiler, until it lifts the safety valve with a power sufficient to drive ten saws, she will start with that load, and carry it all day, and consume but little more fuel.

It takes up but little room in the building. The draught is drawn from a scale of half an inch to a foot, except the millstones, and two wheels that move them. They are a quarter of an inch to a foot.

For the Literary Magazine.

NAVAL TRANSACTIONS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE most considerable naval transactions in which the United States have been engaged, since the revolution, are, undoubtedly, those that have lately taken place in the Mediterranean. They form, therefore, the most important portion of our national history, in our relation to other states. The following account has a better chance of being a circumstantial and authentic narrative of these transactions than is elsewhere to be met with. It is drawn up from the commodore's official dispatch, and contains the account of his proceedings during one month, from the 10th of August to the 10th of September, 1804.

The commander was detained by bad weather in the harbour of Messina, till the 9th of August, when he left it with two small bomb vessels under convoy, and arrived at Syracuse, where he was necessarily detained four days. On the 14th he sailed; the schooners Nautilus and Enterprize in company, with six gun boats and two bomb vessels, placed under his command by the king of Naples. The bomb vessels were about thirty tons, carried a thirteen inch brass sea mortar, and forty men. The gun boats were twenty-five tons; carried a long iron twenty-four pounder in the bow, with thirty-five men. They were officered and manned from the squadron, except twelve Neapolitan bombardiers, gunners, and sailors attached to each boat, who were shipped by permission of their government. This step was found necessary, as every vessel in the squadron was considerably short of her complement.

The gun boats are constructed for the defence of harbours; they are flat bottomed and heavy, and very badly sail and row. They were never intended to go to sea, and cannot be navigated with safety, unless assisted by tow-ropes from larger and better sailing vessels; nor even then, in very bad weather. However, as they were the best to be had, he thought proper to employ them, particularly as the weather in July and August is generally serene, and without them his force was too small to make any impression on Tripoli.

On the 16th of July they arrived at Malta, where they were detained by contrary gales till the 21st, when they left it, and arrived in sight of Tripoli the 25th, and were joined by the Siren, Argus, Vixen, and Scourge. The squadron now consisted of the Constitution, three brigs, three schooners, two bombs, and six gun boats; the whole number of men 1060. He proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for an attack on Tripoli, a city well walled, protected by batteries judiciously constructed, mounting 115 pieces of heavy cannon, and defended by 25,000 Arabs and Turks; the harbour protected by 19 gun boats, two gallies, two schooners, of eight guns each, and a brig mounting ten guns, ranged in order of battle, forming a strong line of defence at secured moorings, within a long range of rocks and shoals, extending more than two miles eastward of the town. This reef forms the harbour, and protects it from the northern gales. It is hence impossible for a vessel of the Constitution's draft of water to approach near enough to destroy them, as they are

sheltered by the rocks, and can retire under that shelter to the shore, unless they chuse to expose themselves in the different channels and openings of the reefs, for the purpose of annoying their enemies. Each of the gun boats mounts a heavy 18 or 26 pounder in the bow, and two brass howitzers on her quarters, and carry from 36 to 50 men. The gallies have each 100 men; schooners and brigs about the same number.

The weather was not favourable for anchoring till the 28th, when, the wind E. S. E., the squadron stood in for the coast, and at 3, P. M., anchored, Tripoli bearing south, two and a half miles distant. At this moment the wind shifted suddenly from E. S. E. to N. N. W., and from thence to N. N. E. At 5 o'clock, it blew strong, with a heavy sea, setting directly on shore. The commodore made the signal to prepare to weigh. At 6, the wind having considerably increased, the signal was made for the squadron to weigh and gain an offing; the wind continued veering to the eastward, which favoured their gaining sea room, without being obliged to carry so great a press of sail, as to lose any of their gun boats, though they were in great danger. The gale continued varying from N. E. to E. S. E., without increasing much, till the 31st, when it blew away the commodore's reefed fore-sail and close reefed main-top-sail; fortunately the sea did not rise in proportion to the strength of the gale, or they must have lost all their boats. On the first of August, the gale subsided and they stood towards the coast: every preparation was made for an attack on the town and harbour. August the 3d was pleasant weather, the wind east: the squadron stood in towards Tripoli. At noon they were between two and three miles from the batteries, which were all manned; and several gun boats and gallies having advanced in two divisions without the rocks, it was resolved to take advantage of their temerity. At half past 12 o'clock, the squadron wore off shore, and preparations were made for attacking the enemy's shipping and batteries. The gun and mortar boats were immediately manned and prepared to cast off; the gun boats in two divisions of three each: the first division commanded by captain Somers in No. 1, lieutenant Decatur in No. 2, and lieutenant Blake in No. 3. The second division commanded by captain Decatur in No. 4, lieutenant Bainbridge in No. 5, and lieutenant Trippe in No. 6. The two bombards were commanded by lieutenant commandant Dent, and Mr. Robinson, first lieutenant of the commodore's ship. At half past 1 o'clock, the ships wore, and stood towards the batteries; at three quarters past 2, the bombs commenced the action, by throwing shells into the town. In an instant, the enemy's shipping and batteries opened a tremendous fire, which was promptly returned by the whole squadron within grape shot distance; at the same time, the second division of three gun boats, led by the gallant Decatur, was advancing with sails and oars, to board the eastern division of the enemy, consisting of nine boats. These boats gave the enemy showers of grape and musket balls as they advanced; they, however, soon closed, when the pistol, sabre, pike, and tomahawk, came into play. Captain Somers being in a dull sailer, made the best use of his sweeps, but was not able to fetch far enough to the windward to engage the same division of the enemy's boats, which captain Decatur fell in with; he, however, gallantly bore down with his single boat on five of the enemy's western division, and engaged within pistol shot, defeated and drove them within the rocks, in a shattered condition, and with the loss of a great number of men. Lieutenant Decatur, in No. 2, was closely engaged with one of the enemy's largest boats, of the eastern division, which struck to him, after having lost a large proportion of men; and at the instant that brave officer was boarding her, to take possession, he

was treacherously shot through the head by the captain of the boat that had surrendered, which base conduct enabled the poltroon (with the assistance he received from other boats) to escape. The third boat of captain Somers' division kept to the windward, firing at the boats and shipping in the harbour; had she gone down to his assistance, it is probable several of the enemy's boats would have been captured in that quarter. Captain Decatur, in No. 4, after having with distinguished bravery, boarded and carried one of the enemy, of superior force, took his prize in tow, and gallantly bore down to engage a second, which, after a severe and bloody conflict, he also took possession of.

These two prizes had thirty-three officers and men killed, and twenty-seven made prisoners, nineteen of whom were badly wounded. Lieutenant Trippe, of the Vixen, in No. 6, ran along side of one of the enemy's large boats, which he boarded, with only midshipman John Henly and nine men, his boat falling off before any more could get on board: thus was he left compelled to conquer or perish, with the odds of thirty-six to eleven. The Turks could not withstand the ardour of this brave officer and his assistants; in a few minutes the decks were cleared, and her colours hauled down. On board of this boat, fourteen of the enemy were killed and twenty-two made prisoners, seven of which were badly wounded: the rest of their boats retreated within the rocks. Lieutenant Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, some of which were very severe: he speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Henly and those who followed him. Lieutenant Bainbridge, in No. 5, had his latteen yards shot away early in the action, which prevented his getting along side of the enemy's boats; but he galled them with a steady and well directed fire within musket shot; indeed he pursued the enemy till his boat grounded under the batteries: she was fortunately soon got off. The bomb vessels kept their stations, although covered with the spray of the sea occasioned by the enemy's shot; they were well conducted by lieutenants Dent and Robinson, who kept up a constant fire from the mortars, and threw a great number of shells into the town. Five of the enemy's gun boats and two gallies composing the centre division, and stationed within the rocks as a reserve, joined by the boats that had been driven in and supplied with fresh men from the shore to replace those they had lost, twice attempted to row out to endeavour to surround our gun boats and their prizes. The signal to cover them was promptly attended to by the brigs and schooners, all of which were gallantly conducted, and annoyed the enemy exceedingly; but the fire from the Constitution kept their flotilla completely in check. The grape shot of the assailants made great havoc among their men, not only on board their shipping but on shore. The ships were several times within two cables' length of the rocks, and within three of their batteries; every one of which, in succession, were silenced so long as they could bring their broad side to bear upon them. But the moment they passed a battery it was reanimated, and a constant heavy fire kept up, from all that the ships could not point their guns at. Our ships suffered most when wearing or tacking; it was then that the want of another frigate was most sensibly felt. At half past four, the wind inclining to the northward, the signal was made for the bombs and gun boats to retire from action, and, immediately after, the signal to tow off the gun boats and prizes, which was well executed by the brigs, schooners, and boats of the squadron, covered by a heavy fire from the Constitution. At three quarters past 4, P. M., the light vessels, gun boats, and prizes, being out of reach of the enemy's shot, the commodore hauled off to take the bomb vessels in tow. The squadron was two hours under the fire

of the enemy's batteries, and the only damage received by the Constitution was a twenty-four pound shot, nearly through the centre of the main mast, thirty feet from the deck, main royal yard and sail shot away; one of the quarter deck guns was damaged by a thirty-two pound shot, which at the same time shattered a marine's arm. Two lower shrouds and two back-stays were shot away, and the sails and running rigging considerably cut: so little damage must be imputed to their keeping so near, that the enemy overshot them, and to the annoyance received from the grape shot. They were, however, but wretched gunners. Gun boat No. 5 had the main yard shot away; and the rigging and sails of the brigs and schooners were considerably cut. Lieutenant Decatur was the only officer killed, but in him the service lost a valuable officer: he was a young man who gave strong promise of being an ornament to his profession; his conduct in the action was highly honourable, and he *died nobly*. The enemy must have suffered very much in killed and wounded, both among their shipping and on shore. Three of their gun boats were sunk in their harbour, several of them had their decks nearly cleared of men by our shot, and a number of shells burst in the town and batteries, which must have done great execution. The officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron, behaved in the most gallant manner. The Neapolitans in emulating the ardour of our seamen answered the highest expectations. The commodore confers high praise on the active exertions and officer-like conduct of lieutenant Gordon, and the other lieutenants of the Constitution. Mr. Harriden, the master, gave full satisfaction, as did all the officers and ship's company. Great praise was due to captain Hall, and lieutenant Greenleaf, and the marines belonging to his company, in the management of six long twenty-six pounders on the spare deck, which were placed under his direction.—Captain Decatur speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of lieutenant Thain, and midshipman M'Donough, of No. 4, as does captain Somers of midshipmen Ridgely and Miller, attached to No. 1.

The killed amounted only to one, who was slain in the base manner above-mentioned, and the wounded to thirteen.

On the 5th of August, the squadron was at anchor about two leagues north from the city of Tripoli, while the Argus was in chase of a small vessel to the westward, which she soon came up with and brought to. She proved to be a French privateer of four guns, which put into Tripoli for water, and left it that morning. The captain was prevailed on to return to Tripoli, for the purpose of landing fourteen very badly wounded Tripolitans, with a letter to the prime minister, leaving it at the option of the bashaw to reciprocate this generous mode of conducting the war.

The 7th, the French privateer came out, and brought a letter from the French consul, in which he observes, that the attack of the 3d instant had disposed the bashaw to accept of reasonable terms; and invited the commodore to send a boat to the rocks with a flag of truce, which was declined, as the white flag was not hoisted at the bashaw's castle. At 9, A. M., with a very light breeze from the eastward, and a strong current, which obliged the Constitution to remain at anchor, the light vessels weighed, and the gun and bomb boats cast off and stood in shore towards the western batteries, the prize-boats having been completely fitted for service, and the command of them given to lieutenants Crane of the Vixen, Thorn of the Enterprize, and Caldwell of the Syren; the whole advanced with sails and oars. The bombs were directed to take post in a small bay westward of the city, where but few of the enemy's guns could be brought to bear on them, but from whence they could annoy

the town with shells. The gun boats were ordered to silence a battery of seven heavy guns, which guarded the approach to that position, and the brigs and schooners to support them, in case the enemy's flotilla should venture out. At half past 1, P. M., a breeze from N. N. E., the Constitution weighed, and stood in for the town, but the wind being on shore made it imprudent to engage the batteries with the ship, as in case of a mast being shot away, the loss of the vessel would probably ensue, unless a change of wind should favour her getting off.

At half past 2, P. M., the bomb and gun boats having gained their stations, the bombs commenced throwing shells, and the gun boats opened a sharp and well directed fire on the town and batteries within point blank shot, which was warmly returned by the enemy. The seven gun battery in less than two hours was silenced, except one gun; the others were probably dismounted by the shot, as the walls were almost totally destroyed. At a quarter past 3, P. M., a ship hove in sight to the northward, standing for the town; the Argus chased; at half past 5, one of the prize gun boats was blown up, by a hot shot from the enemy, which passed through her magazine. She had on board twenty-eight officers, seamen, and marines; ten of whom were were killed, and six wounded. Among the killed were James R. Caldwell, first lieutenant of the Syren, and midshipman John S. Dorsey, both excellent officers; midshipman Spence and eleven men were taken up unhurt. Mr. Spence was superintending the loading of the gun at that moment, and, notwithstanding the boat was sinking, he and the brave fellows surviving finished charging, gave three cheers as the boat went from under them, and swam to the nearest boats, where they assisted during the remainder of the action. The enemy's gun boats and gallies, fifteen in number, were all in motion close under the batteries, and appeared to meditate an attack in their turn; the Constitution, Nautilus, and Enterprize were to windward, ready, at every hazard, to cut them off from the harbour, if they should venture down; while the Syren and Vixen were near to support and cover any of them that might be disabled. The enemy thought it most prudent, however, to return to their retreat behind the rocks, after firing a few shot.

The town must have suffered much from this attack, and their batteries, particularly the seven gun battery, must have lost many men. At half past 5, P. M., the wind began to freshen from the N. N. E. The gun and bomb boats retired from action, and the vessels to which they were attached took them in tow. In this day's action, No. 4 had a 24 pound shot through her hull; No. 6 her latteen yard shot away; No. 8 a 24 pound shot through her hull, which killed two men. Some of the other boats had their rigging and sails considerably cut. The assailants threw 48 shells, and about five hundred 24 pound shot into the town and batteries. All the officers and men engaged in the action behaved with the utmost intrepidity. At half past 6, all the boats were in tow, and the squadron standing to the N. W. At 8, the John Adams, captain Chauncey, from the United States, joined company. At 9, the squadron anchored, Tripoli bearing S. E., five miles distant. Gun boat No. 3 was this day commanded by Mr. Brooks, master of the Argus, and No. 6 by lieutenant Wadsworth, of the Constitution. The loss in this attack amounted to five officers and seven seamen killed, and six seamen, two of them mortally, wounded.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHINESE GARDENING.

GARDENING is a term whose meaning is very different on this and

on the other side of the ocean: or, rather, one of the meanings of that word in use in England, is almost entirely unknown among us. *Here* a garden is a small space, divided into beds, planted wth flowers, and intersected with gravel walks; or it signifies a spot cultivated only with the spade. In England it possesses both these meanings, but it likewise includes a third meaning, from which all cultivation with the spade or plough, all flower plots and gravel walks are entirely excluded. The eye is designed to be delighted, not by the distribution of shrubs, but of trees, not by the arrangement of smooth turf and glistening gravel, but of rocks and rivers, hills and vallies. In this sense, the term gardening is usually qualified by the epithet *landscape*, and the art of gardening, in this sense, is nothing but landscape drawing, not on canvas, but on the face of nature itself; and not with oils and chalks, but with the original materials which nature supplies.

This art, which is one of the most sublime and striking which the human fancy can devise, has sometimes been claimed by the English, as an invention of their own; and yet such are the anomalies and varieties of human nature, that an art of such recent invention in Europe, and teeming with all the noblest images of grace, beauty, and sublimity, has flourished immemorially in China, a country famous for every thing but such fancy and genius as will stand the test of European criticism.

There is rarely to be met with a more exquisite specimen of description than in the following extract from the journal of lord Macartney, the British embassador to China. It relates to the gardens of the Chinese sovereigns in Tartary, and to Chinese gardening in general.

Of the Chinese palaces, situated on the road to Tartary, he tells us, that they are constructed upon nearly the same plan, and in the same taste. They front the south, and are usually situated on irregular ground near the bases of gentle hills which, together with their adjoining vallies, are enclosed by high walls, and laid out in parks and pleasure grounds, with every possible attention to picturesque beauty. Whenever water can be brought into the view, it is not neglected; the distant hills are planted, cultivated, or left naked, according to their accompaniments in the prospect. The wall is often concealed in a sunk fence, in order to give an idea of greater extent. A Chinese gardener is the painter of nature; and though totally ignorant of perspective, as a science, produces the happiest effects by the management, or rather penciling of distances, if I may use the expression, by relieving or keeping down the features of the scene, by contrasting trees of a bright with those of a dusky foliage, by bringing them forward, or throwing them back, according to their bulk and their figure, and by introducing buildings of different dimensions, either heightened by strong colouring, or softened by simplicity and omission of ornament.

The emperor, continues he, having been informed that, in the course of our travels in China, we had shown a strong desire of seeing every thing curious and interesting, was pleased to give directions to the first minister to show us his park or garden at Gehol.

Having expressed my sense of this mark of his condescension in the proper manner, and my increasing admiration of every thing I had yet observed at Gehol, I retired, and, whilst he proceeded to his adorations at the pagoda, I accompanied the ministers, and other great colaos of the court, to a pavilion prepared for us, from whence, after a short collation, we set out on horseback to view this wonderful garden.

We rode about three miles through a very beatuiful park, kept in the highest order, and much resembling the approach to Luton in Bedfordshire; the grounds gently undulated and chequered with va-

rious groupes of well contrasted trees in the offskip. As we moved onward, an extensive lake appeared before us, the extremities of which seemed to lose themselves in distance and obscurity. Here was a large and magnificent yacht ready to receive us, and a number of smaller ones for the attendants, elegantly fitted up, and adorned with numberless vanes, pendants, and streamers. The shores of the lake have all the varieties of shape, which the fancy of a painter can delineate; and are so indented with bays, or broken with projections, that almost every stroke of the oar brought a new and unexpected object to our view. Nor are islands wanting; but they are situated only where they should be, each in its proper place, and having its proper character: one marked by a pagoda, or other building; one quite destitute of ornament; some smooth and level; some steep and uneven; and others frowning with wood, or smiling with culture. Where any things particularly interesting were to be seen we disembarked from time to time, to visit them, and I dare say that, in the course of our voyage, we stopped at forty or fifty different palaces or pavilions. These are all furnished in the richest manner, with pictures of the emperor's huntings and progresses; with stupendous vases of jasper and agate; with the finest porcelain and japan, and with every kind of European toys and singsongs; with spheres, orreries, clocks, and musical automatons, of such exquisite workmanship, and in such profusion, that our presents must shrink from the comparison, and hide their diminished heads; and yet I am told, that the fine things which we have seen are far exceeded by others of the same kind in the apartments of the ladies, and in the European repository at Yuenmin-yuen. In every one of the pavilions was a throne, of imperial state, and a Eu-jou, or symbol of peace and prosperity, placed at one side of it, resembling that which the emperor delivered to me yesterday for the king. It would be an endless task, were I to attempt a detail of all the wonders of this charming place. There is no beauty of distribution, no feature of amenity, no reach of fancy, which embellishes our pleasure grounds in England, that is not to be found here. Had China been accessible to Browne or Hamilton, I should have sworn they had drawn their happiest ideas from the rich sources which I have tasted this day; for, in the course of a few hours, I have enjoyed such vicissitudes of rural delight, as I did not conceive could be felt out of England; being at different moments enchanted by scenes perfectly similar to those I had known there, to the magnificence of Stowe, the softer beauties of Wooburn, and the fairy-land of Paine's Hill.

One thing I was particularly struck with; I mean the happy choice of situation for ornamental buildings. From attention to this circumstance they have not the air of being crowded or disproportioned; they never intrude upon the eye; but, wherever they appear, always show themselves to advantage, and aid, improve, and enliven the prospect.

In many places the lake is overspread with the nenuphar or lotus (nelumbian) resembling our broad-leaved water-lily. This is an accompaniment which, though the Chinese are passionately fond of, cultivating it in all their pieces of water, I confess I don't much admire. Artificial rocks and ponds, with gold and silver fish, are, perhaps, too often introduced; and the monstrous porcelain figures of lions and tygers, usually placed before the pavilions, are displeasing to a European eye; but these are trifles of no great moment; and I am astonished that now, after a six hours critical survey of these gardens, I can scarcely recollect any thing besides to find fault with.

The western garden, which forms a strong contrast with the other, and exhibits all the sublimer beauties of nature, in as high a degree as the

part which we saw before possesses the attractions of softness and amenity. It is one of the finest forest-scenes in the world; wild, woody, mountainous, and rocky, abounding with stags and deer of different species, and most of the other beasts of the chace, not dangerous to man.

In many places immense woods, chiefly oaks, pines, and chesnuts, grow upon almost perpendicular steeps, and forge their sturdy roots through every resistance of surface and of soil, where vegetation would seem almost impossible. These woods often clamber over the loftiest pinnacles of the stony hills, or, gathering on the skirts of them, descend with a rapid sweep, and bury themselves in the deepest valleys. There, at proper distances, you find palaces, banqueting houses, and monasteries, (but without bonzes) adapted to the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place, sometimes with a rivulet on one hand, gently stealing through the glade, at others with a cataract tumbling from above, raging with foam, and rebounding with a thousand echoes from below, or silently engulphed in a gloomy pool or yawning chasm.

The roads by which we approached these romantic scenes are often hewn out of the living rock, and conducted round the hills in a kind of rugged stair-case; and yet no accident occurred in our progress, not a false step disturbed the regularity of our cavalcade, though the horses are spirited, and all of them unshod. From the great irregularity of the ground, and the various heights to which we ascended, we had opportunities of catching many magnificent points of view by detached glances; but, after wandering for several hours (and yet never wearied with wandering), we at last reached a covered pavilion, open on all sides, and situated on a summit so elevated as perfectly to command the whole surrounding country, to a vast extent. The radius of the horizon I should suppose to be at least twenty miles from the central spot where we stood; and, certainly, so rich, so various, so beautiful, so sublime a prospect, my eyes had never beheld. I saw every thing before me as on an illuminated map; palaces, pagodas, towns, villages, farm-houses, plains, and valleys, watered by innumerable streams, hills waving with woods, and meadows covered with cattle of the most beautiful marks and colours. All seemed to be nearly at my feet, and that a step would convey me within reach of them.

From hence was pointed out to us a vast enclosure below, which was not accessible to us, being never entered but by the emperor, his women, or his eunuchs. It includes within its bounds, though on a smaller scale, most of the beauties which distinguish the eastern and the western gardens which we have already seen.

If any place in England can be said, in any respect, to have similar features to the western park, it is Lowther Hall, in Westmoreland, which, from the extent of prospect, the grand surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversity of surface, the extensive woods, and command of water, might be rendered, by a man of sense, spirit, and taste, the finest scene in the British dominions.

Whether the English style of gardening was really copied from the Chinese, or originated in England, I leave for vanity to assert, and idleness to discuss. A discovery which is the result of good sense and reflexion may equally occur to the most distant nations, without either borrowing from the other. There is certainly a great analogy between our gardening and the Chinese; but our excellence seems to be rather in improving nature, theirs to conquer her, and yet produce the same effect. It is indifferent to a Chinese where he makes his garden, whether on a spot favoured, or abandoned, by the rural deities. If the latter, he invites them, or compels them to return. His point is to change every thing

from what he found it, to explode the old fashion of the creation, and introduce novelty in every corner. If there be a waste, he adorns it with trees; if a dry desert, he waters it with a river, or floats it with a lake. If there be a smooth flat, he varies it with all possible conversions. He undulates the surface, he raises it in hills, scoops it into valleys, and roughens it with rocks. He softens asperities, brings amenity into the wilderness, or animates the tameness of an expanse, by accompanying it with the majesty of a forest. Deceptions and eye-traps the Chinese are not unacquainted with, but they use them very sparingly. I observed no artificial ruins, caves, or hermitages. Though the sublime predominates in its proper station, you are insensibly led to contemplate it, not startled by its sudden intrusion; for, in the plan, cheerfulness is the principal feature, and lights up the face of the scene. To enliven it still more, the aid of architecture is invited; all the buildings are perfect of their kind, either elegantly simple, or highly decorated, according to the effect that is intended to arise, erected at suitable distances, and judiciously contrasted, never crowded together in confusion, nor affectedly confronted, and staring at each other without meaning. Proper edifices in proper places. The summer-house, the pavilion, the temples, have all their respective situations, which they distinguish and improve, but which any other structures would injure or deform. The only things disagreeable to my eye are the large porcelain figures of lions, tygers, &c. and the rough hewn steps, and huge masses of rock-work, which they seem studious of introducing near many of their houses and palaces. Considering their general good taste in the other point, I was much surprised at this, and could only account for it, by the expence and difficulty of bringing together such incongruities; for it is a common effect of enormous riches to push every thing they can procure to bombast and extravagance, which are the death of taste. In other countries, however, as well as in China, I have seen some of the most boasted seats, either outgrowing their beauty from a plethora of their owner's wealth, or becoming capricious and hypochondriacal by a quackish application of it. A few fine places, even in England, might be pointed out, that are labouring under these disorders; not to mention some celebrated houses where twisted staircases, window-glass cupolas, and embroidered chimney-pieces, convey nothing to us but the whims and dreams of sickly fancy, without an atom of grandeur, taste, or propriety.

The architecture of the Chinese is of a peculiar style, totally unlike any other, irreducible to our rules, but perfectly consistent with its own. It has certain principles, from which it never deviates; and although, when examined according to ours, it sins against the ideas we have imbibed of distribution, composition, and proportion; yet, upon the whole, it often produces a most pleasing effect, as we sometimes see a person, without a single good feature in his face, have, nevertheless, a very agreeable countenance.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON LONGEVITY.

To the Editor, &c.

LONGEVITY appears to be a favourite topic of speculation with you, as, indeed, it is with the greatest part of mankind. You will probably, therefore, give place to the following observations on that subject; and this the more readily, when you are told that they have been made by one who has made this subject his peculiar study, and who joins much reflection to no small experience.

Longevity does not appear to be restricted to any particular climate,

for remarkable instances of it occur both in very hot and very cold countries, though certainly they abound most in temperate climes. Man adapts himself easily to the atmosphere and peculiarities of the country in which he receives life, or even into which he is afterwards removed. Thus, France and Sweden are countries differing materially, in soil and climate, and in the general modes of life; yet the usual rate of mortality is nearly the same in both, being about one in thirty-five per annum. Men live equally well under very different circumstances; sudden changes are chiefly injurious; and temperate climates, being less liable to such changes, are most favourable to the prolongation of life. Almost every country contains particular districts more favourable to health than others; and this is chiefly owing to a free circulation of air, uncontaminated by the noxious exhalations which impair its purity in other parts: thus hilly districts are more healthy than low and marshy places.

Of 145 persons recorded to have lived 120 years and upwards, more than half were inhabitants of Great Britain, viz.:

63 of England and Wales,
23 of Scotland,
29 of Ireland,
30 of other countries.

Though this may indeed be owing to the deficiency of records in other countries, and the great care taken in Great Britain to register and publish such remarkable cases.

The instances in Scotland, compared with those of England, appears to have been more than twice as numerous, in proportion to the population, which certainly shows, that the climate of the former is very favourable to long life.

It is well known, that more males are born than females; in almost all the forms of animal life, the male possesses somewhat more bodily strength than the female. Hence it might be thought, that the number of males living would be greater than that of females, and that, in general, they would enjoy longer life. It is probable, however, that in forming the accounts from which the number of females living appeared greater than that of the males, sufficient attention was not paid to the number of males engaged chiefly abroad in the army and navy, and of the emigrants to foreign parts being chiefly males. That the apparent deficiency in England arose from these causes, is shown by the result of the late enumeration, in which, including soldiers and seamen, the females exceed the males by less than one in a hundred: a difference easily explained by the number of males who emigrate to the East and West Indies, and other foreign parts.

In America, which receives most of the emigrants from Europe, the total of males appears greater than that of females, being nearly in the proportion of one hundred to ninety-six. Hence it is highly probable, could we accurately number the males and females of any country, they would prove nearly equal; and the greater number of males born would be a mere provision for the greater destruction of males, by war, navigation, and various casualties.

That the male constitution is naturally more durable than that of females, may be inferred from the preceding account of 145 persons who have attained unusually great age, more than two-thirds of the number being males; but the adventitious causes, which bring the numbers of each sex nearly to a level, render the expectations of life likewise nearly equal.

Longevity has been supposed to be in a great degree hereditary; and as weakness and disease are frequently so, it appears very probable, that the constitution of body and temper of mind best adapted for duration may prevail more in some families than in others. Dr. Rush says, he has not found a single person who had lived eighty years, who was not descended from long-lived ancestors; it is certain, however,

there have been, in Great Britain, many persons who have exceeded eighty years, whose family were not remarkable for longevity.

Moderate sized and well proportioned persons have doubtless the best chance of long life. And yet a few persons of a different form have attained considerable age. Mary Jones, who died, in 1773, at Wem, in Shropshire, aged 100 years, was only two feet eight inches in height, very deformed, and lame; and James M'Donald, who died, near Cork, August 20th, 1760, aged 117, was seven feet six inches high.

Matrimony, if not too early, seems very conducive to health and long life, the proportion of unmarried persons attaining great age being remarkably small. Dr. Rush says, that, in the course of his enquiries, he met with only one person beyond eighty years of age who had never married. There are some such, however, to be met with: Mrs. Malton, who died in 1733, at 105; Ann Kerney, who died the same year, at 110; Martha Dunridge, who died in 1752, in her 100th year; and Mrs. Warren, who died in 1753, at 104, had never married; and in the list prefixed to sir John Sinclair's Essay on Longevity, of Greenwich pensioners, upwards of eighty years old, there are sixteen never married: the same list, however, contains five times as many who had been married, and other accounts give a still greater proportion.

The Chinese erect honorary trophies to those who have lived a century, thinking that, without a sober and virtuous life, it is impossible to attain so great an age. Temperance is certainly the best safeguard of health; and no man can reasonably expect to live long, who impairs the vital powers by excess, which converts the most natural and beneficial enjoyments into the most certain means of destruction. The few persons who, notwithstanding their licentious life, have reached great age, cannot be compared with the immense number whose lives have been materially shortened by such excesses.

It is a striking circumstance in the Mosaic institutions, that *long life* is frequently assigned as the reward for the obedience of the precepts of the law; and when the salutary influence of what may be termed the physical precepts of that law is considered, and due weight is given to the influence on health of internal serenity and approbation, we shall see that this reward would naturally follow the observance of these precepts.

The cheerful and contented are certainly more likely to enjoy good health and long life, than persons of irritable and fretful dispositions; therefore whatever tends to promote good-humour and innocent hilarity must have a beneficial influence in this respect; and persons whose attention is much engaged on serious subjects should endeavour to preserve a relish for cheerful recreations.

From the great age to which many eminent musicians have lived, an inference may be drawn in favour of that pleasing science, as conducive to health and long life.

Dr. Child	aged 90
Dr. Turner	88
Playford	80
Scarlatti	87
Porpora	82
Tartini	80
Geminiani	96
Rameau	84
Hasse	86
Wagenseil	96
Bach	80
Pepusch	85
Leveridge	88
Farinelli	80
Cervetto	90

For the Literary Magazine.

THE FEMALE SEX.

WHETHER the female mind be capable of those eagle flights into the

regions of philosophy and science, which a Bacon and a Newton took, is a question scarcely worth the trouble of debating. A thousand instances have already been produced, by various writers, to disprove the mental inferiority of females, and it is universally acknowledged, that their minds are capable of infinitely higher cultivation than it has usually been their lot to receive.

But whatever we say of their rank in the scale of mere intellect, surely there can be no doubt of their pre-eminence above man in their moral feelings and affections, and in the vigour, courage, and fortitude arising out of these, which is the true test, and genuine essence of merit. The thousand instances of their heroic conduct during the French revolution, have settled this fact for ever. No personal danger could for one instant deter them from seeking, in the foulest dungeons, the father or the child, the husband or the lover. Months after months have they been known to secrete from revolutionary vengeance, some object of their affection, when the discovery of the concealment would have been inevitable and immediate death. Were a friend arrested, their ingenuity never relaxed a moment in contrivances for his escape; were he naked, they clothed him; were he hungry, they fed him; were he sick, they visited him; and, when all efforts were unavailing for his deliverance, often did they infuse into his sinking soul their own courage to meet death with fortitude, and even with cheerfulness.

In infancy they nourish us; in old age they cherish and console us; and, on the bed of sickness, the exquisite delicacy of their attentions, the watchings they will undergo without a murmur, the fretting querulousness they will bear with complacency, the offensive, the nauseous offices which they are at all times ready to perform, demand from us more than every return of attachment, kindness, and gratitude, which it is in our power to confer. These qualities are not the offspring of civilization; they are characteristic of the sex, and proudly distinguish it in every quarter of the globe. This is that excelling beauty which nature gives to woman, in ample recompence for inferior deprivation; this is that beauty which indeed turns the edge of the sword, and makes the spear fall pointless. Every traveller through inhospitable wilds and pathless desarts confirms the grateful testimony of Ledyard to the compassion, and sympathy, and tenderness of woman, and authorizes us to estimate the degree of civilization, in any country, by the degree of respect and and kindness which the female sex receives.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON CLASSICAL LEARNING.

I AM sorry to find that sensible and well meaning persons of both sexes have been influenced by the arguments or the authority of Mr. Godwin. I say of Godwin, for I have not seen the same sentiments in any other writer. He advises parents to give their sons a classical education, because, says he, "they can never certainly foresee the future destination and propensities of their children." This argument is very weak and inconclusive.

He might better recommend the languages of Italy, France, and Germany, because their sons may possibly visit those countries. What humane and prudent parents would require their sons to pore over Greek and Latin, during six or seven of the best years of their lives, without any specific object in view? In the English grammar schools, boys generally study Latin and Greek seven or ten years, before they can be admitted into college.

If a boy be intended for trade or business, a classical education will be injurious to him. It is a common

observation in England, that men, who have been educated at the university, seldom make as active, expert, and successful merchants or tradesmen as those who have served an early apprenticeship, and have been regularly bred to business. Instances of this nature have occurred in our own country. Habits of indolence, or of studious industry, are formed at college, which are inimical to the mechanical processes of trade, and to the activity and bustle of a man of business. If young men, of a liberal education, have a propensity for science or literature, they often neglect their necessary business to gratify their taste for learning. The dull uniformity and confinement of a shop or accounting room, are irksome to men of genius and studious minds.

Mr. Locke, who was well acquainted with the Greek and Roman languages, and able to appreciate their value and utility, opposes Mr. Godwin's opinions. "Children," says he, "are made to spend their precious time uneasily in Latin, who, after they are once gone from schools, are never to have more to do with it, as long as they live. Can there be any thing more ridiculous than that a father should waste his own money, and his son's time, in setting him to learn the Roman language, when, at the same time, he designs him for a trade, wherein he, having no use of Latin, fails not not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which it is ten to one he abhors for the ill usage it procured him?"

We shall find, upon enquiry, that Mr. Locke's observations are strictly true. How few can read a page of Latin, after they have been absent from college two or three years! Men of a liberal education, who are engaged in trade or business, find the superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek, which they acquired at school, entirely useless, and therefore take no pains to retain it.—They regret the loss of the time and money which they have expended in such vain pursuits. Formerly, it was considered an accomplishment to be able to repeat a sentiment in Greek or Latin, even in the company of ladies; but now such pedantic nonsense is banished from the conversation of polite society.

The following anecdote of Dr. Priestley is authentic, and can be confirmed by the testimony of living witnesses:

In March, 1802, an acquaintance of Dr. Priestley offered to lend him some recent poetical translations of certain Greek and Roman poets. The doctor declined the offer, and replied, that a man of his age ought to be better employed than in reading translations of Greek and Roman poets. Struck with the singularity of this answer, by a man who was conversant with the writings of the ancients and moderns, his friend then asked him, whether he thought the time and labour usually employed in learning Greek and Latin were compensated by any advantages to be derived from the knowledge of those languages? The doctor answered, no, and the conversation ended.

The relation of this anecdote brings to my recollection an interesting anecdote of that prince of classical scholars, the celebrated M. Brunck, editor of Aristophanes, Sophocles, Anacreon, Virgil, Plautus, Terence, and various other Greek and Latin classics, who died at Strasburgh, June 12, 1803. See his Life, by J. G. Schweighauser.

"Long before the termination of his career, while in the full possession of his mental and and corporeal energies, Mr. Brunck could not endure to hear a word spoken concerning Greek. He took no interest in the discovery of a manuscript of Aristophanes, which confirmed many of his boldest conjectures. My father could never induce him to read a very beautiful eulogy, composed for him by a German professor, at a time when a false report of his death had been propagated in Germany. I read nothing but tra-

vels, said he to me, to prepare myself for that journey which I shall doubtless soon undertake."

These anecdotes prove the low estimation in which those two great men held classical learning. And, in fact, we find that men, who have mispent much time in study of the profane and fabulous writings of the ancients, generally lament the irreparable loss which they have sustained.

Dr. Lowth, late bishop of London, was better acquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English languages than most men of the age. He wrote an English Grammar for the use of his countrymen, and advises all persons concerned in the education of youth, to make a grammatical knowledge of their maternal language the basis of the study of foreign languages.

"A competent grammatical knowledge of our own language," says he, "is the true foundation upon which all literature, properly so called, should be raised. If this method were adopted in our schools, children would have some notion of what they were going about, when they should enter into the Latin Grammar, and would hardly be engaged so many years as they now are, in that most irksome and difficult part of literature, with so much labour of the memory, and with so little assistance of the understanding."

Lowth produces numerous instances, from the best English writers, to prove that the knowledge of Latin and Greek does not enable a man to write his own language.

"It has been the custom of our nation, for persons of the middle and lower ranks of life, who design their children for trades and manufactures, to send them to the Latin and Greek schools. There they wear out four or five years of time in learning a number of strange words, that will be of very little use to them in all the following affairs of their station. When they leave the school, they usually forget what they have learned, and the chief advantage they gain by it is to spell and pronounce hard words better when they meet them in English; whereas this skill of spelling might be attained in a far shorter time, and at an easier rate, by other methods, and much of life might be saved and improved to better purposes. It is a thing of far greater value and importance that youth should be perfectly well skilled in reading, writing, and speaking their native tongue in a proper, a polite, and graceful manner, than in toiling among foreign languages. It is of more worth and advantage to gentlemen and ladies to have an exact knowledge of what is decent, just, and elegant in English, than to be a critic in foreign tongues; and, in order to obtain this accomplishment, they should frequently converse with those persons and books which are esteemed polite and elegant in their kind. Even tradesmen and the actors in common life should, in my opinion, in their younger years, learn geography and astronomy, instead of vainly wearing out seven years of drudgery in Greek and Latin."——*Watts on the Mind.*

If the authority of men who have distinguished themselves by the usefulness of their lives and writings can have any influence in counteracting and exploding old prejudices, the inefficacy of a classical education must be manifest. Most of the advantages which the advocates for the languages and learning of the ancients propose exist only in their own imaginations, or perhaps in old books written soon after the revival of literature, and in the infancy of modern learning and civilization.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PRAISE OF PHILOSOPHY.

WHICH intellectual pursuit, among the endless circle of intellectual pursuits, is most worthy of a wise man's regard, is a question which can never be practically decided: no reasoning on this topic can have any influence on the conduct of

mankind. Even when we undertake this grave discussion ourselves, with a view to the regulation of our own judgment, our discussion is either entirely warped and guided by our previous inclination, or, if our judgment should chance to pronounce a verdict contrary to that of our inclination, it will be but a barren, nugatory, inefficient sentence.

There is still, however, some advantage in hearing what can be said on such a subject, and a dispassionate mind may learn candour and charity, at least, from observing that the science he has been accustomed to despise and neglect is not wholly without recommendation.

That study which will find the greatest number of advocates and votaries may be distinguished by the name of *science*. To resolve things into their first principles is the noblest employment of the mind, and that which alone confers a title to real *wisdom*. Without it, the experience of a long life may only serve to accumulate a confused mass of opinion, partly true, partly false, and leading to no certain conclusions.—The want of a scientific mind makes many men of business mere plodders, and many men of reading, and even of observation, mere retailers of vague, unconnected notions. Order, precision, concatenation, analysis are all the results of science, yet even this word has sometimes been the subject of obloquy. It has been branded with the epithet of impious by the bigot; of arrogant by the cautious; and of visionary by the dull. It has drawn down the anathemas of the serious, and the ridicule of the light.

A very common topic of railing against science or *philosophy*, is the extravagant and contradictory opinions held by the ancient philosophers. But with whom ought they to be compared? Not with those who have been enlightened by direct revelation, but with the vulgar and bigoted of their own times, who implicitly received all the absurdities which fraud and superstition had foisted into their systems of faith. If, by the efforts of unaided philosophy, from a people thus debased, could be raised a Socrates, an Epictetus, an Antoninus, what honours are not due to it?

Nor have its services to mankind in latter ages been much less conspicuous; for not to insist on the great advancements in arts and science which have originated from *natural philosophy*, what man of enlarged ideas will deny that the science of the human mind, of law, of commerce, of government, of morals, and, I will add, of religion, have greatly contributed to any superiority this age may claim over former periods. If philosophy, thus employed, have occasioned some evils, a more correct and diligent use of the same will remove them. If erroneous conclusions have been drawn from a partial or premature induction of facts, they will be rectified by a future and more extensive induction.

One of the most material circumstances on which the relative value of an object of study depends is, that it be something real, stable, of general import, and not indebted for its consequence to temporary and conventional modes of thinking. In this respect nature has greatly the advantage over art. Whatever is learned concerning her is an eternal truth, which will preserve its relation to other things as long as the world endures. The motions of the heavenly bodies, the influence of the elements, the properties of minerals, vegetables, and animals, speak a common language to all mankind in all ages, and afford a perpetual fund of use and entertainment. The more wide and comprehensive is the survey taken of these objects, the more they enlarge the mind, and establish a basis for truths of universal application. Hence the advantage of studying them in a connected and systematic mode, and framing general propositions concerning them. But the foundation for these must be a very accurate investigation of particular facts, since the instant their guidance is

quitted, and reliance is placed upon analogical deductions, error commences. Observation and experiment must therefore go hand in hand with reasoning; nor was there ever a true philosopher who did not unite these processes. No employment of the human faculties is nobler than thus taking the scale of creation, detecting all its mutual connexions and dependencies, investigating the laws by which it is governed as a whole, and the economy of its constituent parts, and alternately making use of the sagacity of the senses in minute inspection, and the powers of intellect in comparing and abstracting. The studies which are comprehended under the term physics, take the lead of all mental pursuits, with respect to extent, variety, and dignity. I include among them the study of one of the noblest objects nature presents, and certainly the most interesting to a human creature, that of man himself. To ascertain what he essentially is, what are the faculties of body and mind which characterize him as the head of the animal creation, and what are the variations induced in him by education, habit, climate, and mode of life, is strictly a branch of physics, and has by the best writers been treated as such.

Though nature thus studied is the noblest of all subjects that can occupy the mind, I am far from affixing the same proportionate value to investigations of the detached parts of the works of nature. In these all the grandeur of large and connected views is frequently lost, and the whole attention is employed on petty details, which lead to nothing further.

For the Literary Magazine.

ENGLISH PUBLIC WORKS.

THE great public works carrying on in Great Britain are striking proofs of the national prosperity, notwithstanding the evils of military preparation, and excessive taxation. The latest intelligence from thence (within the last six weeks) affords us the following particulars of the state of some great designs, at the close of the last year.

The outward-bound West India dock is excavating, and will, it is expected, in the course of this year, be ready for ships to load in it.

The London dock in Wapping, for the accommodation of shipping from all parts, the East and West Indies excepted, was opened in January. The completion of the wharf, warehouses, and entrance, did not keep pace with that of the dock.

The East India dock at Blackwall is excavating with all possible dispatch; the steam engine house and apparatus is erected, and every impediment in the way of the contractor is now removed. The utmost exertion will be used to have it ready to receive shipping by Christmas next. The Brunswick dock, late Messrs. Perry and Wells's, is purchased by the company, for the East India shipping outward bound. It is to be deepened and extended.

The following are the dimensions of those different stupendous works:

West India dock, for unloading, 2,600 feet long, 510 feet wide, or 30 acres. Ditto, for loading, 2,600 feet long, 400 feet wide, or 24 acres.—Western entrance bason, six acres. Eastern entrance bason, two acres.

London dock, for unloading, 1,262 feet long, 690 feet wide, or 20 acres. Ditto, for loading, not settled. Two basons, not settled.

East India dock, for unloading, 1,410 feet long, 560 feet wide, or 18 acres. Ditto, for loading, not settled. One entrance bason, 2¾ acres.

The commercial road, an appendage to the docks, is three miles long exactly, from the Royal Exchange to the entrance gate of the West India dock wall. It is to be paved, and will be most completely and substantially finished next summer. The traffic on it, in the mean while, is not in the least impeded. The tolls taken weekly are from 80 to 100l., and will be increased when

the paving is two-thirds laid down; and the trust have further to collect two shillings and sixpence in the pound on all rents of houses, built and building, within certain limits of the road (100 feet), towards lighting, watching, cleansing, and watering. This concern will cost nearly 100,000l., which is all subscribed for, and the divisions of the profits, like the dock concerns, is limited to 10l. per cent. An additional branch to lead to the East India docks, is to be formed, at a separate expence of 20,000l.

The grand junction canal is, at length, nearly finished; only 700 yards of the tunnel at Blisworth remains to be completed, and the embankment at Wolverton has proceeded on with more expedition than was expected.

For the Literary Magazine.

DR. GALL'S SYSTEM OF CRANIOLOGY.

DR. GALL, a German physiologist, has lately obtained celebrity by the singularity of his opinions. He has adopted ideas directly contrary to those of Helvetius, as the basis of a system, to which he has given his name. He not only thinks that all differences in the human understanding and passions depend on organization, but likewise that the intellectual functions and faculties are as distinct as those of sight and hearing; that those faculties have their peculiar organs in the interior of the head; that all variations of character result from the different state of those organs, the combination of which forms the brain; that the skull exhibits externally, and, as it were, in relief, the marks of those internal differences. Hence you may, by inspecting it, discover great energy of vital power, a propensity to sensuality, coquetry and cunning, constancy and affection, courage and prudence, imagination, different kinds of memory, uncommon aptitude for the arts of drawing and music, and the like.

The manner in which Dr. Gall distributes these different faculties in the brain is very ingenious: vital power occupies the centre, which is best protected; the organs of sense are nearly in the same direction. Those of the other intellectual functions are placed successively, from the inner to the outer. The intellectual functions being, according to this system, the most external, their power is betokened by the great convexity of the forehead, and the obtuseness of the facial angle, which the Greek artists have not increased in their ideal beauties, without giving them the expression of a divine intelligence, and all the appearances of a superior nature.

Dr. Gall asserts, that the portion of the brain termed by anatomists its circumvolutions, confirms his doctrine; and he has there discovered a multitude of organs, to which the various propensities of man and his different intellectual faculties correspond.

The upper part of the spinal marrow he considers as the particular organ of vital power. It is well known, that, in many parts of Germany, butchers kill their oxen by merely thrusting a sharp instrument between the first and second vertebræ of the brain.

Not far from this, and near the upper and posterior part of the brain, are found the two organs of procreative power; so that the principal organ of life is next to those which nature has especially appointed to transmit it.

The cerebral organs of the senses, or those parts which form the origin of the nerves instrumental in sensation, are placed anterior to those of vital and procreative power: but they betray themselves, it seems, by no external signs.

Nearer the circumference, and round the central parts above-mentioned, he places different organs, adapted to various functions more or less closely connected with animal life, the farther they are remo-

ved from the medullary and internal parts. Between, but somewhat higher than the organs of procreative power, is situated that organ, which produces nervous and spasmodic affections; above this, is another organ, in which concentre the tender and benevolent affections; whereas, on the sides, and at different distances, are placed the organs of courage and cunning.

The different kinds of memory, and the taste for music and painting, have organs situated in the anterior part of the brain; those where reside the genius for mechanical arts are near the sides; those of meditation and observation are placed somewhat higher. These are separated by *kindness;* above them is imagination; and below the latter, and near the sides, are the organs of sagacity, of wit, the external marks of which are said to be very perceptible in the skull of the poet Blumauer, which forms part of Dr. Gall's museum.

According to the principles of Gallism, the brain contains several other organs, which give birth to different passions, and different modes of thought.

To be acquainted with all the natural differences which skulls exhibit, you must see and handle them, he tells us, a good deal. In doing this, you must not employ the ends of the fingers, but the whole hand; for it is not great, but slight convexities, that you are looking for, and which the points of the fingers would not enable you to discover.

Examine the heads of some persons endued with particular talents; then observe attentively the whole form of their heads, carefully noticing all remarkable convexities. In like manner, observe the heads of others possessing the same talents, compare them, and notice whether the skulls of the latter present the same convexities in the same parts. The same scrutiny should be extended to the heads of persons whom you know to be destitute of the talents by which the former are distinguished. Observe whether any convexities are to be found in the latter, and whether there may not even be depressions. If this appear in several cases, you may then conclude, with certainty, that in the region of the skull which has been so accurately observed, resides the organ of that talent which eminently distinguishes the one, and is wanting in the others.

Similar observations should be made on strangers. Remark, with attention, the different convexities that appear on their skulls, and, according to the observations made, deduce the faculties and tempers of those persons, and endeavour to discover, by diligent inquiry and comparison, whether your deductions are true.

You must endeavour to collect the skulls of persons with the history of whose lives you are well acquainted. This is difficult to be accomplished; and Dr. Gall, notwithstanding all his pains, possesses but a few, among which, however, are some very interesting ones, as general Wurmser's, Blumauer's, and Alxinger's (a celebrated comic poet of Vienna), together with those of some ideots who were incessantly occupied with a single frivolous pursuit. We shall be obliged to content ourselves with busts, which should be moulded with the utmost accuracy. To this collection should be added the skulls of all the animals that can be obtained, in order to compare them with the human heads. The skulls of animals which possess very striking qualities should, in particular, be examined.

We should observe, with the most scrupulous attention, the different symptoms that take place in diseases and injuries of the brain.

In dissecting the brains of a great number of persons of his acquaintance, Dr. Gall has constantly observed a striking connection between their cerebral organs and their principal and characteristic faculties: he therefore scruples not to assign a particular instrument and theatre to

each modification of the heart and understanding. He maintains that our intellectual and moral faculties are distinct, and even independent; that it is possible to exercise them alternately; and that the exertion, improvement, and even the extinction of one of them, frequently produces no effect on the others, which may consequently be supposed to have their seat in different regions of the brain.

A man may use one of his intellectual faculties, while he suffers all the other to lie at rest, and thus beguile the fatigue of any labour, by bringing into action those functions of the understanding which the previous object had not employed. By varying the subject, our studies may thus easily be prolonged, and a brain fatigued by abstruse meditation may be refreshed by reading, and by those pursuits which give employment to the fancy. Besides, a great number of cases might be mentioned, in which different persons have been seen to lose one or more of their intellectual faculties, while they preserved the others unimpaired.

A person has been known, in consequence of a paralytic attack, almost entirely to lose his memory, and to retain only the words *Yes*, *no*, *very*, *very well*, *not at all*, *it is true*, *right*, *wonderfully*, and others of the same kind.

M. Villers, in his explanation of Dr. Gall's system, mentions an instance, equally extraordinary, of a lady, who, in consequence of an accident she met with during her first lying-in, lost the recollection of every thing that had occurred since her marriage. Such was her forgetfulness, that she pushed aside her husband and her child that was presented to her. This lady has never recovered the remembrance of the first year of her marriage, nor of the events that happened in it. Her relations and friends at length succeeded, by argument and the weight of their assurances, in persuading her that she was married, and had given birth to a son. She believes them, because she would rather imagine that she has lost the recollection of a year, than consider all around her as impostors. But she believes them on their word only; she looks at her husband and her child, without being able to conceive by what magic she has obtained the one, or given birth to the other.

Instances have been seen, when blows on the head, shocks, the operation of trepanning, and different injuries of the brain, have entirely annihilated or suddenly unfolded certain faculties. Thus Fabricius de Hilden mentions a young man, who, by a fall on the head, was rendered completely silly; and Haller an ideot, whom a wound in the head restored to his understanding. It is well known, that to the operation of trepanning, father Mabillon owed a sudden increase of his intellectual faculties.

According to Dr. Gall, therefore, researches, both anatomical, psychological, and medical, agree in proving, that the different modifications of the heart and understanding are distinct faculties, and that the brain is not one organ, but an apparatus composed of several organs, the diversity of whose parts gives birth to all the varieties of the understanding and passions.

Dr. Gall pretends to discover, by external signs, all the shades and varieties of moral affections and intellectual faculties.

This second part of *Gallism*, which is called the Osteologic system of Gall, is founded on the connection between the brain and its osseous vessel, which must be very intimate, to enable the observer to form a judgment of the internal dispositions of the cerebral apparatus by the form of the skull, and to assign, on the different points of the surface of the head, as on a map, the regions which correspond to the different territories of the appetites or faculties.

On the topography of the head, or the characteristic *vallies* and *hills* which distinguish its surface, the

professor has bestowed uncommon attention, and, in a moment of enthusiasm, he writes: If the exterminating angel were at my command, woe to Kant, to Wieland, and other great men! And why has not some one preserved the skulls of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Hippocrates, Boerhaave, Alexander, Frederic, Joseph, Catherine, Voltaire, Locke, Rousseau, Bacon, Newton, and the like?

That he might not deserve a similar reproach, he has left no means unemployed, to collect, in his museum, the skulls of celebrated men. His activity in procuring these precious articles is unbounded; and at one time, every person at Vienna trembled for his head, and feared lest it should one day become the property of the greedy doctor.

On this subject, many ludicrous anecdotes are related. Among the rest, M. Denis, librarian to the emperor, inserted a clause in his will, for the express purpose of securing his head from the researches of Dr. Gall. In spite, however, of all these apprehensions and precautions, the latter has assembled in his collections several skulls and many busts of celebrated men, but particularly of extraordinary persons, artists, poets, fools, robbers, and likewise of animals, which exhibit, in a very striking manner, the external signs of certain propensities, or faculties, that are never so strongly expressed in man.

In these monuments, which the uninitiated observer beholds without interest or pleasure, Dr. Gall distinctly reads and discovers the history of the persons to whom they belonged; or, at least, the outlines of their intellectual and moral character.

Dr. Gall first made his doctrine public by his lessons, which he continued without interruption till 1792, when they were prohibited by the court of Vienna, which declared that the new theory of the head was calculated only to turn the brains of its subjects, and propagate materialism.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CONDITION OF CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

BY some accident, the benevolent in England have had their attention excited by the miserable condition of the *chimney sweepers*. Not only single men have applied themselves, with zealous diligence, to the discovery of some methods of alleviating the evils incident to that wretched class of beings, but numerous societies have been formed for that purpose. Their first effort was to destroy the evil at the root, by offering premiums to such as would devise practicable modes of cleaning chimneys, without obliging any one to go up and down them.

These efforts have been attended with the most beneficial consequences. Several machines have been contrived for sweeping chimneys, which completely answer the end, and the master chimney sweepers have, in many cases, been prevailed upon to adopt the use of them.

A reflecting mind can scarcely fail to enquire, whether the evils, which are deemed of such magnitude in England, may not exist, in a greater or less degree, among ourselves. Is the method of constructing chimneys in America essentially different from that practised in London, by which the business of a chimney sweep is made less noxious and disgustful in *this* city than in *that?* Is the difference between wood and coal of any importance in this respect? Or ought our sensibility to the sufferings of our fellow-creatures be blunted, on the present occasion, by recollecting that the chimney sweeper is, in Philadelphia, generally a negro?

Familiar as we are with the figures of these wretched children in our streets, their forlorn appearance, their naked limbs, bare heads, and filthy tatters seldom fail to excite a momentary sympathy in the passenger. They are justly considered as forming the lowest step in hu-

man society; and surely a condition, which is justly stigmatized as the *lowest*, must be subjected to uncommon miseries. And though it should appear, that the chimney sweepers in Philadelphia and New York have a lot less deplorable than those of London or Liverpool, yet the actual miseries of their condition may call loudly for relief, and relief may be as effectually given in one country as in the other.

Men seldom allow their attention to pierce beyond the surface, the obvious appearances of things. Our chimneys must be cleaned: the man whose trade it is to do it is called, and, with the payment of the fee, all further attention to the subject is dismissed. We rarely see the operation performed. We are either abroad or asleep at the time, and all that we know is the consequent expence, and the consequent security of the operation. What is the real nature of the task, what its influence upon the health or morals of the child that performs it, what treatment he receives from his immediate master or employer, are considerations that never molest us.

Such appears to have been the case, for many centuries, in London. The same negligence and inattention prevailed among the better classes of society; and provided the service was well performed, the householder was entirely indifferent to the means. Of late, however, the wretched chimney sweeper has obtained some portion of benevolent regard, and it is not by any means improbable that the profession on its once footing, will, in a few years, entirely disappear.

The means by which they are likely to effect this are certainly well worthy our attention. The population of our cities is incessantly increasing. The business of chimney sweeping, with all the evils that belong to it, must increase in the same proportion. If the business is rendered more unwholesome by the use of coal, we must recollect that the use of coal is daily gaining ground, and will one day, it is probable, entirely supplant that of wood.

I hope some of these remarks may excite a second thought in some of my readers, and that the subject, which I have thus attempted to draw from its silence and obscurity, may not, the moment I lay down my pen, return again to oblivion.

It may be useful to subjoin to these remarks some account of the machine, which, among many others recently invented, seems best adapted to the purpose, and which is consequently in highest repute.

The principal parts of this machine are the brush, the rods for raising the brush, and the cord for connecting the whole together.

The *brush* consists of four fan-shaped or wing-like portions, which are connected to a squared piece of wood by hinges, in order that when it is ascending the chimney, it may take up as little room as possible, and when descending may spread out and sweep the soot down; by a contrivance exactly like that which prevents a common umbrella from flapping down, the wings are prevented from falling into their contracted form, when once properly expanded. The substance generally made use of for the brush is what is called *whisk*, but other materials may be substituted if thought preferable.

The *rods* are hollow tubes, two feet and a half in length, having a metal socket of a conical form at the lower end of each, the bottom edge of which socket is rounded off to prevent the cord from being cut. Some of these sockets are furnished with a screw, for the purpose of confining the cord, and preventing the rod from separating; under this screw is a piece of metal which immediately presses against the cord. The upper ends of the rods are made somewhat taper, and have a small motion in the sockets.

The cord is fastened by a knot at the upper end of the brush, and is passed through the whole series of

rods by which the machine is kept together.

Having first ascertained, by looking into the chimney, what course the flue immediately takes, a cloth is then to be fixed before the fire-place, with an horizontal bar, to keep it close, and the sides to be closed with two bars of the same sort, placed upright; the next part of the operation is to introduce through an opening in the cloth, the brush in its contracted form; this opening is then to be buttoned, or otherwise closed, to prevent the soot from coming into the apartments; then one of the rods is to be passed up the cord into the socket on the lower end of the rod which supports the brush; the other rods are in like manner, one by one in succession, to be brought up, until the brush is raised somewhat above the top of the chimney, observing to keep the cord constantly tight; and when those rods which have a screw in the socket are brought up, they are to be placed up the purchase, the cord put under the pulley, and drawn very tight, and screwed down, by which all the rods above will be firmly connected together, and the whole may be considered as one long flexible rod When it is supposed that the brush is near the top of the chimney, the person who is working it may move it up and down gently, and he will find, if the brush is quite out, that it will stop on returning on the pot, or chimney. When it is known to be out, the machine is to be drawn down, when the edges of the brush striking against the top of the chimney will cause it to expand; and there being a spring to prevent its contracting again, it will sweep down the soot. The whisk being long and elastic, makes the brush capable of filling flues of very different diameters. If, as sometimes happens, there is any difficulty found in drawing the brush into the upper part of the chimney, the rods must be thrust up again somewhat higher, to alter the direction, then carefully drawn down; in doing which, the person who works the machine should grasp, with his left hand, the rod immediately above that which he is separating with his right hand, otherwise he may chance to have some of those above loosen and slide down the cord, which will render the work unpleasant and difficult; the rods as they are brought down, are to be laid carefully one by one in as small a compass as they conveniently can be, that they may not dirt the rooms. With a little attention they may be placed like a bundle of sticks, side by side, in very little space. When the brush is down, it is to be shaken withinside the cloth; the spring must then be pushed in, and the brush, which was expanded, will fall into the form it went up. It will be proper to let the cloth remain a short time up (where great cleanliness is required) that the finer particle of soot may subside within it.

If the brush has been unused for a length of time, the hinges, &c. of it must be examined to see if they will move freely, otherwise it may not properly expand when in use. When the machine is used for extinguishing a chimney on fire, a coarse cloth is to be tied over the brush, and dipped into water, then passed up as above directed for sweeping chimneys.

It is now more than eighteen months since Mr. Smart, the inventor, first brought this machine into use, since which the men whom he employs have swept with it about two thousand times. The success and approbation with which he has met, has been far beyond what was expected from any machine which could be worked entirely from below, over and above the principal and important purpose for which it was designed (that of preventing, in future, infants from climbing the flues), the vast quantity of soot it brings down, and great cleanliness with which the operation is performed (where proper precaution is taken), have brought it very deservedly into great repute. One person is sufficient for performing the

whole of the work with this machine, but it will be found very convenient to have an assistant, to give up the rods from the ground, and re-place them there when brought down. Those unfortunate little creatures, whose miserable lot it has been heretofore to climb chimnies, may now be employed as assistants for these purposes, who, as they grow older, will become capable of working the machines themselves; and, instead of being turned off without any employment when their apprenticeship is over, they may continue with their masters as useful hands. It appears from experience that about ninety-nine chimnies out of an hundred may be cleansed by this machine, occasionally using brushes of different sizes and forms as circumstances may require; and the remaining few can probably be cleansed by some of the following means, either 1st, by having a fixed apparatus at the top, with a chain descending down the flue, and a brush fastened to it, which contrivance has already been invented. 2d, By drawing up and down a rope, and a brush, one person being on the top, and the other in the room below, as practised in Edinburgh and many other places. 3d, By firing the soot, and burning it out, as is frequently done in Yorkshire and in country places in America. 4th, By taking out a brick or tile, in the manner now practised for cleansing hot-houses and other flues.

That new-built chimnies may be swept with machines of this kind, it will be necessary to pay some attention to the construction of them. Some persons have already had their chimneys so constructed that they may be easily and effectually cleansed with machines. The mode adopted is that of making the shape of the flues square instead of a parallelogram, with long sweeps at the elbows; a circular form though more expensive would have been preferable.

A very useful purpose, has been answered by this machine, that of extinguishing chimnies when on fire.

For the Literary Magazine.

POPLARS.

THE poplar, commonly called the Lombardy poplar, appears to be nearly as fashionable in Britain as in America. There are, indeed, several drawbacks on their indiscriminate use, which experience has discovered; and if the balance be not kept even by new discoveries of their virtues and utilities, it is quite probable that they may grow into discredit with as much rapidity as they have hitherto grown in popularity.

The following enquiry has been made by cautious persons, and the truth of the case is certainly of no limited or trivial inport:

Are the roots of poplar trees capable of insinuating themselves laterally under buildings near which they are planted, so as to weaken and endanger the foundation?

For the Literary Magazine.

ON ALPHABETIC REFORMATIONS.

THERE are few subjects in which schemes of reformation have been more frequently recommended, than in the arrangement and the sounds of the English alphabet. The strange, capricious, and violent anomalies which use has sanctioned in the present arrangement and pronunciation, are evident to every observer, and the young and sanguine, who imagine that truth has great efficacy when eloquently or seriously enforced, are extremely prone to publish their favourite schemes, and even to set the example of a better mode in their own practice.

Experience, however, has long ago shown the impossibility of introducing any scheme of this sort into popular use; and if such a change could be wrought, the *permanence* of any scheme of uniformity may

reasonably be doubted. Though an alphabet were formed, that should contain a number of letters precisely equal to the number of simple articulate sounds belonging to the language, are we sure these simple sounds would not rapidly deviate from their alphabetical exactness, when they became subjected to those numerous combinations that are requisite to form a copious language? Would they be not liable to the same instability, arising from fashion, from caprice, and a disregard of *uniform* pronunciation, that is so much objected to our present language, both oral and written?

Some few of those who have bestowed most attention on the formation of a new and more consistent alphabet, seem to have thought its adoption impracticable. There has not, perhaps, been a more accurate investigator of the formation of letters than Holder, whose treatise on the *Elements of Speech* was printed in the year 1669: yet he was chiefly led to study the subject from the laudable motive of discovering a steady and effectual way of instructing *deaf* and *dumb* persons; and after pointing out the imperfections of our present alphabet, he very candidly concludes—

"It is not be *hoped* or *imagined* that the incongruous alphabets, and abuses of writing, can ever be jostled out of their possession of all libraries and books, and universal habit of mankind. This were to imply that all books in being should be destroyed and abolished, being first new printed after such rectified alphabets; and that all the age should be prevailed with to take new pains to unlearn those habits, which have cost them so much labour."

This irregularity might be easily proved to be inseparable from the very nature of language. It is common to all tongues, living or dead; for, if the latter be preserved at all, those that read and speak it commit the same *murder* on its uniformity that they do upon their own.

A great deal has been said, by ancient and modern scholars, on the true mode of pronunciation, as to sound, and quantity, and accent of the learned languages. From a vain notion that the Greeks and Romans must have spoken their own languages best, their inquiries have almost wholly turned, not on the *true* system, but on the system that *actually prevailed* in old times. I hope none of my readers will laugh at me for this distinction between the *true* and the actual system. The essence of every *just* system must be simplicity and *regularity;* but all the actual modes of speaking languages is replete with confusion and irregularity.

That the Greeks were as culpable, in this respect, as others, might be truly inferred from analogy; but this has, in some sort, been lately evinced by the evidence of hearing. There is a curious paper, in a late volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, containing an account of an interview between the writer and some Greeks, natives of Athens, and well educated men. He requested them to read passages in the poets and orators, and carefully noted their pronunciation, and found it as anomalous, and as totally regardless of quantity and accent, as that of any inhabitant of England in reading or speaking Greek.

"Il n'y a presque pas une seule voyelle," says a French writer, speaking of his own language, "une seule diphthongue, une seule consonne, dont la valeur soit tellement constante, que l'euphonie n'en puisse disposer, soit en alterant le son, soit en le supprimant."

For the Literary Magazine.

STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF FRANCE.

FRANCE is situated in the middle of the temperate zone, between the 42d and 51st degrees of north latitude, extending 720 miles from north to south, and 660 miles from

east to west, and contains 32,791,253 inhabitants.

Its civil government is divided into 108 departments, 108 prefectures, 417 circles, and 47,458 communes.

Its military government comprizes 27 divisions, commanded by 27 generals of division.

Its ecclesiastical state is divided into 11 archbishopricks, 58 bishopricks, 4600 curacies, 31,800 subcuracies, and 80 confestorical or reformed churches.

The war establishment of the army is 554,407 men, viz.

Infantry of the line,	341,401
Light infantry,	100,180
Cavalry, of the line,	14,150
Light cavalry,	68,988
Artillery on foot,	20,656
Horse artillery,	3,229
Sappers, miners, and engineers,	5,873
	554,407

The conscription alone will furnish near a million of soldiers. France on a great emergency, might select her defenders from six millions of men able to carry arms.

Her marine power is inferior to what it was in the reign of Louis XIV, or to what it may yet become under Bonaparte. A navy is not formed with the same promptitude that an army is raised; but France possesses the men, the ship builders, the instruments, and, above all, the emulation of her great nautical neighbour, which are requisite to produce, when the violent restraints of the present war are removed, a navy as vast and formidable as her army.

The nett amount of the revenue of France was, in the year 11, about 115 millions of dollars.

Her public debt demands an annual interest of about 16 millions of dollars.

For the Literary Magazine.

ENGLISH WEATHER.

THE following summary of the state of the weather, for the last year, in a central part of England, will enable us to form a juster conception of the British climate, than any loose or popular description can convey:

The mean height of the barometer, for the year, was equal to 29.75; that of the thermometer to 50° 65′. The quantity of rain somewhat exceeded 34 inches. Rain fell on 103 days of the year, which is a proportion of not much less than one in three. It snowed or hailed on 17 days. 144 days were very brilliant; that is, somewhat more than one third of the year. The remaining 102 were nearly equally divided between cloudy and fair.

For the Literary Magazine.

MADELINA.

A female portrait.

The writer of this was frequently importuned, by a lively, volatile girl, to draw her character: in compliance with this request, the following was written.

MADELINA, you wish me to draw your character. What a strange wish, to be preferred by a young lady to a young man, who has seldom seen you, at times and in situations which admit of no disguise, and which draw forth all our secret foibles, and who, at best, has neither a sober nor impartial judgment. Still, however, I will do my best. If I blame you, your pride may reasonably impute it to my ignorance; if I praise, your modesty will naturally suggest some doubts of the sincerity of one, who sets a very high value on your good opinion, and who thinks your smiles cheaply bought, even at the price of some duplicity.

And now to begin: but how? With the person to be sure. Beauty is never of small moment in a woman's eye, and *that* is a cause of deep regret to those, who love true

female dignity, happiness, and virtue. In the passion for beauty, shall we find the source of all the follies, and many of the crimes of women. So common is this passion, that, though a distinction of the sex, it is no characteristic of the individual. And yet had I a seraph's eloquence, it should be incessantly exerted to persuade the woman whom I value, that, inasmuch as she prizes beauty (particularly if she herself be beautiful), is she silly, wicked, or unfortunate. After this, you will hardly expect me to say any thing of your person.

But there is another reason for my silence: my decision would be no test of the truth. The female form generally pleases in different degrees, as it is viewed in different lights, at different hours, and by different eyes. The sentence of to-day, suggested by negligence of dress, captious behaviour, or unamiable sentiments, would be reversed to-morrow, at the intercession of a few smiles and affabilities, or at the pleading of a robe, brilliantly fair, and enchantingly becoming. So, we'll say nothing of thy person, Madelina.

Are you witty? Are you amiable? Are you wise? How hard to answer these questions, so as to convey to the object of our scrutiny, our precise meaning! I am almost afraid to proceed. To tell the truth is not always to make either wise or happy; and, when the truth breeds nothing but resentment or misery, why should it be told? But come, in order to be safe, I will sketch what I think a good character, and leave it to you to find its resemblance to yourself.

The good girl, whom I wish to meet with, has a face that nothing but the soul within makes beautiful. It never yet was clouded by anger; never yet had peevishness, resentment, envy, even a momentary place in it. The perverseness or malignity of others cannot be so great or incessant, as to conquer her patience. Her charity is large enough to take in every offence. Her penetration is clear enough to see the guilt and folly of impatience, in any situation. She has no sullen looks; no hasty plaints; no keen retorts; all is placid sufferance, and heavenly serenity. She is good, inasmuch as she never treats others hardly or capriciously. She is perfect, inasmuch as the injuries of others, so far from provoking vengeance, never even cause indignation, nor stop the current of that charity that flows for all.

She cultivates her mind, by regular and close attention to every profitable study. She has leisure, and the greatest part of it is spent in reading. She deems this an amusement indeed, but also a duty. She indulges, without scruple, that inclination, which leads her to works of taste, fancy, and domestic morality, because she regards these as the regulators, sweeteners, and embellishers of life; but while these are her favourite pursuits, she by no means despises or shuns the more rugged paths of history or science.

Still, however, she is no bookworm, no recluse, no pedant. She meditates and reasons for herself, and her studious hours are betrayed, not by mere literary talk, by anecdotes of authors, and criticisms on their works, by hard words, and formal quotations, but by a certain dignity of thought and refinement of language, which nothing but familiar converse with books can give, and which diffuse themselves through all her conversation.

She is fond of society. The worthy she caresses; the gay, thoughtless, frivolous, immoral, or indecent, she treats, when she meets them, with strict politeness, but she never seeks them, and is at home to them as rarely as possible. She endures their company, when unavoidable, but you cannot subject her to a more mortifying penance.

In her dress, she studies not merely the decent and becoming, but also the frugal. One of her chief cares is to shun all superfluous expenses. She always remembers, that her family are not opulent; that

she has no independent provision. To-morrow may ravish from her grasp the frail and precarious props that uphold her. This reflection has made her a pattern of economy and industry. She is, in many respects, her own laundress, and, in all respects, her own sempstress.

She well knows the magic graces that flow from personal purity and habits of delicacy. Beauty is bestowed by some power beyond ourselves. It most commonly entails on the possessor infinite depravity and folly, and can never confer any real good. A temper, serene amidst the evils of life, and the fluctuations of others, forbearing and affectionate to all; manners, soft, mild, full of dignity and personal decorum, constitute the lasting power, the bewitching grace, the irresistible charm —but if I run on thus, I shall write a volume, instead of a letter; so I will stop here, and ask you, Madelina, in what respects this creature of my fancy resembles you?

Are you studious? Do you spend a certain propotion of each day in reading? Were the reflections of any five minutes of your life suggested by any thing you met with in a book? Are any of the terms or ideas, which occur in your conversation, derived from this source? Are your friends and intimates distinguished by their charitable, devout, thoughtful, and home-loving habits? Are none, of them vain, giddy, ridiculously prejudiced or spoilt by fashion?

Are you diligent and economical? Do you spend nothing upon superfluities? Have you, in all you buy, or all you do, a view to future independence, to be raised on your own efforts? Do you perform for yourself all that decency permits, and that a noble humility, a laudable frugality requires you to do?

Is your temper benign and equable? Do you never repine at the want of those advantages of person and fortune, which others possess? Would not a splendid villa and an equipage atone for many misfortunes of yourself and friends?

But let me, above all, inquire, whether rational piety, its sanctions, duties, and consolations, are any thing to you but empty sounds? Have the ideas of a future state, a pure and all-seeing eye, ever found a moment's place in your thoughts? Are you at all acquainted with that principle, which enables us to love merit, though beautiful or rich, and to look down with pity on arrogance and pomp?

To some of these questions, candour may oblige you to answer, but not without reluctance; and your heart, impatient of blame, may whisper—"I have as much of these estimable qualities, as most others. I can scarcely point out one of my acquaintance, who (no older than I) has more simplicity, frugality, industry, charity, candour, or devotion. If I err, my judgment, and not my inclination, is to blame. I ardently wish to attain all that is good, graceful, and lovely in the female character. I am always striving to attain them, and the failure of my efforts humbles and distresses me.

"Above all things, I want to be reputed sensible and learned, but my poor head will not allow it. I cannot keep alive my curiosity for books. When I read, unless it be some fashionable play or novel, all is tedious, dark, and unintelligible: but I did not chuse my own understanding, and I cannot *recreate* myself; and, though nature will not second my wishes, to reach the highest place, yet I am not the very lowest in the scale. I know myself to possess *some* sense, some generosity, a heart that is both pure and warm, and principles that will never let me stoop to meanness or falsehood; and my great comfort is, that few are better than me, many, *very* many, are worse."

Thy pleas, Madelina, are perfectly just. Inclination and zeal will go far to make us better, but they will not do every thing; and whatever charm there may be in diffidences and disclaimings, it is absurd and pernicious to give up our dues.

I rejoice in thy anxiety for improvement, and applaud thee for respecting thyself. In looking round, *I* also find very few that are thy superiors, but very many that are, in all estimable qualities, much below Madelina.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. VII.

DULL authors write more than they think; lively ones think more than they write. When wit inspires, and fancy is on the wing, it is impossible for the writer, under the influence of such spontaneous talents and such impulsive faculties, to train or restrain the range of his creative genius to the present lure of whatever subject he may then have in hand. In such cases, all he can do is to arrest their course, by writing down his ideas, for the amusement of his leisure hours, or to enrich some future work, as occasion may call them forth. This reservoir may be considered as a casket of jewels, the beauty and brilliancy of which we contemplate and admire, without any regard to their arrangement.

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It may be laid down as a position, which will seldom deceive, that when a man cannot bear his own company, there is something wrong. He must fly from himself, either because he feels a tediousness in life, from the equipoise of an empty mind, which, having no tendency to one motion more than another, but as it is impelled by some external power, must always have recourse to foreign objects; or he must be afraid of the intrusion of some unpleasing ideas, and is, perhaps, struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, the fear of a calamity, or some other thought of greater horror.

It has been very ingeniously observed by an Italian moralist, that praise is a tax which merit exacts from the world; but if we pay it ourselves, the world is absolved from the debt.

—

At a time when it has become fashionable for every self-sufficient coxcomb to sneer, in all the fancied consciousness of superiority, at the intellectual qualities of woman, it gives me pleasure to find my own opinion fortified by that of the learned Vicessimus Knox. He stigmatizes the notion that learning belongs not to the female character, and that the female mind is not capable of a degree of improvement equal to that of the other sex. The present times, he says, and every liberal reader can attest the truth of the assertion, exhibit most honourable instances of female learning and genius. The superior advantages of boys' education are perhaps, the sole reason of their subsequent superiority.—Learning is equally attainable, and, I think, equally valuable, for the satisfaction arising from it, to a woman as a man.

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The oriental poetry exhibits the most picturesque scenes of nature, and illustrates every moral sentiment or argumentative assertion by similies, not indeed exact in the resemblance, but sufficiently analogous to strike and gratify the imagination. Strong imagery, animated sentiment, warmth and vivacity of expression, all of which are the effects of a lively fancy, are its constant characteristics. The accuracy of logic, and the subtlety of metaphysics are of a nature too frigid to influence the oriental writer. He feels not the beauty of demonstration, he pursues not the chain of argument, and he submits to the force of persuasion rather from the dictates of his feeling than from any rational conviction. He endeavours to influence his reader in the same manner,

and commonly excites an emotion so violent, as to produce a more powerful effect than would be experienced even from conclusive argumentation.

—

Horace, the politest writer whom the world ever produced, was a satirist, though there is every reason to believe that his natural disposition was not severe. The truth is, he was a man of the world, as well as a man of reflection, and wrote his remarks on men and things in familiar verse, not without censuring them, indeed, but without indulging the asperity of sarcasm. He probed every wound with so gentle a hand, that the patient smiled under the operation. The gay friend of Mecænas had lived in courts, and knew too much of the world to think he could reform the voluptuous part of it by abrupt severity.

—

It is not among the least happy effects of a studious life, that it withdraws the student from the turbulent scenes and pursuits, in which it is scarcely less difficult to preserve innocence than tranquility. Successful study requires so much attention, and engrosses so much of the heart, that he who is deeply engaged in it, though he may, indeed, be liable to temporary lapses, will seldom contract an inveterate habit of immorality. There is, in all books of character, a reverence for virtue, and a tendency to inspire a laudable emulation. He who is early, long, and successfully conversant with them will find his bosom filled with the love of truth, and finely affected with a delicate sense of honour.

Through all the vicissitudes of life, he has a source of consolation in the retirement of his library, and in the principles and reflections of his own bosom.

The want of employment is one of the frequent causes of vice; but he who loves a book will never want employment. The pursuits of learning are boundless, and they present to the mind a delightful variety which cannot be exhausted. No life is long enough to see all the beautiful pictures which the arts and sciences, or which history, poetry, and eloquence are able to display. The man of letters possesses the power of calling up a succession of scenes to his view infinitely numerous and diversified. He is therefore secured from that unhappy state which urges many to vice and dissipation, merely to fill a painful vacuity. Even though his pursuits should be trifling, and his discoveries unimportant, yet they are harmless to others, and useful to himself, as preservatives of his innocence.

—

If we consider Swift's prose style, we shall find a certain masterly conciseness, that has never been equalled by any other writer. The truth of this assertion will more evidently appear, by comparing him with some of the writers of his own time. Of these Dr. Tillotson and Mr. Addison are to be numbered among the most eminent. Addison has all the powers that can captivate or improve: his diction is easy, his periods are well turned, his expressions are flowing, and his humour is delicate. Tillotson is nervous, grave, majestic, and perspicuous. We must join both these characters together to have an adequate idea of Swift: yet as he outdoes Addison in humour, he excels Tillotson in perspicuity. The archbishop, indeed, confines himself to subjects relative to his profession; but Addison and Swift are more diffusive writers. They continually vary in their manner, and treat different topics in a different style. When the writings of Addison terminate in party, he loses himself extremely, and from a delicate and just comedian deviates into one of the lowest kind.

It is well observed, by our late venerable president, that every observation in Swift's "Contests and Dissentions between the Nobles and Commons of Rome" is justified by the history of every government we have considered. How much more naturally, says he, had this writer weighed the subject than Mr. Turgot! Perhaps there is not to be found, in any library, so many accurate ideas of government, expressed with so much perspicuity, brevity, and precision.

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Vanity makes terrible devastation in a female breast: it batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue.

—

Jeremy Collier, in his Essay on Power, gives a good reason for the *supposed* superior strength of men in the beginning of the world—"to supply their defect of skill." Art and address are capable of effecting many things now, that required bodily strength then. They were at first, says he, more giants in their limbs than their understandings; but when the mind grew larger, the body became less. The same reason he might have added for their longevity also: to make experience supply the deficiency of science.

—

Plato calls the passions the wings of the soul. According to this metaphor, a bird may be considered as the type of it. In applying this figure to the several characters of men, some to be eagles, others bats, a few swans, and the rest but geese: not one phœnix among the flock. The same philosopher, in another place, styles them the *chariot-horses* of the soul; by which it is implied, that, though strong and fleet, they should be under command. These should be restrained by Phœbus, and not resigned to the nerveless hand of Phæton. Might not this latter allusion of Plato likewise hint a comparison between some souls and cart-horses, mules, asses, &c.?

Volucres Pyrois & Eous & Æthon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon,

—

Lord William Russel was the sad victim to his virtuous design of preserving the liberty and constitution of his country, from the attempts of the most abandoned set of men that ever governed it. True patriotism, not ambition nor interest, directed his intentions. Posterity must applaud his unavailing engagements, with the due censure of the Machiavelian necessity of taking off so dangerous an opposer of the machinations of his enemies. The law of politics gives sanction to the removal of every obstacle to the designs of the statesman. At the same time, we never should lessen our admiration and pity of the generous characters who fell sacrifices to their hopes of delivering purified to their descendants the corrupted government of their own days. To attempt to clear lord Russel from the share in so glorious a design, would be to deprive him of the most brilliant part of his character. His integrity and ingenuousness would not suffer even himself to deny him from that part of the charge. Let that remain unimpeached, since he continues so perfectly acquitted of the most distant design of making assassination a means, or of intriguing with a foreign monarch, the most repugnant to the religion and freedom of his country, even though it were to accomplish so laudable an object.

—

Before the introduction of printing, the student, who revolted at the idea of languishing in the sloth of monkery, had scarcely any scope for his industry and talents, but in the puerile perplexities of scholastic philosophy, as little adapted to call forth the virtues of the heart as to promote useful knowledge: but since

that important era in the annals of learning, every individual, even the poorest of the muses' train, has been enabled, without difficulty, to consult those great masters in practical and speculative ethics, the Greek and Roman philosophers. He is taught by the same instructors who formed a Xenophon and a Scipio, and can hold converse, in the retirement of his chamber, with the celebrated sages of antiquity, with nearly the same advantages as if he actually sat with Socrates beneath the shade of the plane tree, walked with Plato in the Lyceum, or accompanied Cicero to his Tusculan villa.

For the Literary Magazine.

OBJECTIONS TO VACCINATION.

ONE of the most curious facts, in the history of human opinions, is the light in which it is now customary, among medical enquirers, to regard the inoculated small-pox. Formerly, when the faculty espoused the practice of inoculation, the arguments and eloquence were endless which were employed in proving its advantages. The benefits arising from preparing the constitution for the disease, and from selecting the suitable and most convenient season and age for contracting it; the superior mildness and safety of the malady contracted in this mode, were all fruitful topics of persuasion.

Lately, the vaccinating system has obtained the preference: and such is the nature of the mind, engaged in defending any favourite system, that physicians seem not contented with proving that the vaccine is an antidote against the natural small-pox, far milder and safer than the variolous inoculation, but they now discover, what would formerly have ranked the discoverer among prejudiced and silly old women, that, in truth, inoculation has done more harm than good. It has contributed to diffuse the small-pox much more than formerly. Hence the chances of contracting it *naturally* have been greatly multiplied. It has likewise occasioned more mortality upon the whole, since inoculation does not continually save from death; it is only less likely to end fatally than the natural disease. It is hard to assign the exact proportion of this difference, but it seems to be generally allowed, that more individuals have died of the *inoculated* small-pox, than formerly died of the *natural*. Supposing the latter to kill *all* that it attacks, and the former only *one* out of twenty, yet if two only are sick of the latter disease, *two* only can die of it, whereas if sixty are sick of the former, the deaths may be *three* in number, which is a greater actual mortality by one half.

Those versed in medical history may know whether this consequence was ever urged against the use of inoculation. If it were, it was, no doubt, rejected with derision and contempt; yet now the whole faculty combine to affirm its truth, and, if their reports be true, the introducers of inoculation into Europe were the murderers, and not the benefactors, of the human race.

By recent accounts from Great Britain it appears, that the vaccine has lately suffered some formidable attacks. Its enemies have discovered instances in which the *variolous* has been contracted after the *vaccine* infection; and some have even started a suspicion that the security afforded by the vaccine is only temporary.

These circumstances have excited great alarm and anxiety in the public. Some well-attested cases having taken place in a certain quarter of London, in which small-pox followed vaccination, a medical committee, composed of the most eminent practitioners, was formed to investigate these cases. This committee has published, in its report, a minute and faithful account of every fact connected with these cases. After admitting the regular progress of the previous vaccination

of these children, and the existence of the small-pox, more than two years afterwards, in one of them, for it was only to one of the children that the committee had an opportunity of applying any particular examination, and in that one the disease was marked by some striking peculiarities, as will appear in the history, the report closes with the following observations:

"The committee, however, feels it a duty to remark, that the above facts are not to be considered as militating against the general practice of vaccination. Some well-authenticated, though rare, cases, have been stated, in which the natural small-pox occurred twice in the same person. A few other instances are recorded of persons who, after having undergone the inoculated small-pox, nevertheless took the disease by infection: yet these cases were not deemed conclusive against the advantages of variolous inoculation, nor do they seem to have impeded its progress.

"In every country where European science is diffused, the general preventive power of vaccine inoculation, with regard to the small-pox, has been fully ascertained, and cannot now be affected by the result of a few detached cases, which, by future observations and experiments, may be accounted for satisfactorily. The committee, therefore, with one accord, subscribes to the established opinion, that if vaccination were universally adopted, it would afford the means of finally extirpating the small-pox."

By way of illustrating the assertion that the small-pox may, in certain cases be taken twice, an eminent physician has published the following curious and authentic cases, no less than eight of which occurred within his own direct observation.

A most striking instance of the occurence of small-pox twice to the same person, is the well-known case of Richard Langford, a farmer, of West Shefford, in Berkshire, which is published in the fourth volume of the Memoirs of the Medical Society of London.

Mr. Langford had passed through the disease in his infancy, when three others of the family were also affected by it, one of whom died. His face was so remarkably pitted and seamed, as to attract general notice, and no one who saw him entertained a doubt of his having had the disease in a most inveterate manner. It was his custom, from his sympathy with persons afflicted with small-pox, to visit and assist the poor when labouring under it, and in May, 1775, he again took the infection, and on the twenty-first day fell a victim to it. Two physicians, Dr. Collet and Dr. Hulbert, concurred with Mr. Withers in opinion of the second disease being truly small-pox, which was still farther confirmed by others of the family afterwards falling ill of it: to one of whom, a sister of the deceased, it also proved fatal.

In October, 1804, the daughter of Mr. C., of Russel-square, Bloomsbury, recovered from a most severe and dangerous form of confluent small-pox, by which her life had been brought into imminent danger. This child had been inoculated for small-pox, on the 14th of November, 1801, and passed through the disease with all its usual symptoms, both as to the local affection in the inoculated arm, where it had left the common scar, and the constitutional disease. She had the eruptive fever at the proper time, a convulsion-fit, and four or five pustules about the face, which maturated and declined, with perfect regularity.

Mr. D., of C., in Devonshire, then of adult age, had passed through the small-pox in his childhood. He was considered by himself, by his family, and by the medical attendant, to be perfectly secure, as will plainly appear, from the manner in which he exposed himself to future infection. When some younger branches of the family were about to be inoculated, Mr. D., relying on his own safety, amused himself by examining particularly

the variolous matter brought by the surgeon for the purpose, holding the phial in which it was contained, upon lint or cotton, to his nostrils, to smell it. He paid very dearly for the indulgence of his curiosity, for, after the usual interval, he became ill, and went through the small-pox, quite as regularly, and more severely, than those of the family who were inoculated. A peculiar anxiety was excited, not only for the safety of his life, but also, in his own mind at least, for the preservation of his person from the dreadful disfigurations occasioned by this cruel distemper, as he was then on the point of marriage.

Miss Sarah H., of Sudbury, was inoculated, when a month old, by Mr. B., a surgeon, of that place. The effect of this inoculation was not any general pustular eruption, which, indeed, has never been deemed necessary to the success of variolous inoculation. The surgeon, however, thought her perfectly secure; and on a subsequent occasion, when some other children of the family were to be inoculated, and Mrs. H. desired that, for her own satisfaction, the operation might be repeated on this child, he assured her that it would be altogether impossible to produce any farther infection. The event proved him mistaken. The child was inoculated, and had the disease in the same way as the other children.

In May, 1788, two children of the Rev. G. O., of W. B., in Staffordshire, were inoculated, with variolous matter, obtained from a surgeon of the first respectability in a neighbouring town. The operation was performed also in the manner recommended, and commonly employed, by this very experienced practitioner. The arms inflamed more rapidly than usual: at the end of a week constitutional symptoms took place, and were followed by an eruption of pimples, which increased in size, and continued to appear in succession for some days; and then, together with the constitutional illness, gradually disappeared, and the sores in the arms dried up and healed. From a dissatisfaction with the result of this inoculation, both children were, a few weeks afterwards, inoculated in a different mode, and passed through the disease with the most perfect regularity in all respects.

In the latter end of the year 1794, five children of some workmen at the Brades steel-works, near Birmingham, were inoculated with some recent matter taken from one or two only remaining pustules, in a very late period of the natural small-pox, from a child of one of the domestics of the Rev. Dr. Hallam, late dean of Bristol, at Charlemont, in Staffordshire. Of these five two only passed through the disease with regularity, the other three had a complaint very much resembling that of the last mentioned two children of Mr. O., attended with eruptions; a sort of imitative or spurious small-pox. On this account they were afterwards subjected to inoculation with the matter of an earlier stage, and then had the disease in its common form. The two former were likewise inoculated again, but these resisted the infection altogether.

For the Literary Magazine.

YOUNG ROSCIUS.

ONE of the most general and interesting subjects of curiosity and discussion, in England, at present, next to the menaced invasion, appears to be the character and merits of a player, by name William Henry Betty, but who is more commonly known by the name of Young Roscius. This title will sufficiently explain the popular opinion of his merit. The press has teemed with publications respecting him, and the ingenuity of biographers and managers has contrived to extract from his affairs the materials of a heavy controversy, in which, however, we, in America, have no interest. Whe-

ther we shall ever be favoured by a sight of this miracle of talents on this side the ocean is a doubtful point. Unless we *go*, or unless he *comes*, immediately, we shall miss the surprising spectacle. The accomplishments of Betty, at the age of twelve or fourteen, are truly prodigious; but the prodigy will disappear with that age. Betty, at the age of twenty-five or thirty, whatever his present attainments may be, cannot expect to be more than Garrick was; therefore it is quite probable he may fall far short of Garrick.

For the Literary Magazine.

PORTRAIT OF A LEARNED MAN.

THERE is no kind of reading which delights and instructs me more than that which contains sketches of personal history and character. The well-known imperfection incident to all pictures of human actions or feelings, whether drawn by the actor himself, or by some observer, is some abatement of this satisfaction, but it does not annihilate it altogether. A man must have studied *himself* very imperfectly, who does not see, that a faithful *moral* portrait is impossible: but it would be a ridiculous refinement to despise or overlook these pictures, merely because they are not, what they cannot be, absolutely faithful. In most cases, the defect arises from the incapacity of the relater or pourtrayer, and not from his intention to deceive. On many occasions, the fault consists in *omitting* true, rather than in *inserting* false lineaments: and hence information and instruction is, in some degree, derived from it. Though the picture does not show the whole man, it shows a very large portion of him, and we are more benefited by the *success* of the painter, than injured by his failure.

I have seldom been more pleased than with the following portrait of a *learned* man. Every man's head is full of the imperfections to be found in a man devoted to learning, especially *ancient* learning. By diverting the attention from the scenes around us, and from the transactions of our own times, and fixing it upon characters and incidents which occurred in a distant age and remote country, erudition is supposed to disqualify its votaries for the common offices of life. The ancient languages being emphatically *dead*, no one, it is vulgarly imagined, can buy skill in them, but at the cost of his native tongue, and thus they are likely to become uncouth and outlandish, from their disuse and ignorance of the great instrument of human communication, speech. If these students chance to have their passions engaged, not by the languages and arts, but by what are called the sciences, and especially among these by the *metaphysics* of antiquity, their case becomes a hopeless one. Ancient metaphysics are classed, by the learned of the present times, with exploded dreams and childish reveries, and those who give their time and veneration to them are deemed no better than Bedlamites or old women. These notions may receive some degree of countenance from the examples of a Taylor and Monboddo, but they are certainly in direct opposition to the lines in the following portrait. It belongs to one, whose passion for the ancients has never been exceeded; who testified this passion not by closet application merely, but by extensive publications; and who was particularly distinguished by his rage for ancient metaphysics: circumstances which greatly enhance the wonder we must feel at the moral and intellectual character displayed on this canvas.

Though the attainments of this man, for which he was known to the public, were those of a man of learning, and especially of Grecian learning, his studies were by no means confined to these departments of knowledge. He possessed likewise a general knowledge of modern

history, with a very distinguishing taste in the fine arts, in one of which, music, he was an eminent proficient. His singular industry empowered him to make these various acquisitions without neglecting any of the duties which he owed to his family, his friends, or his country. His survivors possess such proofs, besides those given to the public, of his laborious study and reflection, as are very rarely to be met with. Not only was he accustomed, through a long series of years, to make copious extracts from the different books which he read, and to write critical remarks and conjectures on many of the passages extracted, but he was also in the habit of regularly committing to writing such reflections as arose out of his study, which evince a mind carefully disciplined, and anxiously bent on the attainment of self-knowledge, and self-government. And yet, though habituated to deep thinking and laborious reading, he was generally *cheerful*, even to playfulness. There was *no pedantry in his manners or conversation*, nor was he ever seen either to display his learning with ostentation, or to treat with slight or supercilliousness those less informed than himself. He rather sought to make them partakers of what he knew, than to mortify them by a parade of his own superiority. *Nor had he any of that miserable fastidiousness* about him which two often disgraces men of learning, and *prevents their being amused or interested, at least their choosing to appear so, by common performances, and common events.*

It was with him a maxim, that the most difficult, and infinitely the preferable, sort of criticism, both in literature and in the arts, was that which consists in finding out beauties, rather than defects; and although he certainly wanted not judgment to distinguish and to prefer superior excellence of any kind, he was too reasonable to expect it should often occur, and too wise to allow himself to be disgusted at common weakness or imperfection. He thought, indeed, that the very attempt to please, however it might fall short of its aim, deserved some return of thanks, some degree of approbation; and that to endeavour at being pleased by such efforts, was due to justice, good-nature, and good sense.

Far, at the same time, from that presumptuous conceit which is solicitous about mending others, and that moroseness which feeds its own pride by dealing general censure, he cultivated to the utmost that great moral wisdom, by which we are made humane, gentle, and forgiving, thankful for the blessings of life, acquiescent in the afflictions we endure, and submissive to all the dispensations of Providence. He detested the gloom of superstition, and the persecuting spirit by which it is so often accompanied.

His affection to every part of his family was extreme and uniform. As a husband, a parent, a master, he was ever kind and indulgent; and he thought it no interruption of his graver occupations to instruct his daughters himself, by exercising them daily both in reading and composition, and writing essays for their improvement, during many of their younger years. No man was a better judge of what belonged to female education, and the elegant accomplishments of the sex, or more disposed to set a high value upon them. But he had infinitely more at heart that his children should be early habituated to the practice of religion and morality, and deeply impressed with their true principles. To promote this desirable end, he was assiduous, both by instruction and example, being himself a constant attendant upon public worship, and enforcing that great duty upon every part of his family. The deep sense of moral and religious obligation which was habitual to him, and those benevolent feelings which were so great a happiness to his family and friends, had the same powerful influence over his public as his private life. He had an ardent zeal for the prosperity of his country, whose

real interests he well understood; and, in his senatorial conduct, he proved himself a warm friend to the genuine principles of religious and civil liberty.

My readers will easily perceive, that the subject of this picture is no other than Mr. Harris. But I ought, if it were possible, to conceal from them that the painter is lord Malmsbury, his son. There is a sacred obligation incumbent on a *son* to conceal the faults of his father, and it is the natural tendency of personal affection to magnify the merits of its object. What deductions are to be made from the above catalogue of virtues, on this account, I leave to the judgment of candid readers.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

NUMBER OF NOVELS.

A LITERARY enquirer in England has lately taken the pains to count up all the *novels*, translations and originals, which have been published in England during the last forty years. He has been able to form an actual list of *twenty-two hundred and seventy-nine.* The number of volumes, as these have little relation to the bulk, and none at all to the intrinsic merit of the work, he has omitted to examine, but he *calculates* the number at about *seven thousand five hundred:* a very tolerable library, and such as would furnish entertainment, to those who relish such viands, and whose taste does not very nicely discriminate, for *fifty years* together, at half a volume per day.

Among the strange freaks of literary curiosity may be classed that of a maiden lady of fortune, in the west of England, who collected into a library all the works of this kind, in her own language, which she could by any labour or expence procure. Whether the extent of her collection was equal to the above number is nowhere said, but it could not be far short of it, since her literature cost her near eight hundred pounds (3600 dollars).

As the caprices of the human mind are endless, we have no right to say, that there never was another instance of a similar collection; yet surely the number of such collections must be few.

For the Literary Magazine.

COMMERCIAL REPUTATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

NO man can have much value for his country who is not anxious for its reputation among foreigners; yet this, to a native of America, is a most painful solicitude: it brings anger or mortification along with it much oftener than complacency or exultation. Every opportunity of *seeing ourselves as others see us* only convinces us to what a low ebb our reputation is reduced among foreign nations. Our literary and political atchievements are either depised, or, what is still more humiliating, they are totally overlooked; our authors, our lawyers, our divines, our orators, our statesmen, are seldom known, except to the friends or correspondents of the individuals themselves, even by name.

Our commercial character is more likely to be known in Europe, than our character in any other point of view; and yet, alas, the respect of foreigners seems not disposed to keep pace with their knowledge of us in this respect. Whether we deserve the following censures, I mean not to decide, but they were launched against us, no longer ago than three months, with the utmost solemnity, and in a British publication more read and more respected than any other that issues from their press. True or false, therefore, their influence on general opinion may be easily imagined.

Remittances from America (says this historiographer and censor, who was probably a sufferer by the failure he enveighs against) never came

more slowly than in the present year, 1804. In the southern American states, the failure of the crops has left the planters and merchants without means to satisfy the demands of their creditors of this country. One or two honest men among them have written, that, having no produce, they will even sell off their slaves, and remit the prices, rather then suffer their correspondents to be reduced by their misfortune to bankruptcy. But, it is not in the character of many American traders to act this fair and honourable part. The laws of the American states are much too favourable to debtors willing to defraud their creditors. A man who owes more than he chuses to pay, in America, may transfer his property, by a secret assignment, to some confidential friend, suffer himself to be laid in prison for debt, then after a few days imprisonment swear that he has nothing in the world with which to satisfy his creditors, come out of prison free from any claims of creditors, resume the property of which he had made a trust-tranfer, and renew his business, a richer and more flourishing man than before. This laxity and facility of the laws of insolvency and bankruptcy in America have proved fatal to the reputation of American commercial faith. It is certain, that a very large proportion of the bankruptcies in London, are occasioned by disappointments of remittances from America. An English merchant known to trade largely to America would, at that moment, be judged to be, even for that reason alone, of very suspicious solvency. It is astonishing that the legislators of the United States should not perceive that it is of the greatest importance to make the commercial credit of their country as good as possible; and that it is utterly impossible for any country to be very rich in commercial credit, unless its laws be severe against insolvent debtors, and afford the utmost facility to creditors, especially to foreign creditors, in the recovery of their debts. Should the merchants of America, in general, persist in giving the same trouble, as of late, to English merchants trusting them, the necessary consequence must be, that, within a very short time, no American will be able to procure one sixpence worth of goods to be shipped for him from London, unless he shall have previously paid the price. America will thus be, in effective commercial wealth, some millions poorer than it is at present. For to the honest, sensible, industrious merchant, and especially to every great commercial nation, credit is more than even ready money: it is the very lever of Archimedes, capable to move the world from its foundations. To the man of confusion, to the spendthrift, to the swindler, it is amply the means of fraud and ruin. We exhort the patriots of America to render their bankrupt-laws more rigorous, that their public and private credit may become more worthy of a great commercial nation.

For the Literary Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE'S SIMILES.

DAINTIES are said to be dainties only when eaten rarely and sparingly. Sweets cloy, and good things grow stale, by repetition and excess. Some have maintained that these maxims hold good with regard to intellectual, as well as corporeal dainties, but, I suspect, the analogy is fallacious. The more we banquet upon poetry, painting, and music, the more is our appetite enlarged, and our relish improved. The deeper we go into these pursuits, the harder does it become to extricate ourselves from their allurements, and transfer our thoughts to other objects.

Every enthusiast in either of these arts is able to testify the truth of these remarks; and yet I am condemned either to deny the truth of them entirely, or to regard myself as an exception to ordinary rules.

I sometimes think myself as capable of feeling the pure delights of poetry as any one living. And yet I open a poem not once in three months. Books of that kind are always within my reach, yet, in moments of mental languor and weariness, I seldom think of sipping at the refreshing and delicious fountains of Milton or Shakespeare, of Virgil or Ovid. I light upon them more by accident than design, but, having once begun, I read with extreme delight. Perhaps I am searching in my bookcase for some metaphysical or historical dissertation, and open the unsightly volume of Dryden or Pope, merely because it officiously intrudes itself upon my eye; but whatever be my haste, however cold the weather, or urgent my occasions elsewhere may be, my attention is riveted the moment it lights upon the page. The pleasures I thus experience, dwell strongly on my memory, yet I feel no desire to renew the banquet. It is, indeed, renewed, but not till after a long interval, and only, as before, by accident.

It was in this manner that I just now opened a volume of Shakespeare. I fell into a controversy with a friend about the exact circumstances of *Agricola's circumnavigation of Britain*. An appeal was made to Tacitus, and with difficulty I prevailed upon my friend to stay, notwithstanding a pressing engagement elsewhere, till I went up stairs and brought down the book. I opened the bookcase, and my eye lighting upon Shakespeare's volume, I just opened it to glance at its condition since my careless cousin L—— had returned it. I lighted on a scene in Troilus and Cressida, and never shut the book again till I had finished that play.

While I hastily read, I yet had time for many reflections on the scene before me. Shakespeare, thought I, is certainly a *poet*. A dramatic poet is one that faithfully pourtrays characters and sentiments, but Shakespeare is likewise a poet in another sense. The ordinary distinctions between poetry and prose, which are deemed to consist in the arrangement of syllables, in the choice of words, and in the use of *figures*, are as richly and forcibly illustrated by Shakespeare's composition, as that of any bard that has ever existed. He affords numberless examples of the finest *verse*, the most elevated *style*, and the richest *fancy*. If we resolve the works of different poets into mere assortments of poetical furniture, Shakespeare's warehouse will contain a greater number and variety of articles, exquisite in kind, and in workmanship, than that of any of his brethren. It is true, with all that is perfect, we shall find, plentifully mingled, all that is rude and low, all that is offensive to morality and taste; and other warehouses may boast, that though their stock is smaller, and their good things not quite so good as Shakespeare's, yet they have none of his worthless trash and abominable filth.

This plea will, indeed, avail them little. Customers will always flock to that counter, where the best things are to be had; and as long as they have taste and knowledge to discriminate between the good and bad, the valuable and worthless, it is of little consequence to them in what degree the latter may abound, provided they are not obliged to purchase it, and provided there is an equal abundance of the former.

One of the most formal exhibitions of poetical fancy is the figure called *comparison* or *simile*. Accurately speaking, the reasoner and the poet are chiefly distinguished by the aptitude of one to discover *differences* in objects and ideas, and of the other to discover their *resemblances*. This circumstance affords foundation to a great many poetical figures, the most obvious and regular of which the critics denominate simile. The ancient poets abound in this figure. Homer and Virgil are for ever *comparing* the exploits of their heroes to the exploits of bulls and tygers, or to some natural appearance, thunder or a whirlwind, and, after their example, mo-

dern poets think it indispensably incumbent on them now and then to rouse the flagging attention by a formal *As when, &c.*

In this, as in all other departments of poetry, Shakespeare is unrivalled. No particular excites the reader's admiration in a higher degree than the number, variety, and marvellous felicity of his similes. No where is his creative power more conspicuous; for he frequently invents the object or action with which to compare, and by which to enforce, the object or action he has previously invented. The circle of his knowledge, the stores by which he is supplied with the materials of his similes, has no bounds. The mythological system of the ancients appears to have been more familiar to Shakespeare than to any of the ancients themselves, and he has drawn from that system more materials of comparison and simile than any of them. But the world of modern arts, sciences, and manners was likewise open to him, and his imagination was stored with every thing that could minister to his use in this respect.

Such, indeed, is his store, that he wantons in his abundance. Seldom or never does he repeat the same thought; and though the same occasion may occur a thousand times, his inexhaustible fancy is always ready with unhackneyed images, and of these he is as prodigal as if he were called upon to exhaust himself at once.

This play has, doubtless, much absurdity and ribaldry in it, but in vain shall we elsewhere look for the same abundance of true poetry. Let us take a cursory survey of its similes alone, and see how far they justify the good opinion I have formed of them.

Troilus, in a fit of despairing love, exclaims,

I am weaker than *a woman's tear;*
Tamer than sleep; fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant *than the virgin in the night;*
And skilless as unpractised infancy.

The energy of these similes is equalled by the elegance of the numbers and expression.

Again, in describing his efforts to disguise his sighs under a smile,

I have, as *when the sun doth light a storm,*
Buried this sigh in *wrinkle* of a smile.

This passage, however beautiful, affords a striking instance of the kind of error into which the poet so frequently falls. The *wrinkle* is a furrow on the cheek, *produced by age*, though somewhat resembling those furrows which smiles produce, and hence introduces confusion and deformity into this passage.

Speaking of the hand of his mistress, he says,

To its soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh.

Ulysses in speaking of the *chain* of attention, with which the eloquence of Nestor bound to his lips the ears of his auditors, describes it as

Strong as the axle-tree
On which Heaven rides.

A blush often calls up, among poets, the idea of the morning; but mark the way in which Shakespeare has amplified this image, so as to give it all the grace of novelty, and all the richness of a picture.

A blush,
Modest as *morning, when she coldly eyes*
The youthful Phœbus.

Nestor, speaking of the ability of Achilles to understand a certain message from Hector, says that he would rightly conceive it

Were his brain as *barren*
As banks of Lybia.

Troilus, charging Helenus with reasoning himself into cowardice, says, that, at the sight of Grecian swords, he would set

The very *wings* of Reason to his *heels*,
And fly like *chidden Mercury from Jove*,
Or like *a star disorbed*.

What more exquisite simile could be employed than that of Pandarus, who is leading the timid virgin to her lover!

She fetches her breath as short *as a new-ta'en sparrow*.

Troilus pours out similes, on being called upon to pledge his faith:

As true *as steel*; as planets *to their moons*;
As *sun to day*; as turtle to her mate;
As *iron to adamant*; as *earth to th' centre*.

A lover's falsity, on the contrary, is thus illustrated:

As false
As air; as water; as wind; as quickening sand;
As fox to lamb; as wolf to heifer's calf
Paid to the hind; or *step-dame to her son*.

Ulysses, in conference with Achilles, speaks in this strain:

To have done is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you be,
Like to a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
For pavement to the abject near, o'erun
And trampled on.

Time is *like a fashionable host*,
That faintly shakes by th' hand the parting guest,
But with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing.

This catalogue, if confined within the limits of a single play, would be too large for my paper; I shall therefore close with one, than which the whole circle of poetry cannot furnish a more splendid, a more exquisite example.

Patroclus is persuading his friend to forget his mistress, and go to war.

Rouse yourself: and the *weak wanton* Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

X.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON MATHEMATICAL STUDIES.

MATHEMATICIANS, in general, regard every other tract of human pursuit as absolutely, or, at least, comparatively, futile and nugatory. If it were possible to light upon an impartial person, with unquestionable skill in the objects of his animadversion, I would submit the justice of this conclusion to him. I should even appeal to him whether the zeal of mathematicians arises from any other cause than the pleasure which the understanding finds in the exercise of its own powers. Should he point out the various applications of which mathematical truths are capable, to the ordinary comforts of society, to facilitating the measurement of land, the passage of the ocean, the building of houses, and the like, I should not think my question satisfactorily answered: for, admitting the usefulness of mathematics to this purpose, I am far from thinking that mathematical students owe their zeal to the contemplation of this purpose. On the contrary, I suspect that the ideas of abstract utility form no part of their motives, and that their diagrams and symbols would be speedily abandoned, if they had no other recommendation than their usefulness.

The mind is so formed as to create, if I may so speak, its own riddles, and to find the greatest imaginable entertainment in solving them. In meditating upon two lines, some question occurs as to their relative proportions. The means of settling these proportions are not obvious: at first sight it seems impossible to find them out. At length, after much thought, the true expedient occurs, and the laborious enquirer feels the utmost delight at the discovery.

If this discovery has been made by some other, his labours are directed to the finding out a different method of attaining the same point; and if his endeavours succeed, he is rendered happy. If he should discover a shorter or more simple method than that of his predecessor, his exultation is proportionably greater, and yet the importance which his mind annexes to the pursuit seems entirely the offspring of his own fancy.

I have often been surprised at the folly and inconsistency of studious people. With regard to those objects to which their taste is indifferent, they are irresistibly prone to question or deny their utility. If their own pursuit be called into question, they think it necessary to show some common domestic or economic purpose to which it may be made subservient. They, meanwhile, entirely forget that this purpose formed no part of their motive in chusing this pursuit, and that their adversary labours at *his* tools by virtue of exactly the same stimulus, and in pursuit of exactly the same end as themselves. Mere accident has fixed their curiosity on different objects, and the grand secret of our pleasure is in *finding* what we are *seeking*, without any reasoning as to further consequences.

This is true of all pursuits, but seems particularly evident with respect to mathematics. The pleasure which this science affords seems more purely rational, more intellectual, more divested of all influence on the fancy, the senses, or the appetites, than any other. Pleasures of the latter kind are more intelligible to the bulk of mankind, because all have fancy, senses, and appetites to be pleased. But those of the mathematical student are resolvable into those which are connected with the mere exercise of the intellectual powers of reasoning and deduction.

This view of things has often occurred to me in conversing with mathematical enquirers. In consequence of dealing in things which exist only in abstraction, the language of this science is more unintelligible than that of any other to the unlearned apprehension. The terms, indeed, of a geometric demonstration are less likely to be understood by one who is no adept, than a sentence of Greek and Latin is to one not instructed in these languages. In the latter case there are sounds somewhat allied to those of his own tongue, and the sentence, if a moral or historical one, relates to objects with which he is previously acquainted; but when our friend talks about the *logarithms of negative quantities*, the *sums of infinite series*, the *calculation of impossible quantities*, the *arithmetic of infinities*, and the like, he is sure of being utterly impenetrable to all but those versed in the same science.

I often burst upon the retirements of a friend who is a votary of D'Alembert and Euler. I find him generally wrapt in deepest meditation over a paper, *with cycle and epicycle scribbled o'er*, of which I can equally make nothing, whether I examine the paper for myself, or listen to the explanations which he always gives me with alacrity. I found him, the other day, wiping his brows, and drinking a glass of water, as after some fatiguing pilgrimage. Enquiring from what journey he had just returned, he told me how many days he had been employed, with no intervals but those of a few minutes at meals, and a few hours in bed, in demonstrating a *certain theorem* in *spheric*

sections. Enquiring what it was, he informed me, that Viviani, and many other mathematicians, had shown what portion of the spherical surface was taken away when the sphere was pierced perpendicularly to the plane of one of its great circles, by two cylinders, whose diameters are equal to the radii of the sphere. They have likewise shown, that the portion of the spherical *surface* remaining is *quadrable*, and equal to four times the square of the radius. But, continued he, they have not pointed out a remarkable property in that portion of the *solid* of the sphere, which remains after cutting out a pair of such cylinders. Now, after infinite labour, I have succeeded in demonstrating, by the method of triple integrals, that the remaining portion is *cubable*, and is equal to *two-ninths* of the *cube* of the sphere's diameter.

This discovery, my friend, said I, gives you, doubtless, as much pleasure as Mr. Heyne would have derived from lighting on a manuscript of Virgil, in which the half lines which occur in the Æneid had been drawn out to their due length by the poet himself; or such as Daines Barrington would have found on recovering the original plan of Cardiff castle; or Barthelemi from a true series of the coins of Hiero the Syracusan. Nay, I doubt whether sir Joseph Banks would have been equally delighted with a new species of blatta, from the bay of Carpentaria, or count Rumford with making a pint of good soup by means half a farthing less expensive than the mode hitherto in use in his own cook-shops.

My friend smiled at these comparisons, and, as usual, pointed out, with great solemnity and emphasis, the superior wisdom of mathematical researches, by means of which, among innumerable benefits, men are enabled to build ships that shall go through the water with the greatest possible speed, and to erect bridges which shall bear the greatest possible weight without flinching: whereas none but dreamers and idiots would waste their time in looking for the plan of an old castle, from which no instruction can be drawn in planning fortresses at present; in searching for coins which are of less value in the market than the same weight of gold or copper in the shape of a cent or an eagle; in restoring the mutilated lines in a ridiculous story of gods, who were only devils in disguise, and of heroes that deserved to be hanged. What man of common sense, continued my friend, would find any satisfaction in discovering a new kind of cockroatch, when our domestic comfort requires that the whole race should be extirpated; or in compounding a cheaper soup than *turtle*, since it can only serve to multiply the numbers, and aggravate the idleness, of the poor?

Bravo! my friend, cried I, I earnestly advise you to sit down this moment and write an essay to demonstrate that all are heretics who do not worship Newton, and that all language, except the language of algebra, is no better than the chatter of monkeys.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY NATIVE LAND.

AH! how many things are expressed by this short sentence!—there is a charm in it which language cannot describe; it excites all the tender emotions so dear to the human heart; it awakens a recollection of all the pleasures and pains, all the hopes and fears we have once experienced, in those happy days, when, treading the soil which nourished us, we passed the morning of life in the pursuit of innocent pleasures, regardless of that which was concealed by the dark and impenetrable veil of futurity.

When our minds are awakened to a recollection of the disappointments we have met with, the misfortunes we have suffered, and the

miseries we have sustained (considered abstractedly), they seem to exceed the pleasures we have experienced; but when these recollections are connected with the country which gave us being, they lose much of their weight: they seem as trifles, compared to the attractions it possesses, the happiness it has once afforded, and can still bestow. All our pleasures seem heightened, and all our griefs seem lessened; time seems to have cast a softening light over the darker parts of the picture; the different tints seem to mingle; it is no longer composed of brilliant light and gloomy shade; we see them no more contrasted, like the splendour of noon with the darkness of night, but, like the calm beauties of twilight, with blended pleasure and sadness, and pleasing melancholy.

That the love of our country is a general sentiment might, I think, readily be proved; that it is a natural one needs no proof. Among the simplest people it reigns with peculiar energy. As men become more polished, this sentiment loses some of its force, but among no people, and, I think, from no bosom has it been wholly eradicated. Men of reflection, whose minds are enlarged by study, and elevated by philosophy, are apt to weigh the advantages which may be possessed in residing in one part of the world in preference to another, but the untaught and unsophisticated sons of nature ever find the most attractions in their native land; they think no advantages can compensate for an eternal absence from it. Short terms of absence may be endured with composure, but few would wander about the world, if they had not some hopes of one day or other returning to that land where first they saw the light of heaven, and played in the warmth of its beams.

On the other hand, we find that thousands leave their native land, and encounter the inconveniences and dangers of a long voyage to transport them to our own; but this objection to the opinion I have have been supporting loses much of its force when we consider the peculiar and powerful motives which actuate them. They leave a country where the necessaries of life are not to be procured without great exertions; where the little which honest and persevering industry has accumulated is endangered by the violating hands of unprincipled hordes of hostile warriors, or the still more distressing depredations of those, who, by birth, are ranked among their friends; and where large portions of their earnings are applied to the support of a tyrannical government, by whose command their sons, the props of their age, are torn from the arms of their parents, to fight the battles of a prince, whose reign is oppressive and detestable: for one where industry will more than supply the means of subsistence, where its savings are secured to them by just and equal laws, where peace and liberty have established, and, I hope, will for ever hold their blessed reign, where the spoiler dares not lift his arm, and the tyrant is held in bondage.

And even those persons leave not their former abode without the deepest regret, without casting a long and "lingering look behind," on those scenes, on which their eyes now rest perhaps for the last time; but motives, more powerful than those which restrain their flight, urge them forward to try their fortune amid those scenes which report and fancy have painted in such engaging colours.

It will be said, they remain here. True. The same motives which introduced them here still prevail, and others are daily arising: the ties of conjugal love, the cares of a family accustomed to the country they inhabit, the consequence they acquire by their industry, in a country where merit is supposed to confer dignity, and many others, equally powerful, which prevent their returning. But yet, in spite of all these advantages, still do they view their native land with peculiar satisfaction; its productions, its cus-

toms, its manners, its manufactures, are all superior, in their estimation, to those of the land they inhabit. These are certainly prejudices in most instances, but prejudices which may be pardoned; they are not those of education, but which nature has planted in their bosoms for valuable purposes, and which, though they may not be evidences of enlarged minds, are still those of honest hearts.

VALVERDI.

To be continued.

For the Literary Magazine.

TERRIFIC NOVELS.

THE Castle of Otranto laid the foundation of a style of novel writing, which was carried to perfection by Mrs. Radcliff, and which may be called the *terrific style*. The great talents of Mrs. Radcliff made some atonement for the folly of this mode of composition, and gave some importance to exploded fables and childish fears, by the charms of sentiment and description; but the multitude of her imitators seem to have thought that description and sentiment were impertinent intruders, and by lowering the mind somewhat to its ordinary state, marred and counteracted those awful feelings, which true genius was properly employed in raising. They endeavour to keep the reader in a constant state of tumult and horror, by the powerful engines of trap-doors, back stairs, black robes, and pale faces: but the solution of the enigma is ever too near at hand, to permit the indulgence of supernatural appearances. A well-written scene of a party at snap-dragon would exceed all the fearful images of these books. There is, besides, no *keeping* in the author's design: fright succeeds to fright, and danger to danger, without permitting the unhappy reader to draw his breath, or to repose for a moment on subjects of character or sentiment.

I lately took up a novel of this kind, and it having been some time since I looked into a similar performance, I read with some degree of curiosity, and congratulated myself on having fallen on so fine a specimen of the prevailing taste. I cannot forbear admitting my reader to a participation of my pleasure, by transcribing a page or two. All its chapters are so nearly alike that any one will answer, and the sagacious reader need not be apprized of preliminary matters.

'Edmund, at first undetermined how to act, now arose, and went down to the next story. The room which he recognized as the apartment of his Adelaide, and which a few hours before was, as well as the rest of the house involved in total darkness, was now, to his extreme surprise, in the middle of the night completely illuminated. He entered: but the object which presented itself rivetted him to the spot. Every function of his body, every sensation of his soul was suspended; a deadly chilling stopped the circulation of his blood: without having fainted, and in an erect posture, *he appeared annihilated.* On a table, surrounded by large *sable* wax tapers, lay a coffin, covered by a *black* cloth *reaching the ground.*

When recovering from this stupor, the dread of the worst that could betide him quickened his heart to every racking sensation. Twice, urged by despair, he attempted to lift up the *pall*, and to discover by the plate on the coffin, whether his Adelaide—twice the dread of a horrid certainty withheld his arm. During this excruciating suspence, he again heard steps ascending the stairs: wanting resolution to make enquiries, he with precipitation withdrew *behind a curtain* suspended in a corner of the apartment.

A young lady of the most elegant form, and arrayed *in deep mourning*, now entered, eagerly approached the coffin, then turning to

her female attendants, by a motion of her hand bade them withdraw.

Oh, Edmund! what were the ecstasies of thy heart, how enviable thy feelings when so suddenly revived from the dread of losing for ever thy richest treasure, in the beautiful mourner thou beheldest thine. But hush! she speaks!

"Precious remains of an ever-beloved parent," softly breathed Adelaide, mournfully viewing the coffin, "let me take one last look, let me behold once more those features whose image will ever live in my heart."

As she spoke, she slowly removed a part of the pall, lifted up the lid, and in silent sorrow gazed on the countenance of her departed aunt. Then recollecting her own forlorn situation, she continued, her eyes swimming in tears:

"O thou! from whom I experienced——"

She could say no more, but kneeling by the coffin, she reclined her head on the edge of the table. Her tears, her sobs bespoke the abundance of her grief.

"No!" said the deeply affected Edmund starting from behind the curtain, kneeling by her, and taking her hand, "No! thine Edmund, at least, lives for thee."

He was proceeding; but the terrified, amazed Adelaide shrunk from his touch, uttered a piercing shriek, and sunk on the ground.

Her lover, astonished at her action, and excessively alarmed, hastened to afford her all possible relief. He had already placed her on the nearest chair, when he felt himself touch by a kind of wand, and, as he turned round, a deep-toned voice awfully pronounced the portentous word—FORBEAR!

Edmund then beheld a tall figure completely clad in a loose *black* gown that swept the ground. The face of the object was concealed by a veil *of the same colour* reaching his girdle.

"Who art thou? Whence comest thou? Why this disguise?"

"FORBEAR: I CHARGE THEE, FORBEAR!" was the awful reply.

"To thine admonition, in that treacherous garb, I shall not attend; but, by Heaven, I'll know who thou art."

At the same time, while, with his left hand he sustained the swooning maid, by a sudden spring with his right he tore off the veil, that, to his amazement and horror, had concealed the fleshless, worm-eaten head of a skeleton, whose eyes alone rolled alive in their hollow sockets.

This dismal visage was enough to rob ordinary mortals of their five wits, it must be acknowledged.—What wonders may be extracted from a simple piece of pasteboard, painted into a resemblance of a death's head, with two holes, through which the wearer's eyes may perform their part!

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE USE OF RICHES.

IF our surprise be sometimes awakened by the diversified modes by which men endeavour to obtain money, there is no less reason for surprise at the modes by which men contrive to expend it when it is got. There seems, in general, as much anxiety betrayed, and ingenuity exerted, for the latter as for the former purpose. It is remarkable, that the more freely men disburse money, and the more prone they are to give it away, without recompence or consideration, the more avaricious are they, the more eagerly do they steal, beg, or borrow from others. The seeming inconsistency in human conduct, which Sallust imputes, as a great singularity, to Cataline, is daily and familiarly met with in all the haunts of human society.

I have seldom met, in my reading, with a more curious instance of seeming inconsistency between the

spirit with which money is acquired, and that with which it is spent, than in the conduct of two Russian brothers, named Narishkin. Their property, like that of other Russian lords, consists in lands and peasants, from which the revenue derived is in nature of a poll tax, each individual paying annually so many *rubles* (dollars) for himself, his wife, and children. This sum is always as much as can possibly be squeezed out of the earnings of the miserable slave, gotten either by husbandry or handicraft. No diet, no garb, no accommodation is thought too coarse or scanty for the peasant and his brats, and all beyond this humble and meagre provision rightfully belongs to the master. As the horse is provided with oats and hay merely that he may be profitable to his owner, so is the Russian boor permitted to provide himself with onions and rye biscuit that he may continue a productive beast to his proprietor.

The Narishkins have about twenty thousand such slaves, from whose hard hands are annually wrung about twice that number of dollars, and this tribute, we are told, is exacted with the utmost rigour. How, may we ask, do they employ this vast sum, whose real value, in Russia, will be rightly judged of when it is known that the yearly pay, maintenance, and equipment of four thousand Russian soldiers cost the national treasury about the same sum. A late traveller shall help us to answer this question. He tells us that the country-seats of the two brothers Narishkin are frequented, on Sundays, by great numbers of the higher classes. A friendly invitation, in four different languages, inscribed over the entrance to the grounds, authorizes every one of decent appearance and behaviour to amuse himself there, in whatever way he pleases, without fear of molestation. In several pavilions are musicians for the benefit of those who chuse to dance; in others are chairs and sofas, ready for the reception of any party who wish to recreate themselves by sedate conversation after roaming about with the great throng; some parties take to the swings, the bowling-green, and other diversions; on the canals and lakes are gondolas, some constructed for rowing, others for sailing; and, if all this be not enough, refreshments are spread on tables, in particular alcoves, or are handed about by servants in livery. This *noble hospitality* is by no means unenjoyed; the concourse of persons of all descriptions, from the star and ribband to the plain, well-dressed burgher, forms such a party-coloured collection, and sometimes groupes are so humourously contrasted, that for this reason alone it is well worth the pains of partaking once in the amusement.

For the Literary Magazine.

VOLCANOES.

A VOLCANO is surely the greatest of natural curiosities, because it is one which bears the least resemblance to those objects which are daily and familiarly passing before our eyes. If a volcano were always insulated in such a manner, that it should constitute nothing but a *spectacle*, the deprivation of it might be reasonably deemed a disadvantage; but this, alas! is never the case. Its devastations extend commonly far beyond the limits of the sight; and even if a sea intervene between us and the flaming hill, the ground beneath us is often shaken, when the volcanic flame is only faintly seen in the dim horizon, emitting an uncertain ray, like the lamp of a beacon, *seen remote*.

Happily for us of the United States, we are exempted from the evils which are inseparable from a volcano. For the sake of this security, we shall readily dispense with the gratifications which the fancy might receive from the spectacle, and which, like all other pleasures

of that kind, would grow stale with repetition.

Those who cannot afford to cross the ocean, must be satisfied with the report of others: but this is one of those things to which a verbal description can never do justice. One volcano, at least, must be seen, before any adequate notion can be formed of another. All our ideas of unseen objects must be drawn from comparisons with what we have seen, but what has any one among us *seen*, what have any of us *heard*, in our native country, by comparison with which our imagination may be enabled to gain a glimpse of Etna and Vesuvius?

I am called upon by one of these describers to figure to myself Vesuvius, near four thousand feet high; Etna, which is more than twelve thousand; Pichinca, which is fifteen thousand; Cotopaxis, or Antisana, which are eighteen thousand; or, in fine, the insular volcano, which is thought to exceed Chinboraco, and which, were it only equal to it, would still be nineteen thousand four hundred feet in height: I am required to imagine a column of fire more than a mile in diameter, whose height is more than double that of the mountain; rising from it with a thundering noise; lightnings flashing from it. The dazzling brightness of its flame could not be be endured by the eye, did not immense spiral clouds of smoke, at intervals, moderate its fierceness. These spread through the atmosphere, which they thicken; the whole horizon is covered with darkness; and at length nothing is to be seen but the burning summit of the mountain, and the wonderful column of fire.

In a short time the whole of the column turns into a horrible shower of red-hot rocks, flints, and ashes. Monstrous burning masses are seen bounding and rolling down the side of the mountain. Woe be to those places which lie in the direction of the wind prevailing at the time of this tremendous shower! Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ, three towns to the south-west of Vesuvius, disappeared, about seventeen centuries ago, by a similar occurrence, and it was only in the eighteenth century that they were discovered. A column, such as we have described, broke over them and the land about them: they were buried more than fifty feet under a mass of ashes and calcined flints, which was further covered by a bed of lava several feet deep. If the wind be strong, these cinders are carried to the distance of two, three, and four hundred miles. Nay, there is indubitable evidence that, on one occasion, the ashes of Etna were blown to Constantinople, a distance of *a thousand miles*, in such quantities, that the day was darkened as by a pitchy cloud, and the roofs and pavements covered with volcanic cinders more than two inches deep.

These wonderful facts, to which I cannot refuse my belief, aid me not at all in conjuring up the sensations which one of these eruptions must produce upon a near spectator. Before I can talk of a volcano as a spectacle, I must patiently wait for that turn of fortune, which shall place me at the foot of Vesuvius, or *on the hoarse Trinacreon shore.*

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

AN American who pays any attention to foreign literature has perpetual occasion for surprise at the representations which he meets with of his own country, not only among foreigners, but among those who are natives of America. The grand error of the last is the propensity to confound the United States, in general, with some particular state or district. They seem to be entirely unmindful that the

United States are no more than a league of several nations, in many important respects as dissimilar to each other as any two nations of Europe. In climate, we have, of course, all the varieties between the south of Spain and the north of England; but in our manners and habits, social and political, we are, in many particulars, as unlike each other as the Provencals and Livonians.

The following particulars of the mode in which internal trade is carried on in America, are given by a person who resided twenty years in the United States. They were no doubt very new and surprising to European readers, but I much doubt whether nine out of ten among American readers will not regard them with the same wonder. The book in which they are contained was published in London only four years ago.

As the easy reared horse of *America* (and even him habit *continues to import from England*, notwithstanding many advantages of superior propagation) affords himself and rider an easy and agreeable mean of transfer to every little neighbouring race-ground, or some such place of frequent meetings, among some classes of the people the custom has followed of converting every little casual convention of this kind into a sort of fair for buying and selling, and for exchanging surplus commodities, which are frequently bartered in kind. Sometimes several sorts are given for a horse or cow, or several of these for a piece of land, &c., without the *intervention of any circulating coin.*

This species of traffic is termed *trucking* or *trading;* and at some places you are thus asked, in local phrase, to *truck* or *trade* for a horse, a cow, or a little *tackie*, a term which signifies a poney, or little horse, of low price. Or you are perhaps told, that such a one wishes to give you *trade* for your horse: this bargain is considered to imply value for value, at a fair price set upon various articles agreed upon; sometimes settling this price by mutual agreement of the parties, and at other times having recourse to what is called *sending out:* for example, *I will truck for your horse, with such and such articles, and send out.* If the party proposed to agrees to this proposition, each party chooses an indifferent bystander; the two examine the articles to be exchanged. These arbitrators then retire, and report the prices affixed on their return to the company, always fixing the forfeit to be paid in punch, &c., to the company, by the party who refused to abide by the award; which is optional in either, on paying the forfeit to the company. If the bargain takes place, both parties are almost sure to *treat*, and, perhaps, many more of the company will do the same; which creates a great deal of mirth and good-humour among all but those who happen to be, sometimes, disposed to interrupt rural harmony with high-bred airs.

Sometimes two *black* balls and two *white* ones are put into a hat: if both take white balls, the bargain is fixed in all events, let who may lose by it, for this optional ceremony precedes the report; if both take black balls, both must treat the company; if one black and the other white, the black pays for the punch.

In some cases, the consenting party draws a straw from the hand of the referees: if he gets the longest straw, he is at option on the disclosure of terms; if he gets the short one, he is bound. If he refuses, *at option*, he pays the *punch;* the proposing party is bound *ab initio.*

Such are the *merry* laws of horse-swapping and trucking. I am thus particular in regard to them, not merely on the ground of novelty: they are intimately related to the doctrine of supply and demand, which they tend to elucidate; and they form a strong link in those benevolent maxims of hospitality, which I hope never to see the Americans abridge.

For the Literary Magazine.

GOVERNMENT OF LOUISIANA, AS ORGANIZED BY LAW, MARCH 3, 1805.

THE executive power is vested in a governor, to reside in the territory, and hold his office three years, unless sooner removed by the president of the United States. He is commander in chief of the militia; superintendant, *ex officio*, of Indian affairs; and appoints all officers in the same, below the rank of general officers; has power to grant pardons for offences against the same, and reprieves for those against the United States, till the decision of the president is known.

There is a secretary, whose commission is for four years, unless sooner revoked by the president, who resides in the territory, and whose duty it is, under the direction of the governor, to record and preserve all the papers and proceedings of the executive, and all the acts of the governor and the legislative body, and to transmit copies of the same, every six months, to the president. In case of vacancy in the office of governor, the government is exercised by the secretary.

The legislative power is vested in the governor and in three judges, or a majority of them, who have power to establish inferior courts and prescribe their jurisdiction and duties, and to make all laws which they may deem necessary. No law is valid which is inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the United States, or which shall lay any person under restraint or disability on account of religious opinions, profession, or worship. In all criminal prosecutions, a jury shall try, and, in all civil cases, of the value of one hundred dollars, the trial shall be by jury, if either party require it. The governor publishes throughout the territory all the laws which may be made, and from time to time reports them to the president, to be laid before congress, which, if disapproved by congress, shall thenceforth cease.

There are three judges, to hold their offices four years, who, or any two of them, hold annually two courts within the district, at such place as is most convenient to the inhabitants in general, and possess the jurisdiction of the judges of the Indiana territory, and continue in session till all the business before them is disposed of.

The governor proceeds, from time to time, as circumstances require, to lay out those parts of the territory, in which the Indian title is extinguished, into districts, subject to such alterations as may be found necessary; and appoints magistrates and civil officers, whose powers are to be defined by law.

The governor, secretary, and judges receive the compensation established for similar offices in the Indiana territory.

The governor, secretary, judges, justices of the peace, and all other officers, civil or military, before they enter upon duty, take an oath, or affirmation, to support the constitution of the United States, and for the faithful discharge of the duties of their office; the governor before the president, or a judge of the supreme or district court of the United States, or such person as the president shall authorize to administer the same; the secretary and judges before the governor; and all other officers before such person as the governor directs.

All the above-named officers are appointed by the president, in the recess of the senate, but nominated, at their next meeting, for their advice and consent.

The laws in force in the district, at the commencement of this act, and not inconsistent with it, continue in force till altered, modified, or repealed by the legislature.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

VANITY.

VANITY is commonly judged of by external appearances: he who *betrays* his desire of applause most, who practices most assiduously the tricks and stratagems by which approbation can be gained, is deemed the vainest man; but this distinction seems to be groundless. The difference between him who does this, and him who does it not, seems to imply, not a difference in their vanity, that is, in their desire of applause, but only in their judgment as to the best means of gaining the approbation they desire.

Some minds are so firmly and forcibly convinced, that praise is always withheld with an obstinacy proportioned to the importunity with which it is exacted or besought; that men bestow applause and attribute merit just in that degree in which it is disclaimed or shunned; that their vanity, or desire of applause, produces in them all the symptoms of extreme diffidence and modesty. They carefully forbear introducing themselves and their exploits into conversation. They even take pains to lead away our thoughts from every thing connected with their own merits. Instead of assuming the merit of offices or performances which belong to others, they even disclaim what is properly their due, and take the same pains to make their good actions be ascribed to others, which some take to appropriate the praise of deeds not their own. And all this they do, in submission to a violent and fervent love of praise; and merely because observation and experience teach them that this is the only sure road to the goal of their ambition. Such persons are thought the reverse of vain; but, if it be allowed that the passion for praise will most successfully attain its object by a system of reserve and exterior diffidence, and that it is possible for a man to have the perception of this truth, united with this passion, it follows, that the most seemingly diffident may be the most vain.

Vanity, however, is generally ascribed to those who make their own good opinion of themselves manifest, and who take obvious, and, of course, self-defeating methods of obtaining the praise they deem their due. The mere desire of applause, and the consciousness of deserving it, do not entitle a man to be called vain; he must also evince such a weakness of judgment, as leads him to defeat his own purpose, by the means made use of to attain it.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Michael Angelo had finished his painting of the day of judgment, the most serious exception made to the general composition, by his contemporaries, was that of violating decorum, in representing so many figures without drapery. The first person who made this objection was the pope's master of the ceremonies, who, seeing the picture when three parts finished, and being asked his opinion, told his holiness, that it was more fit for a brothel than the pope's chapel. This circumstance caused Michael Angelo to introduce his portrait into the picture with ass's ears; and, not overlooking the duties of his temporal office, he represented him as master of the ceremonies in the lower world, ordering and directing the disposal of the damned; and, to heighten the character, wreathed him with a serpent, Dante's well known attribute of Minos.

It is recorded, that the monsignore petitioned the pope to have this portrait taken out of the picture, and that of the painter put in its stead; to which the pope is said to have replied, "had you been in purgatory, there might have been

some remedy, but from hell '*nulla est redemptio.*"

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LATEST NEWS, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL, FROM EUROPE.

Great Britain.

MR. MURPHY has undertaken the publication of a series of engravings from the most esteemed masters, ancient and modern, illustrating the history of the propagation of the gospel, and its coincidence with the predictions of the prophets. In the arrangement of the work, he proposes to exhibit it in two divisions, the first to comprehend, in twenty-five plates, an illustration of such passages in the Gospels, and Acts of the Apostles, as are of a picturesque kind, with a supplementary print of Daniel interpreting the dream of Nebuchadnezzar. The second part to represent the combat of Religion with the Roman power, from its rise to its establishment under Constantine; together with the subjection of the barbarous nations to the cross; in which the particular exertions of the ministers of Christ in propagating his religion will be displayed. Several of these plates are already executed by Smirke and other first artists, and are very favourable indications of Mr. Murphy's undertaking.

Mr. Hayley's new poem, entitled the Triumph of Music, is ready for publication, in quarto.

The Memoirs of the Life of Lee Lewes, for which he left behind him the most ample documents, will be published by his son, John Lee Lewes, Esq., of Liverpool, in the course of the month of January.

Mrs. Barbauld's Selection of Choice Papers from the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, with notes and a preface, has been lately published, in three volumes, with a cheaper edition for schools.

A translation is in the press of the Posthumous Works of Marmontel. They consist of the life of that celebrated writer, and of some miscellaneous pieces. The life is peculiarly interesting, not only for the facts and anecdotes with which it abounds, but on account of its having been written expressly for the confidential perusal of the author's children.

The History of modern and contemporary Voyages and Travels has already proceeded with the grand picturesque Travels of M. Cassas in Istria and Dalmatia, with Kuttner's Travels in Denmark and Sweden; and the third number begins the late Travels in the Back Settlements of North America, by M. Michaux, which will be completed with the two preceding works in the first volume. The three first numbers of this Journal are enriched by a recent original Tour to Constantinople, and by copious analyses of Woodward's Shipwreck, Kotzebue's Travels, and Grant's Voyage. Other important recent voyages and travels are in a state of preparation for the subsequent numbers; and the editors promise every valuable work in this branch of literature, as soon as it appears.

Dr. Carey had just ready for publication, "*A Key to As in præsenti,*" &c. intended to facilitate to young beginners the application of Lily's Metrical Rules.

A new edition of Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population was preparing for publication.

Dr. Milne's Botanical Dictionary was ready for publication. This edition embraces all the modern improvements, and being embellished by the first artists of the country, will be justly considered as valuable to students and proficients in botany.

A new edition of the Life of Agricola, and an Account of the Ancient Germans, translated from Tacitus, by Dr. Aikin.

A general Treatise on Cattle, including their Breed, Management, and medical Treatment, by Mr. Lawrence.

Dr. Thornton's Answer to the various Objections raised against Vaccination, with Proofs of the Efficacy of the Cow Pock, intended principally for the Use of Families.

By Mr. Andrews, the author of the Botanist's Repository, and the Engravings of Heaths, in folio, in monthly numbers, an elegant work, on that extensive and distinguished tribe of plants, the Heaths, which are in such great request for the green-houses of the curious. It is called the Heathery, or a Monagraph of the Genus Erica; and each number contains six coloured engravings, with Latin and English Descriptions, Dissections, &c. Its size, which is 8vo, renders it an agreeable and convenient green-house companion, and leaves the splendid folio work entirely for the library, to which it is best adapted. The work will be continued till it comprises all the known species of Heaths.

At the close of 1804, the following works were on the eve of publication or just published:

A new edition of Dr. Smith's History of the Peloponnesian War, translated from the Greek of Thucydides, with revisions; and a life and fine portrait of the tranlator.

Mr. Parkins's Tour in America.

A fourth edition of Mr. Nicholson's Introduction to Natural Philosophy, with new chapters on chemistry and galvanism, and additional plates.

A story, by Miss Edgeworth, entitled, The Modern Griselda.

Mr. Kelly's third edition of his Treatise on Book-keeping, with many valuable additions.

By Mr. Delapond, who, during forty-five years of a life devoted to naval service, frequently discharged the functions of deputy judge advocate to the fleet, a Treatise on Naval Courts Martial. This treatise does not exhibit a mere recapitulation of forms and precedents; but, after enquiring into the origin of naval judicial institutions, aspires to explain the principles on which they are founded; the laws and regulations by which they are governed; and to point out those defects yet to be remedied in a system possessing much inherent excellence. Such a work, comprised as it is in one moderate octavo volume, cannot but prove acceptable to naval officers in general, among whom it has long been a desideratum.

An extensive work representing the present fashionable household furniture and interior decorations, studied from antique examples, Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman, composed according to the present very elegant and superb taste of decorating the mansions of the principal nobility; the classical style of which has been some time prevalent in France, by G. Smith, upholder extraordinary to the prince of Wales. The first part, containing fifty plates, large quarto, is published. Some copies will be coloured, showing the splendid decorations according to the original drawings.

A new edition of Sir Thomas Fitzosborne's Letters, with a life of the author, the late W. Melmoth, Esq.

The first Fasciculus of the British Confervæ, by Dillwyn.

By R. A. Riddell, a Picturesque View of the principal Mountains of the World, with their actual heights, from the best authorities, and a scale of comparative altitudes, applicable to the picture, designed and executed by himself. It is accompanied by a historical and picturesque account of mountains, their mineral and other productions, &c., by Mr. Joseph Wilson, of Lincoln's-inn. The size of the engraving is 4 feet by 3, and the scale is 35 inches to 22,000 feet.

Mr. Lindley's Account of a Voyage to Brazil.

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USEFUL IMPROVEMENTS AND DISCOVERIES.

A new economical lamp applicable to domestic purposes, and which possesses the valuable property of effecting the perfect combustion of

common lamp-oil, of half the price of spermaceti-oil, so as to yield a chearful, durable, and steady light, without producing the least smoke or smell.

All the shares have been engaged in Windsor's company for producing light and heat by means of ignited gaz. On this plan a house is to be heated and lighted by means of gaz, produced in a remote part of the premises, and conducted by pipes into the various rooms. The company propose in like manner to light the streets of a whole parish, a theatre, light-house, or any public building, by means of gaz, preserved in reservoirs, and ignited at the apertures of the pipes out of which it issues into the atmosphere.

Mr. Jamison has invented a machine, whereby the error of a time-keeper may be ascertained at sea without observation. The great purpose of this invention is to prove whether the chronometer of a watch has varied from its given rate at the Greenwich observatory, or any other place, the situation of which is known; so that the navigator will have the same advantage of comparison as he would have by a regulator on shore.

The same George Jamison proposes to publish a work on the progressive efforts of human ingenuity; in which will be described the pretensions and discoveries of the most admired mechanics of every age and country; interspersed with curious anecdotes, and illstrated with numerous plates.

The Society for the Encouragement of Sunday Schools, since its establishment, has afforded aid, either in books or money, to 2329 schools, containing 206,884 scholars; for whose use, they have distributed 92,854 Spelling-books, 44,517 Testaments, and 6,701 Bibles; besides a sum of 4,122l. 14s. 8d. granted for the payment of such teachers in those schools as required pecuniary reward.

Another new metal in crude platina, has been discovered, to which there has been given the name of rhodium. It is dissolved, together with the platina, in nitro-muriatic acid. From this solution, the platina being thrown down by sal-ammoniac, a plate of zinc precipitates all the other metals except iron. The black powder, thrown down by the zinc, is digested in very weak nitric acid, to dissolve any copper. The whole is then dissolved in nitro-muriatic acid. Mix the solution with common salt, evaporated to dryness by a very gentle heat; wash the residuum with alkohol, till the alkohol comes off colourless; what remains behind is a soda-muriat of rhodium. Dissolve it in water; add a cylinder of zinc. Heat the black powder which is thus obtained, mixing it with borax. The powder becomes white, and acquires a metallic lustre: in this state it is pure rhodium. The name was given in consequence of the fine red solutions which it makes with acids. It is infusible: its specific gravity is 11. It is not precipitated by sal-ammoniac, common salt, prussiat of potash, or hydro-sulphurat of ammonia.

A farmer at Warcot, in Yorkshire, had, during the year 1804, seventy lambs from twenty-four ewes; the lambs were all strong and healthy, and the increase is supposed to have arisen from having turned the ewes into rape prior to the ram being put among them.

T. Brown, of St. Ives, has invented an implement for cleansing land from every kind of weed. It may be worked, by two, three, or four horses, and requires but a single person to attend it, and that is the driver, as it will keep steady to its work by itself. By employing two sets of horses, it will clean from six to eight acres each day. The price of the machine, with wheels, twenty guineas; and, without wheels, sixteen guineas.

The usual process of blasting rocks with gunpowder is, after drilling a hole, and charging it with powder, to introduce a wire or small rod, to preserve a communication with the fuzee, and then to ram up the remainder of the hole with stone

pulverized by the operation of ramming it; after which, the wire is withdrawn, and the priming introduced. Instead of this tedious operation, which is often attended with danger, the blasting my be effected by introducing a straw filled with fine gunpowder, and then filling the hole with sand.—*Experiment:* Mr. Jessop caused a hole, one inch and a half in diameter, and twelve inches deep, to be bored in a knotty piece of oak twenty inches in diameter; he charged it with three inches of powder, and upon it was laid four inches of sand, which split the wood, with great violence, into six pieces.

In consequence of the great exertions of Dr. Griesbach to present to the public the text of the Greek Testament in the utmost state of purity which circumstances would admit, the duke of Grafton, for the accommodation of his countrymen, liberally provided at his own expence the paper for a large number of impressions to be sent to England, with the view of furnishing, at a very reduced price, a sufficient number of copies for the general demand. The first volume accordingly, containing the four gospels, was reprinted by Dr. Griesbach, with every considerable improvements: and whence the avidity with which it was received on the continent, induced Mr. Goschen to reprint it, with all the improvements which the typographic art could confer; and, that no advantages might be wanted, he hath obtained from Dr. Griesbach to bestow on the edition his further revisional cares; so that for beauty and accuracy no book has ever issued from the press in a higher state of perfection. It is not, however, to be understood, that this edition is intended to supersede the last, which is called, for the sake of distinction, the duke of Grafton's, and the critical edition; but is built upon it as its foundation, all the authorities for fixing the text being given only in that; the second and concluding volume of which is to be published next year, when the two volumes, to complete the more splendid one, will also make their appearance. It will be proper, however, to observe, in respect to this edition, that the work is not only printed with unexampled accuracy and beauty, on the best paper, and adorned with exquisite engravings, (which last we consider as a *hors d'œuvre*) but presents, under the most simple method of estimating their value, four sorts of various readings:—1. Those admitted into the text as of most validity. 2. Such as are nearly of equal authority placed in the margin, and distinguished by the letter β. 3. Those which are of less value distinguished by γ, and added in like manner as deserving consideration. 4. Others in themselves improbable, but preserved either because they had obtained the suffrages of critics, or were remarkable on some other account. Where a change of punctuation has been adopted, the instance is marked by ς; conjectured amendments are distinguished by an $\ast$; and where the Elzevir or Wetstein's text is departed from the common reading is given below, and is distinguished by κ, for *κοινη*. It is to be noticed, that the types of this splendid work are entirely new. Their forms have been selected, by several distinguished scholars of Germany, from the manuscripts of most admired calligraphy, and are fixed upon as the standard of their future Greek types.

On a small size, of the same formed letter, two volumes also of a new edition of Homer, containing the Iliad, under the care of the celebrated professor Wolfe, has issued from the same press. The former edition of this poet, by the same critic, has proved how eminently he is qualified for such an undertaking; and the text of the divine Greek has never yet appeared in so chaste and classical a taste. This work is exhibited on three papers, two of them embellished with ornamental engravings, and the third with the beautiful designs of Flaxman, in a size skilfully reduced.

Mr. Goschen has undertaken to publish the Latin Classics at large. These will appear under the superintendance of professor Eichstadt and other eminent scholars with every advantage that a collation of manuscripts, an examination of commentaries, and every other aid can supply. These editions will be printed on paper of various sizes and excellence, for general accommodation, and in particular for the use of schools. In this last point of view they will be particularly interesting, since nothing can be more discreditable than the school classics which are at present in use amongst us. From the parts already published of Cicero, &c., we may augur every thing in favour of Mr. Goschen's undertaking; and we sincerely wish his remuneration may be fully equal to his merits.

The remains of Fenelon, which were supposed to have been removed, during the revolution, from the place where they were deposited in the cathedral of Cambray, have been found uninjured in his vault, which was not demolished with the rest of the church; and a subscription will be opened for the purpose of erecting to the immortal author of Telemachus a monument worthy of him.

The royal library in Copenhagen, has lately received a considerable addition of Italian books, which were purchased by professor Engelsloft, in Italy. The king has likewise purchased for this library, the late Mr. Uldall's fine collection of Greek and Latin classics.

The French prefect on the left bank of the Rhine has, in consequence of instructions from the minister of police, prohibited the importation of Hamburgh, Leyden, Aschaffenburgh, and Frankfort journals, and all foreign works, which from their title, &c. may be suspected to interfere with the internal affairs of the French government.

The Batavian Society of Sciences at Haarlem has offered a gold medal of thirty ducats for the best solution of each of the following questions. "What are the general principles of our knowledge of the nature of fire, relative to the production, propagation, and concentration of heat; and an acquaintance with which is necessary for ascertaining the most advantageous mode of employing it, and of constructing, according to these principles, fireplaces calculated to save fuel? What progress has the new system of chemistry made in the science of the human body? Has this progress contributed to make us better acquainted with the causes of diseases? Has the new system of chemistry extended our knowledge of the effects of medicines, both ancient and modern; and what advantages may be derived from that knowledge, in the treatment of diseases? What are the causes of the putrefaction which takes place in stagnant waters, and by what means may water be preserved from putrefaction?"

A private individual of Petersburg possesses one of the most ancient manuscripts that exists in the Russian language. It is of the year 1066, is written on parchment, and embellished with very beautiful paintings in miniature, executed by Greek artists. It is a *Lectionarium*, or Extract from the Gospels, for the use of the Greek church, and is a monument of the state of the arts in the eleventh century.

The geographical dictionary of the Russian Empire, undertaken in 1801, at Moscow, by Maximus Witsch, and some other able geographers, has lately been resumed, and promises descriptions equally curious and detailed, together with accurate maps of every part of that vast empire.

An account of the Travels of the Russian Embassy to the Ottoman Porte, written by M. Reimers, has been printed at the expence of the government at Petersburg. It forms three quarto volumes, and is embellished with six beautiful views of Constantinople, a portrait of the present grand signior, and a map of

the coasts of Europe and Asia, adjacent to the Turkish metropolis. This work furnishes very accurate details, relative to the embassy; a description of the Russian and Tartarian provinces traversed by the ambassador and his suite; new information relative to Constantinople and its environs; the manners of the Turks; the navigation of the Black Sea; and other particulars equally interesting.

The new planet, discovered by M. Harding, at Libenthal, has been named Juno.

In a Series of Historical Memoirs relative to the Cardinals of the Catholic Church, lately published at Rome, by M. Lorenzo Cardella, the following statement is given of the cardinals furnished by each of the monastic orders: the benedictines, 130; the franciscans, 50; the dominicans the same number; and the jesuits only 10. Of the French nation there have been 362, which number exceeds that of any other, excepting the Italian, which has always furnished at least two-thirds.

From the account which has been published of M. Gay Lussac's second aerial excursion, at Paris, we are informed, that he ascended 21,600 feet above the level of the sea; that, at the height to which he attained, the magnetic power underwent no variation. The chemical properties of the air, its weight excepted, remained the same, and the heat of the atmosphere diminished, as he ascended, very nearly in an arithmetical progression.

The court of St. Petersburg has lately published a long edict, containing regulations with regard to the circulation of literary productions of all sorts. Whatever relates to religion must, previously to publication, be examined and approved by a censorship composed of members of the established church. Bonaparte has issued the severest decrees against the importation of all foreign journals. The king of Sweden has prohibited all French works and journals; and the court of Spain has forbidden the circulation of Portalis's Discourse on the Conclusion of the Concordat, as being full of dangerous principles.

A work is just published, in the Hungarian language, on the jurisprudence of that kingdom; it is entitled "The Patriotic Code of Elias Geotsch." The author is professor of the academy of Presburg.

The elector of Bavaria has purchased for the university of Wurzburg the Blankian cabinet of natural history, consisting of 28,000 specimens. The library of the university has likewise been considerably enriched with the books that belonged to many of the secularised monasteries.

The library of the academic institution at Colmar, contains a manuscript, which by the character, appears to have been written at the conclusion of the twelfth century. It appears under the simple form of a narrative, but it is rendered extremely valuable, by the opinion that the author intended to give it a complete picture of his own times.

In all the catholic academies of Hungary, and the hereditary states of the emperor of Germany, there have been appointed catechists, in order that the knowledge and practice of religion may keep pace with other improvements. In the instructions to the German catechists is the following paragraph: "As the grounds of religion have been questioned by philosophers, it is necessary that religious instruction in the academies should be founded upon authority and faith, and that whatever may tend to sap this foundation, even critical and historical disquisitions concerning it, should be carefully avoided."

Several scientific men have formerly visited Salzburg and the Tyrol, on mineralogical pursuits. Karsten, a German mineralogist of reputation, has employed the last summer in examining the minerals of these mountainous countries; and the lovers of that science may expect soon to have the result of his researches laid before them. Another scientific tour has been under-

taken by professor Wildenow, of Berlin, a botanist of considerable reputation. His route was through Vienna to Trieste and Venice.

Francois de Neufchateau, the ex-director, is preparing a work on agriculture. One part is already published, containing the results of experiments on the cultivation of carrots and parsnips by the plough.

It is found, by M. Parmentier, that the best method of preserving eggs consists in plunging them, for two seconds, in boiling water; they may be then kept for many months, if deposited in a cool place, or in salt.

For the Literary Magazine.

DUTIES OF EDITORS.

To the Editor, &c.

I AM a warm well-wisher to your work, and am sorry that it does not seem to have attained a popularity and circulation quite as extensive as I think it merits. I have been casting about a good deal to divine the cause of this, and being unwilling to impute it to any deficiency, either of real merit in yourself, or of penetration or munificence in the public, I am inclined to ascribe it to the neglect of certain arts, by which the respect and attention of the world is much more certainly won than by any solid excellence.

You seem not to know that the mob of readers are glad to have the labour of judging taken off their hands, that they are grateful to those who will take that trouble on themselves. Instead, therefore, of thrusting your prose and verse on their attention, just as it came to your's, naked and without comment, you should always carefully seize the opportunity of delivering your own opinion of its merits, by way of preface or supplement. Your word will frequently be taken by those who read the piece itself, however adverse it may be to the sentence which their unaided judgment might pronounce upon it; and, of course, will be oracle to those, and they constitute the greatest number, who do not read the essay referred to. If you tell them the essay is highly ingenious, or the verse remarkably poetical, it is enough. They will not read, or, if they do read, they will not take the trouble of a cautious survey, because you have read and judged for them: and your essay or your poem will have all the merit, in their eyes, which you think proper to ascribe to it.

You seem likewise ignorant that the world sets a great value upon every thing *original*. It is of no consequence that the reader has never before met with the dish you offer him; neither its intrinsic excellence, nor its absolute novelty to him is any recommendation of a dish which has frequently been served up before. It must now be offered for the first time.

You will probably insist upon the difficulty of obtaining original communications of real value; but this plea is a very feeble one, for you ought, by this time, to know that your purpose is equally answered, whether what you publish be really original, or be only supposed by your readers to be so. Nothing is more easy than to mislead the most wary and sagacious in this respect. The world of books has never been thoroughly explored by the most enterprising student, and it can hardly be imagined how very unfaithful and illusory the memory of the most indefatigable reader becomes. The more we read, according to the common observation, the more we forget; and the most noted passages, in the most noted books, may be frequently palmed upon the world as original, and either nobody detects the imposture, or the few that do so have no interest in making the detection equally public with the imposition.

However innocent this kind of

imposture may be, and beneficial to yourself and others, you, perhaps, may feel some scruples about employing it. These scruples are impertinent and groundless: but nothing is more easy than to satisfy or silence them. You have only to forbear any direct or positive assertion respecting the performance; divest it of the needless parade of references to author's name, to volumes, and to pages; only give the reader leave to suppose it original, and the supposition, if he never met with it before, will be readily admitted. There are, indeed, a thousand modes by which the reader can be impressed with the belief that the page before him *ne'er craved the press, and ne'er knew type before*, without loading your conscience with the expence of falsehood. A single equivocating epithet, or dexterous ambiguity, will frequently answer this purpose.—You may easily confound the translator, and even the transcriber, of a piece with the author of it, and yet effectually preserve a loop-hole, through which, when assailed by a knowing or malignant reader, you may seasonably escape.

There is one thing, indeed, in which you are principally and particularly deficient. You by no means pay sufficient regard to your correspondents. You think, perhaps, that you fully perform your duty to them by promptly publishing what you approve, or silently omitting what you condemn. But here you commit a double mistake. The first kind of correspondents think themselves entitled to a particular note, expressing your gratitude and admiration; or, at least, their vanity would be highly gratified by this particular notice, and you would thereby not only secure their general good-will, but you would afford a powerful stimulus to new efforts in your favour. In the second place, instead of passing over in silence those you disapprove and reject, you should eagerly seize the opportunity of displaying your wit, if you have any, at their expence. Nothing diverts us more than sarcasms and contempts, of which other people are the mark. It is true you insult and displease a man who never offended you, but who, on the contrary, has intended you a service; but that is a trivial consideration. It is only *one* of your readers whom you offend, while you entertain and edify all the rest. You likewise exalt the reputation of your critical sagacity in the general opinion, for the test of a critical judgment will always be placed in finding fault. You will impress us, too, with a notion that your letter-box is well supplied, and will lay new claim to our gratitude, on account of the judgment and labour you employ in selecting, from a voluminous and crowded store, the materials of our entertainment.

You seem, likewise, to have overlooked one very obvious means of effecting this purpose. Your stupidity or scrupulosity prevents you from reflecting that to *this* end an imaginary correspondent is just as useful as a real one. You forbear to notice the correspondents you really have, instead of adding to the list a multitude of handsome signatures, and giving us monthly an agreeable medley of compliment and sarcasm. You might thus enhance your importance in what degree you pleased. By dealing out dark illusions, you would afford agreeable employment to the fancy, which delights to be puzzled; which is never more zealously busy than in drawing out a hint to its full length; clearing up a mystery; or translating an inuendo. In this way you might indulge yourself in a boundless liberty of speculation, and press into your service, without the possibility of detection, all the wits and sages of the nation.

I hope this well-meant counsel may not be thrown away upon you, but that your ensuing numbers will manifest a thorough reformation in all these respects: and so I conclude,

Your's, M. W.

For the Literary Magazine.

KOTAN HUSBANDRY.

The following particulars are taken from a French translation of a German author, who has filled a volume with economical reveries of the same kind. They are fanciful, but not destitute of some solidity, and may amuse those whom they do not instruct.

HUSBANDRY, the most important of all arts, has been reduced to very simple principles, and been brought within a very narrow compass, by this nation. There is no art susceptible of greater variety in its operations than this, and none in which the western nations have actually adopted a greater number and diversity of modes. This obviously arises from the dispersed and unconnected situation of the cultivators, and from their stupidity and ignorance. The learned and curious have laid out their wealth and their curiosity on different objects, and the art of extracting human subsistence from the earth has been treated with contempt and negligence.

There is no one circumstance, which strikes the sense of the stranger with a stronger sense of novelty, than the system and all the appendages of Kotan husbandry. A man, fresh from Europe, and somewhat familiar with the agriculture of his native country, and finding himself among a civilized nation, looks around him in expectation of meeting with the same objects, but almost every object he meets with informs him that he has fallen among a new race of men.

In the first place, he will notice with surprise the degree of uniformity which he will meet with. As he passes from district to district, and from province to province, he will naturally look for new subjects and modes of culture, but he will be disappointed. As he passes from one extremity of the empire to another, farms of similar dimensions, distributed and cultivated in the same manner, stocked in the same manner and degree, and with buildings and tenants of the same fashion, will be every where found. I need not observe, that, in these respects, an absolute sameness prevails. Variety is the necessary attendant on all human affairs, and some differences necessarily flow from soil and climate. Exclusive of these last, however, the variety confines itself within narrow limits, and is much less in districts a thousand miles from each other, than in German farms, within the same parish.

As the country was formerly divided into numerous petty states, the modes of cultivating the earth were as diverse as possible; but since one of these states has gained an absolute ascendancy over the rest, the whole mass, in all its modifications and ingredients, has been rapidly assimilating to the conquering state. There is no circumstance in which the ruling powers have more zealously laboured to produce a uniformity, than in the cultivation of the earth. They seem to have thought that one mode of husbandry was more beneficial than any other, and that the prosperity of the state eminently depended on the kind and quantity of provision which was drawn from the soil. Hence, having conceived the notion of a farm as it ought to be, they have bent their mightiest efforts to destroying every other scheme of cultivation, and establishing this in its stead.

Their plan of husbandry, in its objects and operations, would no less surprise a stranger by its simplicity, than by its extensive prevalence. The care of every husbandman has properly but one object. This is a root called beel. From this root is derived the whole vegetable food of the society, and with this are fed all the domestic animals.

Instead of a great variety of grains, some of which are confined to man, and some to beasts, some to satisfy the cravings of the poor and laborious, some to pamper the rich; instead of a great number of esculent

and garden vegetables, the Kotan field and garden are acquainted with but one. As agriculture is entirely confined to this one plant, and as its culture and properties are universally known, it will be proper to enter into some particulars respecting it. The food of the nation being entirely drawn from this root, directly or indirectly, it is necessary to be well acquainted with it.

The beel is a species of potatoe or yam. It possesses, like that root, a smooth, thin skin; and several roots are connected with one stalk. Its shape, however, is more regular, inclining almost always to the oval.

Its taste is much more lively, pungent, and saccharine than that of the potatoe. The pulp is of a yellowish hue, and all the preparations of this plant have a tincture of that kind.

The size of the root, and the number belonging to one stalk, depend very much on the soil and culture. The plant, in a poor soil and totally neglected, will produce two or three roots, the whole weight of which is equal to about eight ounces avoird.; whereas, if aided by manure, plentifully watered, and frequently tilled and dressed, the product will be equal to ten pounds. The difference, therefore, which is made by human art, is as twenty to one.

This is a hardy plant, and is a native of the soil, as a small kind is is found in desert places, which is found capable of being improved, by culture, into an equality with the largest and best; and the best kinds, if wholly neglected, are found to degenerate into a resemblance to this wild one.

It will grow in every soil which is not exceedingly bad. It will flourish most in the blackest and richest, but will grow wherever there is a small proportion of productive particles: the product being in proportion to the goodness of the soil, and the labour, manure, and especially the watering bestowed upon it.

It is commonly planted in squares, whose sides are sixteen inches. The seed consists of a small root of the previous harvest. The ground is prepared for it, by being well broken up by a hoe, and the dung of cattle is put into the hole which receives the seed. It is then covered up, four or five inches deep.

The subsequent duty of the husbandmen merely consists in loosening the earth, in the intervals, extirpating all weeds, and in supplying the ground with water. The thriving of the plant depends more upon the use of the hoe than on any other circumstance. It is hardly possible to give it too much hoeing. It is well known that a single plant, carefully hoed every day, during the whole period of its growth, will produce twenty pounds of roots, provided some manure, and seasonable irrigation in dry weather, be likewise used.

The water may be frequently given, but sparingly. It must not be overflowed with water, but only sprinkled, and the oftener this is done, not exceeding once in twenty-four hours, in dry weather, the more flourishing is the plant.

This degree of attention it is not possible to pay where the fields are large, and the hands few; and yet if one plant, fully tended, will produce as much as ten or twenty, attended with less assiduity, it is evident that, if the labour be in both cases equal, the first case is preferable to the latter, since ground is saved in the same proportion that labour is expended.

To this plant their whole husbandry, as to edibles, is confined. The vegetable part of the food of man consists wholly in this, and this being the mere subsistence of their cattle, it supplies them likewise, indirectly, with all their meat, milk, butter, and cheese. Beel espree, or beel-planting, is, therefore, another name for agriculture or farming.

A small, but stout, well-looking species of the bovine genus is the only cattle which is known. Instead of that variety with which I was

accustomed at home, of sheep, goats, hogs, and kine, the latter is the only one that makes its appearance.—Those who know the value of the hog and the sheep, the former of which supplies a solid and beneficial nutriment, at a very small expence in the maintenance, and the latter affords at the same time milk, meat, leather, and hair for clothes, will censure the Kotans for confining their whole attention to a single species of domestic animals.

They are no stranger to the hog and sheep, which are in common use in the neighbouring regions, nor does any superstition appear to operate against them. Their own opinion is in in favour of the use of kine, in consequence of which all other domestic quadrupeds are totally unknown among them, except by description.

They never mutilate their cattle. Those only among the males who are requisite to continue the species are permitted to grow up to maturity. The rest are, at an early age, consigned to the butcher.

Cows are maintained for the sake of their milk. After five years old, they are deemed unfit for this service, and are killed. Their flesh is firm and well tasted beef, nor is there any thing remarkably peculiar to the breed. They afford plenty of milk, which is manufactured into cheese and butter.

Their colour is by no means uniform. A pure white is most common, but a dusky red, growing gradually dark towards the extremities, is not uncommon. I never met with any of a dappled, motley, or brindled hue.

In the management of cattle, every thing is marked with an order and nicety not elsewhere to be seen. Their cattle do not subsist by pasture or grass, but are fed entirely on beef. They remain all the year round in pens or yards. Their bodies are kept perfectly clean by washing and brushing. Their pens are paved or floored with well burnt clay, and their refuse is carefully removed every day. All the necessary accommodations are adjusted and arranged with the utmost order and harmony. When I first saw a cow-pen, I could not conceal my astonishment at the cleanliness and even elegance of every object. The animals themselves were as sleek as a well dressed horse, and habit had made them as docile as dogs. They implicitly obeyed the voice of their keeper and milker, and moved to and fro, and took particular attitudes or stations, without reluctance or delay.

A cow of full age and health requires a daily supply of thirty-five pounds of beef. If boiled, a less quantity will suffice. This food appears to be in the highest degree congenial with their nature. They eat it with never-failing relish, and their milk flows with little difference as to quantity throughout the year. They are plump and round, and afford the most delightful examples of meek, placid faces.

Indeed, when we reflect upon the life which the Kotan cow and bull lead, we see in what an eminent degree man is capable of being the benefactor of the lower animals. We likewise see that benevolence and interest inculcate the same lesson, since the happier the cow is made, the more advantageous is she to her benefactor.

In the first place, their existence is absolutely void of all toil and care. They are not employed either in draft or burthen. To supply milk and continue their race, both of which are mere pleasures to them, are all that is required of them. In return for this, plenty of the most delicious food is given them; chrystal springs continually flow to their lips; a shelter is provided for them against adverse elements; their persons are cleansed and purified; and their treatment is invariably gentle and soothing. From the fear of death, that copious source of misery, their limited faculties secure them; and death, which must come, is inflicted in the easiest and quick-

est manner. A sharp instrument is struck into their spine, which ends their existence in an instant.

There is some difference in their condition, according to the temper, knowledge, and wealth of the proprietor, but there is now a very great uniformity, in all these respects, throughout the kingdom, and the cow that fares worst may still be said to enjoy a terrestrial paradise.

A very small portion of the milk is consumed in its natural state. It is made into cheese and butter, and the residue composes the liquid part of their food. Their cheese is formed into various shapes, sometimes fanciful and imitative; but each mass is always so modelled as to weigh about ten pounds. This is sent to market in bamboo baskets.

The colour of this cheese is a bright orange. It is generally dry and firm, and becomes harder by age. It is so hard, before it is eaten, as to endure being ground into powder, and in this state it always comes upon table.

Their butter, the greater part of it, is consumed at a distance from the place where it is made, and after being kept for some time. It is consequently seasoned with salt, and formed into masses of ten pounds.

This cheese and butter are generally equal to the best which I ever tasted. They are better in some districts than in others, but the food of the cows being the same in all cases, the products are sufficiently alike. There is in their milk, cheese, and butter a peculiar flavour, arising from the use of beef. At first, this property displeased my palate, merely because I was unused to it. In a little time, I began to relish it extremely, and Saxon butter is now insipid to my taste.

In their dairies, running water is deemed indispensable. Their vessels are formed of bamboo. Their churn is a hollow cylinder of this wood, in which there is a turning axis, with dashers affixed to it. This axis, when the power is at hand, is turned by a jet of water.

A Kotan dairy is a circular space, built round with apartments, suited to the various purposes of making and preserving milk, butter, and cheese. In the centre is a court in which the cattle are folded, and which contains all the necessary means for feeding, watering, and sheltering them.

No instrument of tillage is more familiar to us than the plough, and the great business of the ox and the horse is to drag it over the ground. The use of the plough has been suggested by the need there was of economizing labour; and it is so obvious an expedient, that no contrivance is more ancient and general than this. In Kotan, however, the inquisitive traveller looks in vain for a plough. The only instruments of tillage are the hand and the hoe. The preparation of the soil for beel, the planting, the weeding, and the taking up, when mature, are all performed by one instrument, which I call the hoe, because it is used oftener as a hoe than as a spade, though it is so adapted to the handle as to be screwed on in different ways, and to serve either purpose, as occasion requires.

The want of the plough appeared to me a very manifest defect in their system. The plough performs the work of a great number of spades, in a shorter time, and sometimes in a more effectual manner. Hence, as there is no business more constantly and generally followed than that of tilling the ground, no invention has done more towards lightening the most necessary of human labours.

Finding the use of the hoe or spade universal, I imagined that I had a fine opportunity of improving their art, and took a great deal of pains, on many occasions, to show the great superiority of the plough. I was never eloquent enough, however, to make a convert of any who was worth convincing. Their prejudices as easily found arguments against the plough, as those of European farmers would find them against the exclusive use of the

spade. Every particular in our management was such as to shock their established habits. The mutilation of cattle, the devoting of an animal, so sacred as this is in their eyes, to so toilsome a drudgery, were the first ideas that always occurred to their imagination. They likewise denied that the use of the plough occasioned any saving of labour. The oxen put into the yoke were to be maintained in health and vigour, and the most moderate calculation always makes the subsistence of a cow or ox equal to the quantity of food consumed by twelve men. The question, therefore, necessarily occurred, whether the strength of two oxen was equal to that of twenty-four men.'

All nice comparisons, however, between the maintenance and labour of men and oxen were precluded by the notion that the thorough cultivation of the hoe could not be effected by any other instrument, and that the present state of population and tillage did no more than furnish wholesome and agreeable employment to that class who cultivated the ground: more compendious modes are thought pernicious, inasmuch as they would occasion idleness in those who are at present employed in no greater degree than is wholesome and agreeable.

For the Literary Magazine.

ANECDOTE.

IN a book printed at Bourdeaux, and composed to exalt the merit of one set of monks, St. Peter is supposed to ask of St. Michael, "Who is it that knocks at the door?" The answer is, "A carmelite." "A carmelite!" repeats St. Peter, peevishly, "a carmelite! I think we have none at the gate of heaven but carmelites, from morning to night. Well, he must stay; I shall not open the gate till there is a dozen together of them."

For the Literary Magazine.

LONDON MANNERS.

FEW circumstances more strongly illustrate the present state of London manners than the mode on which gambling is conducted. About five years ago, a keeper of a gambling-house became bankrupt. After having cleared himself of all incumbrances by a statute, he immediately opened a subscription gambling-house in Bond-street, on a larger scale than ever, which in a few weeks obtained not less than *four hundred subscribers, at twelve guineas* per annum each, making an aggregate rental of upwards of *five thousand* pounds a-year for him to subsist upon, independently of half-a-guinea a night, in addition, from every person who touches a die or card. Much business has since been performed in this elegant circle of accomplished life. Several of the associates had no great reason to bless the luck that has attended them: yet, in every successive year, the business considerably increased. Lord B—h was unfortunate enough, in a single night, to lose not less than *one hundred and seventy thousand pounds*, and hereby to render himself a beggar for life, or rather, perhaps, to establish himself as a gambler by profession.

For the Literary Magazine.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

WE sometimes meet, among ancient authors, with advice, in giving which it is doubtful whether they were in jest or earnest. This doubt can hardly fail of being entertained, when the substance of the counsel is

considered, though other circumstances fully convince us that they were serious. The following passage, for example, occurs in the writings of Hippocrates:

"In a fracture of the thigh," says this renowned sage, "the extension ought to be particularly great, the muscles being so strong, that, notwithstanding the bandages, their contraction is apt to shorten the limb. This is a deformity so deplorable, that when there is reason to apprehend it, I advise the patient to suffer the other thigh to be broken also, to have them both of one length."

For the Literary Magazine.

DEAN SWIFT.

SHAKESPEARE and dean Swift are surely memorable instances of the extravagance to which fashion will sometimes carry our veneration for particular writers. The merit of performances in relation to these writers is never considered. The only question is, whether the scrap belongs to them or not. If it be certainly their production, it is immediately admitted to a participation of their divine honours.

There was lately an attempt to take advantage of this popular superstition by palming upon Shakespeare an antiquated tragedy called *Vortigern*. The greatest abilities were immediately called into full action, not to ascertain the merit of the work, and to admit its claim to notice and regard, in proportion to its merit. No. This seems not to have occupied the attention of the mob of critics a moment. Their sole enquiry was whether it was Shakespeare's or not. Had it proved to be his, it would instantly have been multiplied ten thousand fold; all the splendour of painting, paper, and typography would have been lavished upon it; and the subtlest wit and most laborious erudition would have thought themselves laudably engaged in explaining its puns, illustrating its quibbles, and unveiling its obscenities.

Thus have many ingenious people been employed, during the last century, in raking together every thing written by dean Swift. Nonsense, malignity, and filthiness, that would have eternally disgraced a living writer, derive a value from having flowed from the pen of Swift, and are carefully inserted in the splendid and costly editions of his works which are continually issuing from the press.

That the dean was a blind fanatic may be proved, if proof were wanting, from the terms of high and fulsome panegyric of which he speaks of the Memoirs of a Captain Chreighton, a Scottish officer of dragoons, employed by the detestable ministry of Charles II, to discover and seize presbyterian preachers among the Highlands. The dean extols this wretched tool of persecution as another Philip de Comines.

The first exploit this hero boasts was the seizing, with a party of soldiers, one Stobow, a poor non-con teacher, and the leading him to almost certain death, although his daughter offered him a hundred dollars to let her parent escape. He then tells his readers how he and his comrades lived plentifully a whole year on a contribution raised to recover a horse, which they had literally *stolen* from a lady who attended a conventicle. Soon after, our Philip de Comines, at the head of twelve dragoons, took a very celebrated preacher, and brought him to the gallows. He now believed himself such a favourite of heaven, that he had revelation after revelation by dreams, and impressions on his mind, to tell him the hiding-places of the poor, persecuted Scotsmen, who were certainly by no means greater fanatics than himself. These he loads with all the scurrility of a drunken trooper: they are "rogues, rascals, rebels," &c. He "rakes hell" to find a soldier that can mimic their clergy-

men; in short, the whole work, recommended enthusiastically by the dean of St. Patrick's, is the most extraordinary instance of blind fanaticism, both in the writer and in the encomiast, that any age ever produced.

For the Literary Magazine.

USE OF ASTRONOMY.

THERE are few pursuits which have less practical connection with the common offices and avocations of human life than astronomy. It seems impossible to bring into domestic application the most profound or various knowledge of the heavens. One of the greatest efforts of astronomical sagacity is the discovery of a new planet; but though the existence of a planet be of the greatest importance in the scheme of the universe, the discovery of its existence seems altogether useless to the regulation of our own private affairs, either as goers to market, as superintendants of the kitchen, or as presidents of the parlour.

The ancients have left us a good story of Thales of Miletus, by which the insufficency of these celestial speculations to save us from the most common mischances of life is familiarly illustrated.

A girl, of dubious character, seeing him gazing at the heavens, as he walked along, and perhaps piqued at his not casting an eye at her attractions, put a stool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his shins. The excuse she made was, that she meant to teach him to look at home, before he indulged himself in star-gazing.

For the Literary Magazine.

SERIOUS PARODY.

LABORIOUS dulness, in modern times, has never been more indefatigably employed than in writing Latin verses. These compositions are, in general, a sort of mosaic, in which innumerable fragments are put together, so as to form a whole, entirely different from those *entires*, of which these fragments originally contributed to the formation.

But one of the principal freaks of dulness, and, it must be owned, one of the most amusing and *least dull* of her freaks consists in parody. Of *facetious* parody there are numerous examples, and there are not wanting instances of *serious* parody.—Thus the Iliad and the Æneid have been, more than once, by an ingenious and elaborate process of *substitution*, converted into histories of our Saviour's life and death.

What dulness has often attempted, genius, allied with patience, has sometimes not disdained. One of the most extraordinary specimens of *serious* parody is the production of a learned professor in a Saxon university, who has, with infinite labour, transformed the odes and epodes of Horace into pious hymns, preserving the original measure, and, as far as possible, the words of the Roman poet. The classical reader will, at one glance, comprehend the amazing difficulties which such a parodist must undergo, and will be surprised to find these heterodox productions not wanting in pure Latinity; however, that he may judge for himself, a specimen or two we will give him.

Ad Pyrrham. Ode V. Lib. I.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis? &c., &c.

Ad Mariam Deiparam. Parodia V. Lib. I.

Quis fœno recubans, in gracili tenes
Inuexus teneris te, pia, fasciis
Blandus, Virgo, puellus?
Cui primos adhibes cibos.
Dives munditiis? &c., &c.

In Juliam Barinem. Ode 8. *Lib.* 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior unqui.
Crederem—Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura, &c., &c., &c.

Προσφωνησις *Christi ad Peccatorem. Parodia* 9. *Lib.* 2.

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati
Culpa, peccator, doluisset unquam
Mente, si tantum fieres vel unâ
Tristior hora
Flauderem—Sed tu, simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, ingemiscis
Ob scelus nunquam, scelerumque prodis
Publicus autor, &c , &c., &c.

In Bacchum. Ode 23. *Lib.* 3.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quod agor
in specus,
Velox mente novâ; quibus
Antris, egregie Cæsaris audiar
Æternum meditans decus
Stellis inserere & consilio Jovis, &c.

Parodia 23. *Lib* 3. *Ad Christum.*

Quo me, Christe, feram mali
Plenum, Quæ in nemora, aut quos fugiam in specus,
Pressus mole gravi? Quibus
Antris, ob maculam criminis occultar
Æternam meditans facem
Infernum effugere, et simplicium Stygis, &c.

These samples will suffice. They are certainly remarkable proofs of human ingenuity; and as they have merit independent of their prototype, it is but justice to assign them the additional, though less honourable praise, to which they are entitled as parodies.

Buchanan's version of the Psalms, into Horatian language and metre, is the most extraordinary effort of genius and learning, in this way, with which the world is acquainted. The task which the poet assigned to himself consisted, first, in giving a christian form to the topics and allusions of the royal psalmist; and, secondly, in adapting the language, imagery, and taste of Roman lyric poetry to christian topics and allusions. This arduous task he has performed with illustrious success; and what renders this success still more wonderful, is the situation in which the undertaking was accomplished. Buchanan fell, perhaps deservedly, under the suspicion of infidelity, and was condemned to make this version of the Psalms as a penance, by the Portuguese inquisition, in a dungeon at Lisbon. How strenuous, how well-stored must be the mind, who could execute such a task, with such success, in such circumstances!

I confess I feel no small complacency for that pope of the last century, who, smitten with classical enthusiasm, meditated, for a while, the introduction of Buchanan's Psalms into religious worship. When we consider the sanctity ascribed by catholics to the Latin language, by the scholar to true classical Latinity, and by all christians to the hymns of David, we shall see the powerful recommendations which such a scheme possessed. The scheme, indeed, as soon as it was conceived, was abandoned as impracticable and chimerical, but the greater is the pity.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICISM.

The Guilt, Folly, and Sources of Suicide: two discourses, preached in the city of New York, February, 1805. *By Samuel Miller, D. D., one of the pastors of the united presbyterian churches in said city. New York: T. & J. Swords.* 1805.

THE author builds the reasonings and exhortations of these pages on the well-known counsel given to Job by his wife. After some judicious remarks on the conduct and character of Job, he proceeds to define the

crime of suicide, in a much larger sense than is commonly assigned to it, and in such a sense as will greatly extend the application and utility of the lessons which these discourses convey.

"By suicide is meant," says Dr. Miller, "not merely self-murder by immediate violence, but also the destruction of our own life by wanton exposure to violence from others, or by any indirect means. The *duellist* is guilty of this crime. He who commits a felony with the express view of being put to death by the hand of public justice, is also guilty of it; and, in general, every one who, voluntarily and without necessity, places himself in the way of danger. There are occasions, indeed, on which it is the duty of men to put their lives in jeopardy, and even resolutely to sacrifice them. The case of *martyrdom* is one instance of such duty, and the case of *just and necessary war* is another. But it is possible, in either of these cases, to court death foolishly and wickedly. We are bound to use all lawful means to preserve our own lives; and, therefore, he who, *in any case whatever*, destroys his life, or who permits it to be destroyed, when he is able, without denying the truth, or abandoning duty, to save it, is chargeable with the whole guilt belonging to the crime which we are about to consider."

To those who may imagine that the rarity of suicide makes it an unsuitable theme for public and pulpit admonition, he addresses himself in the following earnest and cogent manner:

"Brethren, be not deceived!—Every individual who hears me has an interest in this subject. Who can foresee the situations in which he may hereafter be placed, or the temptations by which he may hereafter be assailed? Or who can tell how soon the conduct of a near relative, or of a valued friend, may bring the subject home, with the deepest interest, to his bosom? It is probable, that the most of those who have fallen into this deplorable sin, were once as ready as any of my present hearers can now be, to think and to say, *What, is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?* In truth, it becomes depraved creatures, with regard to every sin, to be humble and watchful; for there is no sin into which they may not fall, if forsaken by restraining grace."

In the first of these discourses, the orator dwells upon the guilt and folly of suicide; in the second, he enumerates and explains the causes from which this crime usually proceeds. In proving the guilt of suicide, he advances the customary arguments, drawn from the submission due from man to the will of his creator; from the force and authority of the principle of self-preservation; and from the duty of the individual to society. On all these topics the author reasons in a manner plain, serious, and remarkably cogent. Most of these reasonings are chiefly adapted to influence our judgments of the suicide, and thus indirectly and remotely to regulate our own conduct, by previously persuading us of the guilt and folly of *self-murder:* but we cannot forbear quoting the following passages, because they most eloquently and persuasively address the reason and feelings of desperate men, and are calculated eminently to influence the victim in the critical hour.

"Say, miserable man! who art contemplating the crime of self-murder, hast thou no *parent*, the evening of whose days, by this crime, would be embittered, or whose gray hairs would be brought down with sorrow to the grave? Hast thou no amiable *partner* of thy life, who would be precipitated by this step into the deepest affliction? Hast thou no *tender babes*, who by thy desertion would be left fatherless, and exposed to all the dangers of an unpitying world? Hast thou no *brethren* or *sisters* to share in the grief and the disgrace of thine unworthy conduct? Are there no *friends* who love thee, who would weep over thy folly and sin,

and feel themselves wounded by thy fall? In short, would the execution of thy wicked purpose disturb the peace of no family? defraud no creditor? plunge no friend into difficulty? rob no fellow creature of advantage or enjoyment? Ah! if the evil terminated in thine own person, though still a crime, it would be comparatively small. But the consequences of such a step would probably extend beyond thy conception, and last longer than thy memory. Stay then, guilty man! stay thy murderous hand! Extinguish not the happiness and the hopes of a family, it may be, of many families! Forbear, O forbear to inflict wounds which no time can heal, and which may tempt survivors to wish that thou hadst never been born!

"Let no one say, that he is *useless* in the world; that his life is of no value, either to his relatives, or to mankind; and, therefore, that he does no injury by taking it away. If any man be really useless, it is his disgrace and his sin; and to think of justifying one crime by pleading that he has committed a previous one, is as wretched logic as it is detestable morality. But the degree of our usefulness in society is a question concerning which, as we are not competent to judge, so we are not at liberty to decide for ourselves. The victim of depression and melancholy may sometimes think himself an unprofitable member of the community, a mere *cumberer of the ground*, when his services are really substantial and important. And even admitting that he is, at present, so afflicted, so infirm, so vicious, so degraded, or so unfavourably situated in any respect, as to be entirely useless, has he lost every capacity of being otherwise in time to come? Or, if this capacity be now lost, is every possibility of recovering it certainly precluded? May not his infirmities be hereafter removed? the clouds which hang over him be dissipated? his vices be repented of and abandoned? his reputation be restored? and his means of usefulness become, if not great and extensive, at least important in a moderate sphere? If these things be duly considered, it will be manifest that there is not an individual breathing who can, with propriety, plead in defence of despair and suicide, that he is useless; as there is certainly no individual, on this side the grave, whose life either *is* not, or *might* not be, of some value to mankind."

In the same forcible and persuasive strain he afterwards proceeds:

"Let us go to yonder victim of impatience and despair, who wanders silent, melancholy, and alone, meditating the termination of his sorrows by the pistol, or the poisonous draught; let us approach, and inquire why he is disgusted with life? You are *embarrassed in your circumstances;* you have been robbed of your property by fraud, or by other disastrous occurrences; you have been precipitated from the height of affluence to the most abject poverty; *you cannot dig, to beg you are ashamed,* and therefore resolve to fly from life. But, before you take this dreadful and irrevocable step, pause a moment, and answer me the following questions: Is a large portion of property indispensably necessary to happiness? Have not thousands been contented and happy with as small a pittance as that which you yet possess? Nay, have not some found *more* real enjoyment after being thus reduced, than they found in the days of their affluence and prosperity? Was not the Saviour of the world, when he sojourned upon the earth, without *a place where to lay his head?* And has he not, by his example, made poverty and sufferings honourable? Besides, though you are now in straitened circumstances, may not a kind Providence hereafter smile upon you, and reward your industry with comfort and plenty? Who can tell but that, like *Job*, your *latter end*, in this respect, *may be more blessed than your beginning?* But even supposing the worst; will you destroy a life on which so much depends,

for the sake of treasures which are transient and unsatisfying; for a little glittering dust which perishes in the using; "for so much trash as may be grasped thus?" Miserable estimate! ignoble alternative! Live! and exhibit the sublime, the edifying spectacle of one struggling with want, and yet holding fast his integrity.

"If we inquire of another, we shall find that he is hurried on to despair by the prospect of disgrace. He has, perhaps, been betrayed into infamous crimes, or led, less criminally, into circumstances which, he fears, have destroyed his reputation, and he cannot think of surviving his character. But, alas! deluded man! are you so thoughtless as not to perceive that your calculation is as false as the design which you harbour is criminal? If you are now in disgrace, what advantage will you gain by hiding yourself in the grave? Certainly none. On the contrary, you will aggravate instead of diminishing the evil, because you will seal yourself up under eternal infamy, and cut off all hope of regaining public esteem. Rather live, and, by by a course of worthy actions, endeavour to retrieve your character. Live! and testify, by your future conduct, that you are neither irreclaimable nor unprincipled.

"A *third* is, perhaps, afflicted with a tormenting, or, apparently, an incurable *disease*. He prefers death to a life of torture, and therefore determines not to wait for his regular dismission from suffering. To such a one I would say, No man can certainly tell whether a disease which he thinks incurable may not afterwards be found to admit of some remedy, or, at least, of some alleviation. Dark and dismal as your prospect now is, you may, like *Job*, be again restored to health and enjoyment; or, if not perfectly restored, your burden may be rendered comparatively light and tolerable. But supposing that your case is hopeless, and that your whole life is destined to be a scene of suffering, which is most becoming in a *rational being*, and especially in a *christian*, to bear suffering with firmness, or to fly from it by illicit and cowardly means? What is it that raises to such an elevation the character of the martyrs and other primitive sufferers for the Gospel? What is it in their conduct which men of all habits and modes of thinking admire, and which sometimes even "extorts a trembling homage" from the blaspheming infidel? It is that divine magnanimity which deliberately chose to suffer the most excruciating tortures rather than to escape from them by the sacrifice of principle, or by yielding to forbidden demands.

"A *fourth*, it may be, will plead, that he has the certain prospect of an *ignominious death*, by the hand of public justice; or of a still more dreadful execution, by the *lingering torments* of savage foes; and that he is, therefore, justifiable in dispatching himself in a more private and easy manner. Such have been the reasonings and conduct of some renowned personages, whose conduct on other occasions was more heroic, and more worthy of the rational character. But the same reasoning which was employed in the case of painful and incurable disease applies equally to this case. No man can be absolutely *certain* that the death which he considers as inevitable will be realized. Divine Providence has frequently interfered, in a most extraordinary manner, for the deliverance of those from whom all prospect of relief, from human sources, was cut off. But, setting this argument aside, who can tell what important ends the death which he fears is intended, by Infinite Wisdom, to answer both to himself and society? Unreserved submission to the will of God is always safe; while the smallest attempt to counteract this will is always both criminal and dangerous. Had those celebrated heroes of old, who embraced a voluntary death, rather than fall into the hands of enemies, or die by public execution, consented to live, and meet the dis-

pensations of Providence with unshaken fortitude, they would have displayed a more sublime heroism; and none can tell how much they might have promoted the welfare and glory of their country.

"Another has been disappointed in *love;* and, in the first emotions of despondency, considers life as insupportable. That tender passion which binds the sexes together, and lays the foundation of domestic happiness, is despised by none but those who never felt it; is condemned by none but those who renounce the authority of God, and are enemies of human happiness. But while this passion is allowed to be most important, and, when properly regulated, most laudable, yet let us not imagine, like those who borrow their principles of morality from the *stage*, or from *novels*, that love is the main business of life, and the attainment of its wishes all that is worth living for. There are considerations which should be regarded as paramount to every thing of this kind. There may be, and there doubtless frequently is, in this respect, an idolatry as criminal as it is unworthy the rational character. But allowing to each case of disappointed attachment all that importance which the subject of it may require, how many considerations immediately present themselves which should induce the sufferer to lay aside despondency, and determine to live! A little time may restore peace to a mind which is now perturbed and melancholy.—The object fondly sought may hereafter be attained, and abundantly reward a long pursuit; or, if this be not the case, a kind Providence may have in store, for the discouraged and despairing, a more suitable and a more happy connection.

"A *sixth*, perhaps young in years, but old in *dissipation* and *vice*, has run the round of what he calls pleasures; and having found little happiness in this course, and supposing that life can afford nothing better, he resolves to escape from a scene in which he finds no objects that can any longer interest or gratify him. This is not unfrequently the case with those wretched mortals, who have sought no enjoyments but those of the sensual kind; who have cultivated no taste but for scenes of dissipation and licentiousness. But how degraded is that mind that can find no interesting employment, no gratifying pursuit in such a world as this! Where are those elevated pleasures which arise from the cultivation of our minds, from the acquisition of knowledge, from walking, with chosen companions, in the delightful fields of literature and science?—Where are the sublime gratifications which flow from feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, instructing the ignorant, and directing the miserable wanderer "in the homeward way?" Where are the heavenly pleasures which arise from the exercise of grace and the discharge of holy duties? Can a world in which these are to be enjoyed be said to afford nothing that is worth living for? Blind and mistaken mortal! make trial of some of these pleasures; explore some of these paths to happiness, which you have hitherto neglected, and see if they be not worthy of your regard. Above all, open the volume of God, unfold the precious record of Redeeming Love, and there learn, by delightful experience, that the Gospel provides employment and pleasure for the mind, as much superior to the low gratifications of the sensualist *as the heavens are higher than the earth.*"

In the second discourse the author attempts to explain the causes of suicide. The principal of these causes he deems to be false principles in religion and morals. In discussing this topic, he introduces the following remarks on the influence of plays and novels:

"I cannot help remarking that the mischievous influence on popular opinions produced by many *dramatic representations*, and by licentious *novels*, may probably be considered as leading to many cases of

the crime before us. Perhaps some will pronounce this a far-fetched and illiberal supposition. But let me ask such objectors, whether many of these compositions do not make virtue and religion appear contemptible, and vice honourable, attractive, and triumphant? Do they not frequently put corrupt opinions into the mouth of some favourite hero, the splendour of whose character, in other respects, is made to embellish the most detestable sentiments, and the force of whose eloquence is employed to recommend the most criminal maxims? Do they not often represent the most odious crimes that mortals can commit, and suicide among the rest, as venial faults, and sometimes as no faults at all? In a word, are not many of them constructed precisely as if their leading object were to frame an apology for every passion, and to plead for the indulgence of every corrupt propensity?* Is it far-fetched or illiberal to say that such compositions have a tendency favourable to suicide, and that those who habitually delight in and peruse them are in the high road of danger? No, brethren, it is rather a subject of astonishment and regret that so many who bear the christian name appear to be so little impressed with a sense of this danger, and that some even doubt its reality."

Many readers will probably be greatly displeased at the harshness of the sentence thus passed upon dramatic and fictitious compositions. To the author's questions, "Whether *many* of these," &c. "Do they not *frequently* put corrupt opinions," &c. "Do they not *often* represent," &c. "Are not *many* of them constructed," &c., many readers will promptly reply in the *negative*. Plays and tales are designed to be pictures of human life, and these pictures are generally selected and coloured, in the present times, in such a manner as to correct the principles and mend the heart of the readers. It was not always thus; but, during the present age of English literature, this fact is particularly evident, and a very long list of popular works, both dramatic and narrative, might be formed, not at all deserving the censure which these passages convey.

Suicide, in truth, is very rarely to be found at all in the popular performances of either kind.—Wherever it occurs, so far as we remember, it is placed in such a light as to discourage rather than provoke imitation. Dr. Miller mentions particularly the tragedy of Cato and the romance of Heloise. His acknowledged virtue and religion vindicates the author of Cato from any *intention* of recommending suicide, and as to the *tendency* of that play, the *assertion of observers* must be supported by very strong testimony before we can believe it favourable to self-murder. The faults of Rousseau's famous novel are not few, but it really does not appear to us chargeable with promoting suicide. Some readers *may* suppose the preponderance of argument in the epistolary controversy contained in the work to be in favour of suicide, but readers of good sense can hardly fail, we think, of forming a different conclusion; and as to the *intention* of

"* It would be easy to give many examples in support of these remarks. Even the tragedy of *Cato*, though the production of a decided friend to virtue and religion, has been pronounced, by the best judges, to have a tendency favourable to suicide. Indeed, some accurate observers have asserted, that the exhibition of this celebrated tragedy on the stage has seldom failed to be followed by instances of self-murder, which there was good reason to believe were connected with these exhibitions. The moral of that detestable novel, the *Nouvelle Heloise*, by Rousseau, is, on this subject, extremely questionable. For, though the author argues eloquently on both sides of the question, concerning the lawfulness of suicide, yet some have supposed that his arguments in favour of that crime are calculated, and were intended by him, to make a deeper impression than those offered against it.

the author, something may surely be inferred from his having represented his hero as influenced by his friend's reasonings to lay aside his murderous purposes.

Among the causes of suicide the author classes an early and excessive indulgence in the pleasures of life; the habit of intemperate drinking; the habit of gaming; the indulgence in criminal love; habits of idleness; desires for worldly goods; and, lastly, the absence of sincere and vital piety. On all these heads the author enlarges with judgment and energy, and it is impossible for any attentive reader to rise from the perusal of these discourses without an understanding enlightened, and a heart improved. The style is free from all affected and ambitious ornaments, and flows in the constant and graceful tenor of simplicity and perspicuity, and we doubt not but this performance will prove as lasting, as it is a pleasing, monument of the author's good taste and good principles.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

LUCY'S TEAR.

THE artless or affected smile
Let swains of taste more gay admire;
The lucid tear shall deck the while
The pensive bard's unpolish'd lyre.

O bid the tuneful band impart,
Once more, the highly dulcet strain,
That sweetly melted Lucy's heart;
And wake the sympathies again.

The tear within her radiant eye
Shone bright as drops on summer's day,
Descending from their parent sky,
While mid-day sun-beams on them play.

Again let notes accordant rise,
Melodious sound on Lucy's ear,
And fill once more her radiant eyes,
With genuine feeling's pearly tear.

Let symphony of sounds renew,
That lucid tears again may swim
O'er Lucy's eyes of radiant blue,
No sapphire's ray will they bedim.

For brilliant gems from India brought,
Though boasting all the rainbow's dye,
Are dead to those which feeling taught
To swim in Lucy's radiant eye.

The charms, the thousand charms that play,
And wanton round the youthful train,
Would tempt Orlando's eye to stray
From Lucy's tearful orb in vain.

Let swains of gayer taste admire
The artless or affected smile;
The lucid tear shall deck the lyre
Of Lucy's unknown bard the while.

SABINA.

February 22.

ALFRED.

"There is a destiny in this strange world, which oft decrees an undeserved doom."

IN crystaline fetters was Delaware bound,
And keen did the northern blast blow,
When senseless as marble young Alfred was found
By the watch of the city in morning's last round,
And cold as his pillow of snow.

Tho' Fortune had cher'sh'd, and mark'd him her own,
And favours alluring had spread,
He spurn'd her caresses, and wander'd alone,
Till but as the spectre of night he was known,
For hope in his bosom was dead.

Time was when his presence gave life to the scene,
More prone to be serious than gay;
But when he led down the light dance on the green,
So sylph-like a step, and enchanting a mein,
Proclaim'd him the brother of May.

But Pleasure no more could entice to her bow'r
The victim that love had undone;
Who languish'd and droop'd, as some delicate flow'r,
That faints ere the noon, when expos'd to the pow'r,
The rays of too torrid a sun.

The image of Ella was deeply imprest,
'Twas wrapt in the folds of his heart;
And already the sun had illumin'd the west,
On th' hymeneal day, and the bride-maids were drest,
When destiny tore them apart.

And is he my brother? cried Ella, aghast;
Oh, my heart, is there none to deny?
No wonder the tie was cemented so fast,
The tie I yet feel, and the tie that will last
While my bosom can heave with a sigh!

Ah me! that enchanting adorable grace
My eyes have been wont to admire,
That wanton'd around him, and shone in his face,
Which the slightest the coldest observer could trace,
Was the semblance alone of my sire.

My parent, how cruel! how could he betray
That virtue he bade me revere;
And so gentle a lamb might have led him the day:
But who do I tarry? ah, why this delay?
Poor Alfred will shortly be here.

And must he, alas! ah, must Alfred suppose
That wantonly I can resign
The hand which would shield me from legions of foes,
The heart that would feel, and partake of my woes?
O aid me, Blest Power divine!

The story so fatal forbid to impart,
No intreaties could stay nor command,
Bewilder'd she flew, with an agoniz'd heart,
As some poor stricken deer that escapes with the dart,
And gave to a stranger her hand.

'Twas a deed of despair, 'twas a sacrifice made
To shield the repentant from shame;
But Fate was her foe, and in vain she essay'd
To fly from the toils it around her had laid,
And threaten'd to injure her fame.

Ah, little she thought the generous deed
Would 'tangle her feet in a snare;
But in Destiny's volume 'twas early decreed
For the errors of others her bosom should bleed:
Ah! wretched, disconsolate fair!

The scorpion reproach had no place in her breast,
She blush'd for no vices her own;
Yet the load was increas'd; for, while faint and oppress'd,
By a lunatic fair she was wildly address'd,
And call'd on for wrongs to atone.

'Twas Anna the rustic, yet fair as the rose
In her bosom so prettily worn;
Who fancied poor Ella the cause of her woes,
Her sister, twin sister in murder'd repose,
Twin lilies the tempest had shorn.

Come Ella, 'tis Anna who calls from her cell!
And see they have chain'd me beside!
Come, bring me my babe! I've a story to tell;
Thou canst not, thou must not with Florio dwell,
For Anna is Florio's bride.

Yet should he, alas! hear the words I now speak,
He would say 'twas the nightingale's song;

Or should he behold the warm tear on my cheek,
He would chide me, and say it was silly and weak,
And bind this green ribbon more strong.—

Lost Ella now shrunk from the light of the day;
O wrap me in darkness, she said;
For where shall I hide me? Oh, how shall I shun,
My mind that's so wretched, myself so undone,
And Anna, the lunatic maid.

But oh, when no art could her Alfred restore,
The pent flood of anguish gave way,
And secrets escap'd her, so treasur'd before,
As she kiss'd his cold cheeks a thousand times o'er,
The pallid, yet beautiful clay.

To his tresses of sable the icicles hung,
Which oft had with dew been impearl'd,
As erst he had wander'd the poplars among,
With melody sweet, ere his lute was unstrung,
Ere despair had her standard unfurl'd.

My brother, my brother, cried Ella, awake!
O could I for thee but have died!
The passions how direful, what victims they make,
Poor Anna is lost, and my heart it will break,
And Alfred lies cold by my side.

To the wretched time moves with too tardy a pace;
She chides it for passing so slow,
And pines for the night no morn can efface,
For no horror in death can the desolate trace,
Which is their sole respite from woe.

SABINA.

AMERICAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE design of republishing Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which had been relinquished for want of encouragement, is resumed. The expence will be defrayed by the funds of the society, who will trust to the sale of the work for a reimbursement. It is intended to reprint, at present, the three first volumes only, which are out of print. The first numbers of this valuable work, which were originally published in the American Apollo, can now be found only in the library of the society, or in the few sets owned by the members.

Proposals have been issued, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for a periodical work to be called the Piscataqua Evangelical Magazine, to be under the direction of the Piscataqua Missionary Society. It is to be published every two months, and each number is to contain 40 pages.

The first, second, and third numbers of the Assembly's Missionary Magazine have appeared in this city. It is published under the patronage of the general assembly of the presbyterian church in the United States.

Samuel F. Bradford, of Philadelphia, is now preparing for the press the New Cyclopædia, or Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in twenty volumes, quarto; formed upon a more enlarged plan of arrangement than the dictionary of Mr. Chambers. Comprehending the various articles of that work, with additions and improvements, together with new subjects of biography, geography, and history, and adapted to the present improved state of literature and science. By Abraham Rees, D. D., F. R. S., editor of the last edition of Chambers's Dictionary, with the assistance of eminent

professional gentlemen. Illustrated with new plates, including maps, engraved for the work by many of the most distinguished artists. The whole improved and adapted to this country by gentlemen of known abilities, by whose aid it will be rendered the most complete work of the kind that has yet appeared.

An edition of Johnson's Dictionary, abridged, including the author's preface to the folio edition, has been published by Jacob Johnson, of Philadelphia; improved by the standard of pronunciation established by Walker's Dictionary; "but where words occurred, not to be found in that, of which the instances were numerous, other sources have been investigated, particularly Marchbank's quarto edition of 1798, and the pronunciation of these words carefully regulated by Walker's directions."

W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing Adams's Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged by Robert Patterson, professor of mathematics, and, pro tempore, teacher of natural philosophy, in the university of Pennsylvania. The publisher is now waiting for a new edition of the work, coming out in London, by Jones.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, in monthly numbers, a work entitled Amœnitates Graphicæ, or an instructive and amusing collection of views, animals, plants, flowers, fruits, minerals, antiquities, costumes, and other interesting objects; carefully selected and engraved, either from drawings after nature, or from the best representations of those objects; with descriptive and explanatory sketches, in English and French: the whole calculated to excite, in youth of both sexes, a taste for useful and ornamental knowledge, and to assist the cultivation of the same, as well as the cultivation of the languages in which the sketches are written. The descriptive and explanatory part by L. H. Girardin, professor of modern languages, history, and geography, in William and Mary college; the engravings by Frederick Bossler. A preliminary and separate number is already issued, as a specimen of the work.

A new edition of Johnson's Dictionary at large, in royal octavo, with the author's life, by Dr. Aikin, and with two engravings, one of the author's portrait by sir Joshua Reynolds, and the other of his statue in St. Paul's, is proposed for publication, by subscription, at Philadelphia, by Mr. Humphreys, in whose success every one who approves integrity, industry, and enterprize, must be deeply interested.

Messrs. Maxwell and Manning have completed the first volume of their accurate and valuable edition of Shakespeare. The plan on which this edition is conducted is generally known. The latest and best editions of this poet are carefully revised, the less interesting matter in the commentary is omitted, and some useful additions have been made from the stock of American sagacity and ingenuity.

Proposals have been issued for publishing, by subscription, Lectures on Theology, by the late Dr. Charles Nisbet, president of Dickinson college. This work is to be prefaced with a life of the author, by Dr. S. Miller, of New York.

To those who are acquainted with the character of the late Dr. Nisbet, no recommendation will be necessary to engage their attention to this publication. His profound erudition, his eminent talents, and his fervent piety, rendered him, for many years, a distinguished light in the church of Scotland, and a principal leader of what is there denominated the orthodox party. His high reputation induced the trustees of Dickinson college to call him from the conspicuous and honourable sphere of usefulness which he occupied in his native country, to take the presidency of that institution. This important station he held for

near twenty years, with a degree of honour to himself, and of advantage to the seminary, which those who have attended to the progress of American literature well know.—The lectures now proposed to be published were delivered, at Dickinson college, to a select class of theological students, who heard them with so much gratification and instruction, that manuscript copies were eagerly sought after, and by a few obtained; and application was made to the venerable president, on his death-bed, for his consent to have the whole laid before the public, in a more correct and perfect form.

Though the body of theological instruction, now offered to the world, was not originally formed with a view to publication, and though it did not receive the advantage of the author's last corrections; yet, unless his friends have formed a very partial and erroneous estimate of the work, it will be found to contain a rich fund of theological learning, which will abundantly repay the reader, and form a lasting monument to the honour of the author.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE author of the *Elegiac Stanzas* is earnestly solicited to make this work the depository of his fugitive pieces. Many such must be lying in his port folio. Whatever resolutions his diffidence may adopt, with regard to the future, a muse so prompt and fertile as his will find it impossible to be wholly silent. She cannot open her lips but to awaken the respectful attention of a much greater number than he seems at present aware of, and her most careless and unlaboured effusions will be gratefully received. The editor extremely regrets that he cannot admit these stanzas into the present number. He is obliged to reserve them for the next.

Yelse's favour was received too late for the present number.

N. W.'s advice is well meant, but if the editor's integrity would allow him to follow such counsel, he wants, alas! both the wit and the invention that are requisite to make it graceful and becoming. *In* VERO *tutissimus ibis*, an honest poet would say.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1805.

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NAVAL TRANSACTIONS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Concluded from page 249.

THE commodore was informed by captain Chauncey, that four frigates might be expected every moment, as they were to sail from Hampton Roads four days after him. In consequence of this information, and as he could not bring the John Adams into action, she having left all her gun carriages for her gun deck, except eight, on board the Congress and Constellation, a day or two previous to her sailing, he determined to wait a few days for the arrival of commodore Barron, before another attack, when, if he should arrive, the fate of Tripoli must be decided in a few hours, and the bashaw completely humbled. Had the John Adams brought out her gun carriages, he should not have waited a moment, and doubted not but the next attack would make the arrival of more ships unnecessary for the termination of the Tripoline war. Captain Chauncey received orders to remain on the station, that they might be benefited by the assistance of his boats and men, as nearly half the crews of the Constitution, brigs, and schooners were taken out to man the bombs, guns, and ship's boats when prepared for an attack.

August 9th, they were engaged supplying the bombs and gun-boats with ammunition and stores, and getting every thing in readiness for an attack the moment commodore Barron should arrive and make a signal.

At 2, P. M., the commodore went on board the Argus for the purpose of reconnoitering the harbour of Tripoli; he stood in towards the town, and was near being sunk by the enemy's fire; one of their heaviest shot, which struck about three feet short of the water line, raked the copper off her bottom under water, and cut the plank half through. In the evening the wind blew strong from the N. N. E.: the squadron weighed and kept under sail all night. The day following it anchored, Tripoli bearing S. S. W., six miles distant.

At 10, A. M., the French consul hoisted a white flag-staff under the national colours, which was a signal that the bashaw was ready to treat. A boat was sent into the harbour,

and took this opportunity to forward captain Bainbridge and his officers letters from their friends; the boat was not allowed to land, but returned in the afternoon, and brought a letter, advising that the bashaw was ready to receive 500 dollars for the ransom of each of the prisoners, and terminate the war without any consideration for peace or tribute. This is 350,000 dollars less than was demanded previous to the action of the 3d inst. These terms, says the commodore, I did not hesitate to reject, as I was informed, by captain Chauncey, that it was the expectation of our government, on the arrival of four frigates, to obtain the release of the officers and crew of the Philadelphia without ransom, and dictate the terms of peace.

No news being received of the frigates, and but short allowance of water in the squadron, the Enterprize was sent, on the 16th, to Malta, with orders to hire transports, and send off immediately a supply of fresh water, provision, and other stores, which had become necessary, as some of the squadron had now been five months in sight of this dismal coast without once visiting a friendly port; these vessels as well as the gun-boats receiving their supply of water and provisions from the Constitution.

As the season for bad weather was fast approaching, and no tokens of the frigates, it was determined to make an attack as soon as the wind proved favourable. At 8, P. M., captains Decatur and Chauncey, in two small boats, were sent to reconnoitre the harbour, and observe the disposition of the enemy's flotilla at night; they returned at midnight, and reported that they were anchored in a line abreast, from the mole to the bashaw's castle, with their heads to the eastward, for the defence of the inner harbour. At day-light the wind shifted suddenly from N. E. to N. N. W. and brought a heavy sea on shore, which obliged the squadron, for the greater safety, to weigh and stand to sea.

Having gained, next day, an offing of nine or ten leagues, they met with the ketch Intrepid, from Syracuse, with a cargo of fresh water, stock, and vegetables for the squadron; and the ensuing day fell in with a ship from Malta, with water and live stock for the squadron. These cargoes arrived very opportunely, as the crews had, for some time past, been on short allowance of water. The wind having moderated, they stood in, and anchored with the squadron, six miles N. E. by N. from Tripoli; all the boats were engaged in discharging the transports.

On the 24th, with a light breeze from the N. E., the squadron stood in and prepared for action, intending to attack the town and shipping in the night. At eight in the evening they anchored about two and a half miles from the batteries. At midnight it fell calm. The bomb vessels were sent, under the protection of the gun boats, to bombard the town; the boats of the squadron were employed in towing them in. At 2, A. M., the bombardment commenced, and continued until day-light. At 6, all the boats were taken in tow by the squadron, which was under weigh, and standing off. At 7, it anchored four miles north of the town.

The weather proved bad till the 28th, when, at 3, P. M., they weighed, and stood in for Tripoli. At 5, the Constitution anchored two miles N. by E. from Fort English, and two and a half from the bashaw's castle; the light vessels being ordered to keep under weigh. They were employed till 8, P. M., in making arrangements for attacking the town; a number of the officers and many of the seamen of the Constitution being attached to the bomb, gun, and ship's boats; captain Chauncey, with several of his officers, and about seventy seamen and marines, volunteered their services on board the Constitution. All the boats in the squadron were officered and manned, and attached to the several gun-boats: the two bomb

vessels could not be brought into action, as one was leaky, and the mortar bed of the other had given way. The John Adams, Scourge, transports, and bombs, were anchored seven miles to the northward of the town. Lieutenant-commandant Dent, of the Scourge, came on board the Constitution, and took charge of the gun-deck; lieutenant Izard, of the Scourge, also joined. Lieutenant Gordon commanded gun boat No. 2, and lieutenant Laurence, of the Enterprize, No. 5: these were the only changes. At half past 1, A. M., the gun boats, in two divisions, led by captains Decatur and Somers, were ordered to advance, and take their stations close to the rocks, at the entrance of the harbour, within grape-shot distance of the bashaw's castle. The Siren, Argus, Vixen, Nautilus, Enterprize, and boats of the squadron, accompanied them. At 3, A. M., the boats anchored with springs on, within pistol-shot of the rocks, and commenced a brisk firing on the shipping, town, batteries, and bashaw's castle, which was warmly returned, but not as well directed; the ship's boats remained with the gun boats to assist in boarding the enemy's flotilla, if it should venture out, while the brigs and schooners kept under weigh, ready for the same service, or for annoying the enemy, as occasion might present. At day-light, presuming that the gun boats had nearly expended their ammunition, the Constitution weighed and stood in for the harbour. Fort English, the bashaw's castle, crown and mole batteries kept up a heavy fire on her as she advanced. At half past 5 the signal was made for the gun boats to retire from action, and for the brigs and schooners to take them in tow; she was then within two cable's length of the rocks, and commenced a heavy fire of round and grape on thirteen of the enemy's gun boats and gallies, which were in pretty close action with her boats. She sunk one of the enemy's boats; at the same time two more disabled ran on shore to avoid sinking; the remainder immediately retreated. She continued running in until she was within musket shot of the crown and mole batteries, when she brought to, and fired upwards of 300 round shot, besides grape and canister, into the town, bashaw's castle, and batteries. She silenced the castle and two of the batteries for some time. At a quarter past 6, the gun boats being all out of shot and in tow, she hauled off, after having been three quarters of an hour in close action. The gun boats fired upwards of 400 round shot, besides grape and canister, with good effect. A large Tunisian galliot was sunk in the mole; a Spanish ship, which had entered with an ambassador from the grand seignior, received considerable damage. The Tripoline gallies and gun boats lost many men, and were much cut.

The bashaw's castle and town suffered very much; as did their crown and mole batteries. Captains Decatur and Somers conducted their divisions of gun boats with their usual firmness and address; and were well supported by the officers and men attached to them. The brigs and schooners were also well conducted during the action, and fired a number of shot at the enemy; but their guns are too light to do much execution. They suffered considerably in their sails and rigging. The officers and crew of the Constitution behaved well; captain Chauncey gave very able assistance on the quarter deck of the Constitution during the whole of the action. The damage which that ship received was principally above the hull; three lower shrouds, two spring stays, two top-mast back stays, trusses, chains, and lists of the main yard shot away.

Her sails had several cannon shot through them, and were besides considerably cut by grape; much of her rigging cut to pieces; one of her anchor stocks and her larboard cable shot away, and a number of grape shot were sticking in different parts of the hull: but not a man hurt! A boat belonging to the John

Adams, with a master's mate (Mr. Creighton) and eight men, was sunk by a double headed shot from the batteries, while in tow of the Nautilus, which killed three men and badly wounded one, who, with Mr. Creighton, and the other four, were picked up by one of the boats. The only damage the gun boats sustained, was in their rigging and sails, which were considerably cut with the enemy's round and grape shot.

At 11, A. M., the squadron anchored five miles N. E. by N. from Tripoli, and repaired the damage received in the action.

On September the 2d, the bomb vessels having been repaired and ready for service, lieutenants Dent and Robinson resumed the command of them. Lieutenant Morris of the Argus took command of No. 3; and lieutenant Trippe, having nearly recovered from his wounds, resumed the command of No. 6, which he so gallantly conducted on the 3d. Captain Chauncey, with several young gentlemen, and sixty men from the John Adams, volunteered on board the Constitution. At 5, P. M., the signal was made to weigh; kept under sail all night. At 11, P. M., a general signal to prepare for battle: a Spanish polacre, in ballast, came out of Tripoli, with an ambassador of the grand seignior on board, who had been sent from Constantinople to Tripoli to confirm the bashaw in his title: this ceremony takes place, in all the Barbary regencies, every five years. The captain of this vessel informed, that our shot and shells had made great havoc and destruction in the city and among the shipping, and that a vast number of people had been killed; also, that three of the boats, which had been sunk by our shot, in the actions of the 3d and 28th ult., had been got up, repaired, and fitted for service.

On the 3d, at 2, P. M., Tripoli bore S. S. W., two and a half miles distant, wind E. by N. At half past 2, the signals were made for the gun boats to cast off, advance, and attack the enemy's gallies and gun boats, which were all under weigh in the eastern part of the harbour, whither they had for some time been working up against the wind. This was certainly a judicious movement of their's, as it precluded the possibility of the American boats going down to attack the town, without leaving the enemy's flotilla in their rear, and directly to windward. The bomb vessels were accordingly ordered to run down within proper distance of the town, and bombard it, while the gun boats were to engage the enemy's gallies and boats to windward.

At half past 3, P. M., the bombs having gained the station to which they were directed, anchored, and commenced throwing shells into the city. At the same time, the gun boats opened a brisk fire on the gallies, and within point blank shot, which was warmly returned by them and fort English, and by a new battery, a little to the westward; but as soon as the boats had arrived within good musket shot of their gallies and boats, they gave way and retreated to the shore within the rocks and under cover of musketry from fort English. They were followed by the boats, and by the Siren, Argus, Vixen, Nautilus, and Enterprize, as far as the reefs would permit them to go with prudence. The action was then divided. One division of the boats, with the brigs and schooners, attacked fort English, whilst the other was engaged with the enemy's gallies and boats. The bashaw's castle, the mole, crown, and several other batteries, kept up a constant fire on our bomb vessels, which were well conducted, and threw shells briskly into the town; but, from their situation, they were very much exposed, and in great danger of being sunk. The Constitution ran within them to draw off the enemy's attention, and amuse them whilst the bombardment was kept up. She brought to within reach of grape, and fired eleven broadsides into the bashaw's castle, town, and batteries, in a situation where more than seventy guns could

bear upon them. One of their batteries was silenced; the town, castle, and other batteries considerably damaged.

By this time, it was half past 4 o'clock. The wind was encreasing, and inclining rapidly to the northward. The signal was made for the boats to retire from action, and for the brigs and schooners to take them in tow, and soon after hauled off with the Constitution to repair damages. The commodore's main-top-sail was totally disabled by a shell from the batteries, which cut away the leach rope and several cloths of the sail. Another shell went through the fore top-sail, and one through the jib. All the sails were considerably cut; two topmast back stays shot away, main sheets, fore-tacks, lists, braces, bow lines and the running rigging generally very much cut, but no shot in the hull, excepting a few grape. The gun boats were an hour and fifteen minutes in action. They disabled several of the enemy's gallies and boats, and considerably damaged fort English. Most of the boats received damage in their rigging and sails. The bomb vessel No. 1, commanded by lieutenant Robinson, was disabled, every shroud being shot away, the bed of the mortar rendered useless, and the vessel near sinking. She was, however, towed off.

About fifty shells were thrown into the town, and our boats fired 400 round shot, besides grape and canister. They were led into action by captains Decatur and Somers with their usual gallantry. The brigs and schooners were handsomely conducted, and fired many shot with effect at fort English, which they were near enough to reach with their carronades. They suffered considerably in their rigging, and the Argus received a thirty-two pound shot in the hull forward, which cut off a bower cable as it entered. The squadron kept under weigh until 11, P. M., when it anchored, Tripoli bearing S. S. W., distant three leagues. The commodore again with pleasure acknowledges the services of an able and active officer in captain Chauncey, serving on the quarter deck of the Constitution. At sun rise the signal was made for the squadron to prepare for action. The carpenters were sent on board the bombs to repair damages, and the boats employed in supplying the bombs and gun boats with ammunition, and to replace the expenditures.

Desirous of annoying the enemy by all the means in his power, the commodore directed to be put into execution a long contemplated plan of sending a fire-ship, or infernal, into the harbour of Tripoli, in the night, for the purpose of endeavouring to destroy the enemy's shipping, and shatter the bashaw's castle and town. Captain Somers, of the Nautilus, having volunteered his services, had, for several days before this period, been directing the preparation of the ketch Intrepid, assisted by lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel. About a hundred barrels of powder, and a hundred and fifty fixed shells, were apparently judiciously disposed of on board her. The fusees leading to the magazine, where all the powder was deposited, were calculated to burn a quarter of an hour.

September the 4th, the Intrepid being prepared for the intended service, captain Somers and lieutenant Wadsworth made choice of two of the fastest rowing boats in the squadron for bringing them out. After reaching their destination, and firing the combustibles and materials which were to communicate with the fusees, captain Somers' boat was manned with four seamen from the Nautilus, and lieutenant Wadsworth's with six from the Constitution. Lieutenant Israel accompanied them. At 8 in the evening the Intrepid was under sail, and standing for the port, with a leading breeze from the eastward. The Argus, Vixen, and Nautilus convoyed her as far as the rock. On entering the harbour several shot were fired at her from the batteries,

In a few minutes after, when she had apparently nearly gained the intended place of destination, she suddenly exploded, without their having previously fired a room filled with splinters and other combustibles, which were intended to create a blaze, in order to deter the enemy from boarding, whilst the fire was communicating to the fusees which led to the magazine. The effect of the explosion awed their batteries into profound silence with astonishment. Not a gun was afterwards fired for the night. The shrieks of the inhabitants informed us that the town was thrown into the greatest terror and consternation by the explosion of the magazine, and the bursting and falling of shells in all directions. The whole squadron waited with the utmost anxiety to learn the fate of the adventurers, from a signal previously agreed on in case of success, but waited in vain; no signs of their safety were to be observed. The Argus, Vixen, and Nautilus hovered round the entrance of the port until sun-rise, when they had a fair view of the whole harbour. Not a vestige of the ketch or boats were to be seen. One of the enemy's largest gun boats was missing, and three others were seen very much shattered and damaged, which the enemy were hauling on shore.

From these circumstances it was believed, that these boats were detached from the enemy's flotilla to intercept the ketch, and, without suspecting her to be a fire ship, the missing boat had suddenly boarded her, when the gallant Somers and heroes of his party, observing the other three boats surrounding them, and no prospect of escape, determined at once to prefer *death* and the destruction of the *enemy*, to captivity and torturing slavery, put a match to the train leading directly to the magazine, which at once blew the whole into the air, and terminated their existence. My conjectures respecting this affair are founded on a resolution, which captain Somers, lieutenant Wadsworth, and Israel had formed, neither to be taken by the enemy, nor suffer them to get possession of the powder on board the Intrepid. They expected to enter the harbour without discovery, but had declared, if they should be disappointed, and the enemy should board them, before they reached the point of destination, in such force as to leave them no hopes of a safe retreat, they would put a match to the magazine, and blow themselves and their enemies up together; determined, as there was no exchange of prisoners, that their country should never pay ransom for them, nor the enemy receive a supply of powder through their means. The disappearance of one of the enemy's boats, and the shattered condition of three others, confirm me in my opinion that they were an advanced guard, detached from the main body of the flotilla on discovering the approach of the Intrepid, and that they attempted to board her, before she had reached her point of destination otherwise the whole of their shipping must have suffered, and perhaps would have been totally destroyed. That she was blown up before she had gained her station is certain, by which the service has lost three very gallant officers. Captain Somers, and lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel were officers of conspicuous bravery, talents, and merit; they had uniformly distinguished themselves in the several actions; were beloved and lamented by the whole squadron.

On September the 5th they were employed in supplying the gun boats with ammunition, &c., and repairing the bomb vessels for another attack, but the wind shifting to the N. N. E., a heavy swell setting on shore, and other indications of bad weather, determined the commodore, for greater safety, to take the guns, mortars, shot, and shells out of the boats into the Constitution and John Adams, which was accordingly done. The weather continuing to wear a threatening aspect until the 7th, and their ammunition being reduced to a quantity not more than

sufficient for three vessels to keep up the blockade; no intelligence of the expected reinforcement; and the season so far advanced as to render it imprudent to hazard the gun boats any longer on the station; he gave orders for the John Adams, Syren, Nautilus, Enterprize, and Scourge to take the bombs and gun boats in tow, and proceed to Syracuse with them, the Argus and Vixen to remain with the Constitution to keep up the blockade.

On September the 10th, the United States ship, President, commodore Barron, and Constellation, captain Campbell, hove in sight, and soon joined company, when the command of the squadron was surrendered to commodore Barron, with the usual ceremony. They continued in company till the 12th, when three strange ships came in sight, standing direct for Tripoli. Chase was given, and two of them boarded and taken possession of by the Constitution, the President in company, about four leagues from Tripoli, but not more than five miles from the land; while the Constellation and Argus were in chase of the third. The two boarded by the Constitution were loaded with about sixteen thousand bushels of wheat. Tripoli is in a starving condition, and there can be no doubt but these cargoes were meant as a supply and relief to them.

Considering the season too far advanced, and weather too uncertain to hazard any further operations against Tripoli at present, commodore Barron determined that the prizes should be sent to Malta, under convoy of the Constitution, it being necessary she should go into port to be re-caulked and refitted.

For the Literary Magazine.

CARDS.

WHAT myriads of precious minutes have been wasted, by the people of the most civilized countries, and especially by that class from whom, with regard to fortune and education, most might have been expected, on cards. It is now upwards of four hundred years since they were invented, and doubtless they have been the instrument of the consumption of more time, more money, and more happiness than any other thing in the world.

Cards may be considered as the instrument of gaming, or merely as the means of killing time. In the former light, no one can be found hardy enough to be their apologist. If any thing can be said in their defence, it must be in the light of mere pastime and diversion, and so far as pastime or diversion of a sedentary nature is allowable, cards seem to have admirably answered the purpose, for surely no amusement has ever been pursued with greater eagerness and perseverance, and by greater numbers, than cards.

Mere pastime is, however, all the purpose they answer. As played at present, they are peculiarly unmeaning and nonsensical. The names and figures by which they are distinguished are barbarous and absurd. What relation is there between the figures on cards and the meaning custom gives to the English words clubs and diamonds, hearts and spades? What possible instruction can be gathered from them? The coarse and childish figures called king, queen, and knave are scarcely human; and though the present improved state of the arts, one would imagine, would more promptly manifest itself in the portraits upon cards than in any thing, yet no alteration has taken place, in this respect, since their invention.

One naturally imagines that, if cards had a particular inventor, he must had more meaning and design in his contrivance than modern players are aware of, and, perhaps, by finding out and reviving the original design of the original inventor, cards might, in some degree, be rescued from the charge of

folly and absurdity, to which they are at present liable.

Upon inquiry it will be found, that the inventor did not act totally without design, for we are informed that he intended the four suits to represent the four orders of the state. *Hearts*, cœurs, which should be *choeurs*, choirmen, the church, the Spaniards represent copes, or chalices instead of hearts. *Spades*, in French, piques, pikes; in Spanish swords, *espada*, the military order or nobility. *Diamonds*, carreaux, on Spanish cards *dineros*, coins, the moneyed or mercantile part. Clubs, trefoil in French, in Spanish *basta*, a club or country weapon, the husbandman or peasantry.

This distribution of the community into classes evinces considerable judgment, and we may easily perceive that games and combinations might be built upon this device by no means deficient in usefulness and dignity.

My author does not tell me in what manner the inventor directed his cards to be played, so that the results might bear some relation to the mutual influence of these classes in society; but, as they were invented for the amusement of a king, there is little doubt that the mode of playing them originally prescribed was adapted to convey some political instruction.

Human society is, in reality, a stage on which these identical parties are eternally contending for the mastery. Success, in this great real game, depends, like success in cards, partly on skill, and partly on contingency, or what we call chance. In this respect cards are a juster picture of human life than draughts or chess, in which success is made entirely to depend upon superior prudence or foresight.

But, alas! what a lamentable example of the perversion of a thing from its original design is to be found in cards!

In modern times, and, perhaps, in a few years after the invention, cards became a mere pastime of idiots destitute of sense and meaning, or the instrument by which stupid and depraved minds sought relief from the langour of idleness, in risking their money.

For the Literary Magazine.

A CASE OF MURDER.

AUSTERE moralists are inclined to consider drunkenness as a crime to be punished by human tribunals, but this system, if adopted, would involve law-makers and judges in very great difficulties. They would find it impossible to form an adequate scale applicable to the offence.

For example, how shall casuists determine the degree of guilt of one whom a few drops of any thing spirituous intoxicates into a mischievous insanity, and of one who can drink bottle after bottle with impunity, or whom topping only sinks into impotent stupidity, or idiotic good-nature? And does not the guilt of drunkenness consist rather in the indulgence of appetite than in the deprivation of reason?

Every crime, indeed, chargeable on human nature, is capable of casuistical distinctions, by which, if the makers or expounders of law would hearken to them, they would be entangled in endless riddles.

Few would hesitate to pronounce a man guilty of murder who should plunge his knife into a poor sick wretch who was unable to help himself. This deed would not be thought justified by any guilt imputed to the sick man, for it is not every individual who is commissioned to punish, with death, another who, in his opinion, deserves it. What judgment, then, are we required to pass upon the following incident?

A friend of mine, who studied at a celebrated university, having a strong attachment to anatomy, took great pleasure in attending dissections. One evening he, and many others, were anxiously attending the

commencement of that operation, on the body of a notorious malefactor, which lay stretched out on the table before them: the surgeon, who had been placing it in a proper position, turning to the company, addressed them thus: I am pretty certain, gentlemen, from the warmth of the subject, and the flexibility of the limbs, that by a proper degree of attention and care, the vital heat would return, and life, in consequence, take place. But then, when it is considered what a rascal we should again have among us; that he was executed for having murdered a girl who was with child by him; and that, were he to be restored to life, he would probably murder somebody else: when all these things are coolly considered, I own, it is *my* opinion, that we had better proceed with the dissection. With these words, he plunged the knife into the breast of the culprit, and precluded at once all dread of future assassinations, or hopes of future repentance.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE WOMEN OF THE ROMANS.

IT has almost grown into an axiom, that the real civilization of a nation may be estimated by nothing more accurately than by the condition of its women. If women are respected as such, if attention be paid to their education, if the social intercourse between the sexes be liberal and frequent, it is inferred that manners have more mildness and humanity than where these appearances are wanting.

Strictly speaking, that nation, the females of which are raised to an equality with the males, must be in a better condition than another where the women are degraded, oppressed, or neglected, because the females are at least a moiety of the whole, and, consequently, the half which, in the former case, is equal to the other half, are, in the latter, debased into the condition of automatons and slaves. But this is not the meaning of the axiom. It is thought that the manners of the *men* of a nation are improved by the equality or distinction of the other sex.

I am afraid this notion has no very firm foundation in experience. At any rate, how shall we reconcile the moral, intellectual, and political refinement of the Greeks and Romans with the debased condition of their women?

The Roman notions of women may be easily collected from their celebrated writers: at least there is nothing else from which they can be collected.

The women of Plautus are almost uniformly bad. Those in Terence are little better; and the only one among them who had done a good action, begs pardon of her husband, as being convinced of her own criminality, in doing it.

"Mi Chreme, peccavi! Fateor. Vincor."

It will hardly be believed by the unclassical reader, that the fault for which the good lady begs pardon in these humble strains,

—"I was wrong, my Chremes, I own it. I am convinced of it,"

was neither more nor less than the saving her child from being murthered, as *her* husband and *its* father, had ordered.

Virgil, far from showing the least respect to the female sex, has treated them (even according to his panegyrist Dryden), in an unjust, unmanly stile. He has falsified both the æra and the character of Dido, in order to render her odious and contemptible. He makes queen Amata turbulent and tipling, and the princess Lavinia undutiful and unbelieving. Dryden adds, "that she looks a little flickering after Turnus." His goddesses are no better than his mortals. Juno is always in a passion, and surely (as Dryden observes) Venus is too impudently

presuming, in expecting that her husband should make armour for his wife's bastard.

Camilla is the only female of whom the poet begins to speak well, but soon dashes down her character, by calling her

" Aspera et Horrenda Virgo;"

Which, like Bojardo's " Gatta, fiera, cruda, dispietata," applied to Marfisa, conveys a meaning as distant from any thing amiable, as words can paint.

As to Horace, it would puzzle any one to find one woman of common decency spoken of in any of his works, unless, indeed, we except Livia, the wife of Augustus, whom he calls

Unico gaudens Mulier marito.

The woman *contented with one husband.*

All the rest of his ladies are precisely such as are found, at this day, vagabond in streets, or permanent in brothels. They are all Chloes, Lydes, Lydias, and Cynaras. Their characters appear to have been equally light, and most of them seem to have added the worship of Bacchus to that of Cupid: that is, in plain terms, to be not only prostitutes but drunkards. He treats them accordingly, and recommends it to one of them to take care, lest her keeper, in a fit of jealousy, should spoil her fashionable cap.

One tolerably modest woman, indeed, Neobule, he seems to have known; but his notions of her delicacy do not prevent him from condoling with her on the severity of her uncle, who will neither permit her to entertain a lover, nor to wash away her cares with wine.

Juvenal need not be mentioned: he avows himself scarcely to have even heard of a modest woman since the golden age.

The prose writers of the Augustan æra seem to have favoured the sex no more than the poets; and Seneca's account of the ladies of his time affords a no less unfavourable picture of the age.

The sentiments thus expressed or implied of women can hardly be deemed characteristic of the individuals who express them. If they are to be viewed in this light, these great geniuses, Virgil and Horace, are certainly open to great censure. What, in particular, shall we think of the morality, the taste, or the dignity of a poet who seems to know nothing of women but as they were to be found in the dram-shop and the brothel? There is, indeed, a coarseness, I was going to say brutality, in the manner in which Horace introduces women, which is not to be found in the other amatory poets of the age. Ovid and Tibullus are occasionally vulgar and smutty, but they likewise abound with passages which show that they had known and could comprehend female delicacy, dignity, tenderness, and chastity. R.

For the Literary Magazine.

WITCHCRAFT.

WITCHCRAFT, in the present age, is so generally exploded, that it is difficult for us to imagine by what means any part of mankind could be persuaded of its reality. To punish witchcraft, as it was formerly punished, we may be tempted to consider as the wildest impulse of prejudice and folly, and account for it merely by supposing the judge under the dominion of a blind and obstinate delusion, similar to that which governs the inhabitants of Bedlam.

And, yet, strange as it may seem, follies more palpable than this have had their strenuous champions, in every age, and among the most ingenious and enlightened of mankind. Genius does not protect men from error. It only more fatally misleads them, by supporting them in their grotesque opinions by more plausible subtleties.

It is amusing to read the learned Selden's defence of the witch act. Thus he reasons on the subject.

"The law against witches does not prove there be any, but it punishes the malice of those people that use such means to take away men's lives. If one should profess that by turning his hat thrice and crying *buzz*, he could take away a man's life (though in truth he could do no such thing), yet this were a just law made by the state, that whosoever should turn his hat thrice and cry *buzz*, with an intention to take away a man's life, shall be put to death."

For the Literary Magazine.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN POVERTY AND GENIUS.

THE truest stimulus to literary efforts, in writing, it has been long ago observed, is necessity. The most ingenious and eloquent of mortals is silent, when relieved from the necessity of writing for bread. This has been a very prevalent opinion, and yet it is either groundless, or it admits of a considerable number of exceptions.

It does not appear that Spenser, Shakespeare, or Milton wrote principally, if in any degree, for the sake of a subsistence. The same may be said of Robertson and Gibbon, the most laborious of historians. Those men had no objection to combine profit with honour, but the latter appears to have been the chief motive of their zeal and industry.

The great improvers in science, from Bacon to Priestley, have been influenced to commit their speculations to paper by other motives than mercenary ones.

If a great many authors have been poor, it does not follow, though this inference is vulgarly made, that poverty made them authors; on the contrary, it is their authorship that has made them poor. Their little regard for wealth has made them neglectful of the various ways by which riches are amassed. What made Johnson, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns poor? Nothing but their indifference to riches. Had they been as deeply impressed with the value of property as the majority of mankind, there was surely no profession, liberal or mechanical, too high for their capacity.

It is true that few bright productions have flowed from the pens of enormously wealthy writers; but this is only a new proof of the blessings of mediocrity. Men can only be rich by *inheritance*, according to the legal phrase, or by *purchase*. Those that inherit wealth commonly receive an education that totally unfits them for intellectual pursuits. Those who acquire it by their own efforts must be qualified, by their taste and habits, for those professions which are followed by wealth: professions that fix the mind upon objects very different from poetical fables and scientific theories.

Besides, though the rich are seldom authors, there are other methods of displaying a literary spirit besides that of writing books. To read, reflect, enquire, by deduction or experiment, is the occupation of vast numbers who are free from the vanity of book-making. They know that there are books enough in the world, and their modesty forbids them to imagine that they can beneficially add to the number.

Poverty is far from being a spur to genius; wealth is far less unfriendly, though its influence is certainly not propitious to it. It is the middle class that produces every kind of worth in the greatest abundance. We must not look for fertility on the hill top, nor at the bottom of the glen. It is only found in the plains and intermediate slopes.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

PASTORAL MANNERS.

THERE cannot be a stronger proof that the bulk of mankind have

had nearly the same ideas in all ages, than that Idyllium of Theocritus, adapted to modern times, by the ingenious Robert Lloyd. Whoever will take the pains of comparing the two poems, will find that the chit-chat of two Grecian women of a middling rank, the adventures they meet when in pursuit of a fine sight, their distresses, escapes, observations, and return homewards, are, with hardly any alteration, the same in Philadelphia in 1805, that they were in Egypt some hundred years before the christian era.

For the Literary Magazine.

BLUNDERS.

IGNORANCE of the ancient languages has sometimes been productive of whimsical, and sometimes of very direful mistakes.

At a period when it was a prevalent fancy, among the Italian literati, to adopt favourite names from the Greek or Latin tongues, in preference to their own original ones, Antonius Palearius chose to signalize his love of the muses by altering his first name to *Aonius*. A fanatic, who had taken the name of Latinus Latinius, accused him of having abandoned the appellation Antonius, merely that he might expel from his name the letter T, which represents the cross; and this charge, among others, contributed to bring him into the fangs of the inquisition, by whom he was condemned to the stake.

During the civil contests of Italy, two little towns, Brisiguella and Imola, both in the district of Bologna, were remarkably incensed against each other, although near neighbours. Those of the former place not being very great proficients in the Latin tongue, were peculiarly disgusted with the compliment which they apprehended was partially paid to their adversaries, in the daily service, "Qui *Immolatus* est nobis," and with great patriotism decreed that, in lieu of this offensive passage, the priest should chant "Qui *Brisiguellatus* est nobis."

For the Literary Magazine.

OATHS.

NO tenet of the quakers, or *friends*, exposed them, in early times, to so much persecution as their scruples with respect to swearing. At this time one cannot look back, without astonishment, on the stress that was formerly laid upon an *oath*. The writers on these subjects would persuade us, that the principle of *gravity* is not more necessary to keep the universe together, than the formulary of an oath is to preserve the system of human society whole. That construction which Robert Barclay put upon the scriptural prohibition to swear was universally and promptly rejected, not only in consequence of certain principles of interpretation, but because of the social evils which must flow from admitting it: evils, as they imagined, fatal to the very foundation of the social system. Hence, with what caution and reluctance did the legislature admit the followers of Barclay to attest their sincerity by other means than an oath! And to this day, if I mistake not, nothing but an oath is listened to, by judge or jury, in all criminal cases.

I lately met with the following little incident, which, I think, illustrates, with no small force, the principles that really govern mankind on these occasions:

The oath used among the Highlanders, in judicial proceedings, contains a most solemn denunciation of vengeance, in case of perjury, and involves the wife and children, the arable and the meadow-land, of the party who takes it, all together in an abyss of destruction. When it

is administered, there is no book to be kissed, but the right hand is held up while the oath is repeated.

A Highlander, at the Carlisle assizes, had sworn positively, in the English mode, to a fact of consequence. His indifference during that solemnity having been observed, by the opposite party, he was required to confirm his testimony by taking the oath of his own country to the same. "No, no," said the mountaineer, in the northern dialect, "ken ye not thar is a hantle 'o difference 'twixt blawing on a buke, and domming one's ain saul?"

For the Literary Magazine.

LOVE.

AMONG the various forms in which love manifests itself, it will not be easy to produce a case parallel to that of Margaret of Valois, wife of Henry IV, who accompanied the duchess of Nevers, at a very early age, on a midnight expedition to fetch from the gibbet the heads of two infamous courtiers, their gallants, Coconnas and La Motte. These they embalmed and preserved in their cabinets.

For the Literary Magazine.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A fragment.

[The following fragment will require no other preface or commentary than an extract from the Vienna Gazette of June 14, 1784. "At Great Glogau, in Silesia, the attention of physicians, and of the people, has been excited by the case of a young man, whose behaviour indicates perfect health in all respects but one. He has a habit of rising in his sleep, and performing a great many actions with as much order and exactness as when awake. This habit for a long time showed itself in freaks and achievements merely innocent; or, at least, only troublesome and inconvenient, till about six weeks ago. At that period a shocking event took place about three leagues from the town, and in the neighbourhood where the youth's family resides. A young lady, travelling with her father by night, was shot dead upon the road, by some person unknown. The officers of justice took a good deal of pains to trace the author of the crime, and at length, by carefully comparing circumstances, a suspicion was fixed upon this youth. After an accurate scrutiny, by the tribunal of the circle, he has been declared author of the murder: but what renders the case truly extraordinary is, that there are good reasons for believing that the deed was perpetrated by the youth while asleep, and was entirely unknown to himself. The young woman was the object of his affection, and the journey in which she had engaged had given him the utmost anxiety for her safety."]

——OUR guests were preparing to retire for the night, when somebody knocked loudly at the gate. The person was immediately admitted, and presented a letter to Mr. Davis. This letter was from a friend, in which he informed our guest of certain concerns of great importance, on which the letter-writer was extremely anxious to have a personal conference with his friend; but knowing that he intended to set out from —— four days previous to his writing, he was hindered from setting out by the apprehension of missing him upon the way. Meanwhile, he had deemed it best to send a special message to quicken his motions, should he be able to find him.

The importance of this interview was such, that Mr. Davis declared his intention of setting out immediately. No solicitations could induce him to delay a moment. His daughter, convinced of the urgency of his motives, readily consented to brave the perils and discomforts of a nocturnal journey.

This event had not been antici-

pated by me? The shock that it produced in me was, to my own apprehension, a subject of surprise. I could not help perceiving that it was greater than the occasion would justify. The pleasures of this intercourse were, in a moment, to be ravished from me. I was to part from my new friend, and when we should again meet it was impossible to foresee. It was then that I recollected her expressions, that assured me that her choice was fixed upon another. If I saw her again, it would probably be as a wife. The claims of friendship, as well as those of love, would then be swallowed up by a superior and hateful obligation.

But, though betrothed, she was not wedded. That was yet to come; but why should it be considered as inevitable? Our dispositions and views must change with circumstances. Who was he that Constantia Davis had chosen? Was he born to outstrip all competitors in ardour and fidelity? We cannot fail of chusing that which appears to us most worthy of choice. He had hitherto been unrivalled; but was not this day destined to introduce to her one, to whose merits every competitor must yield? He that would resign this prize, without an arduous struggle, would, indeed, be of all wretches the most pusillanimous and feeble.

Why, said I, do I cavil at her present choice? I will maintain that it does honour to her discernment. She would not be that accomplished being which she seems, if she had acted otherwise. It would be sacrilege to question the rectitude of her conduct. The object of her choice was worthy. The engagement of her heart in his favour was unavoidable, because her experience had not hitherto produced one deserving to be placed in competition with him. As soon as his superior is found, his claims will be annihilated. Has not this propitious accident supplied the defects of her former observation? But soft! is she not betrothed? If she be, what have I to dread? The engagement is accompanied with certain conditions. Whether they be openly expressed or not, they necessarily limit it. Her vows are binding on condition that the present situation continues, and that another does not arise, previously to marriage, by whose claims those of the present lover will be justly superseded.

But how shall I contend with this unknown admirer? She is going whither it will not be possible for me to follow her. An interview of a few hours is not sufficient to accomplish the important purpose that I meditate; but even this is now at an end. I shall speedily be forgotten by her. I have done nothing that entitles me to a place in her remembrance. While my rival will be left at liberty to prosecute his suit, I shall be abandoned to solitude, and have no other employment than to ruminate on the bliss that has eluded my grasp. If scope were allowed to my exertions, I might hope that they would ultimately be crowned with success; but, as it is, I am manacled and powerless. The good would easily be reached, if my hands were at freedom: now that they are fettered, the attainment is impossible.

But is it true that such is my forlorn condition? What is it that irrecoverably binds me to this spot? There are seasons of respite from my present occupations, in which I commonly indulge myself in journeys. This lady's habitation is not at an immeasurable distance from mine. It may be easily comprised within the sphere of my excursions. Shall I want a motive or excuse for paying her a visit? Her father has claimed to be better acquainted with my uncle. The lady has intimated, that the sight of me, at any future period, will give her pleasure. This will furnish ample apology for visiting their house. But why should I delay my visit? Why not immediately attend them on their way? If not on their whole journey, at

least for a part of it? A journey in darkness is not unaccompanied with peril. Whatever be the caution or knowledge of their guide, they cannot be supposed to surpass mine, who have trodden this part of the way so often, that my chamber floor is scarcely more familiar to me. Besides, there is danger, from which, I am persuaded, my attendance would be a sufficient, an indispensable safeguard.

I am unable to explain why I conceived this journey to be attended with uncommon danger. My mind was, at first, occupied with the remoter consequences of this untimely departure, but my thoughts gradually returned to the contemplation of its immediate effects. There were twenty miles to a ferry, by which the travellers designed to cross the river, and at which they expected to arrive at sun-rise the next morning. I have said that the intermediate way was plain and direct. Their guide professed to be thoroughly acquainted with it.—From what quarter, then, could danger be expected to arise? It was easy to enumerate and magnify possibilities; that a tree, or ridge, or stone unobserved might overturn the carriage; that their horse might fail, or be urged, by some accident, to flight, were far from being impossible. Still they were such as justified caution. My vigilance would, at least, contribute to their security. But I could not for a moment divest myself of the belief, that my aid was indispensable. As I pondered on this image my emotions arose to terror.

All men are, at times, influenced by inexplicable sentiments. Ideas haunt them in spite of all their efforts to discard them. Prepossessions are entertained, for which their reason is unable to discover any adequate cause. The strength of a belief, when it is destitute of any rational foundation, seems, of itself, to furnish a new ground for credulity. We first admit a powerful persuasion, and then, from reflecting on the insufficiency of the ground on which it is built, instead of being prompted to dismiss it, we become more forcibly attached to it.

I had received little of the education of design. I owed the formation of my character chiefly to accident. I shall not pretend to determine in what degree I was credulous or superstitious. A belief, for which I could not rationally account, I was sufficiently prone to consider as the work of some invisible agent; as an intimation from the great source of existence and knowledge. My imagination was vivid. My passions, when I allowed them sway, were incontroulable. My conduct, as my feelings, was characterised by precipitation and headlong energy.

On this occasion I was eloquent in my remonstrances. I could not suppress my opinion, that unseen danger lurked in their way. When called upon to state the reasons of my apprehensions, I could only enumerate possibilities of which they were already apprised, but which they regarded in their true light. I made bold enquiries into the importance of the motives that should induce them to expose themselves to the least hazard. They could not urge their horse beyond his real strength. They would be compelled to suspend their journey for some time the next day. A few hours were all that they could hope to save by their utmost expedition. Were a few hours of such infinite moment?

In these representations I was sensible that I had over-leaped the bounds of rigid decorum. It was not my place to weigh his motives and inducements. My age and situation, in this family, rendered silence and submission my peculiar province. I had hitherto confined myself within bounds of scrupulous propriety, but now I had suddenly lost sight of all regards but those which related to the safety of the travellers.

Mr. Davis regarded my vehemence with suspicion. He eyed me

with more attention than I had hitherto received from him. The impression which this unexpected interference made upon him, I was, at the time, too much absorbed in other considerations to notice. It was afterwards plain that he suspected my zeal to originate in a passion for his daughter, which it was by no means proper for him to encourage. If this idea occurred to him, his humanity would not suffer it to generate indignation or resentment in his bosom. On the contrary, he treated my arguments with mildness, and assured me that I had over-rated the inconveniences and perils of the journey. Some regard was to be paid to his daughter's ease and health. He did not believe them to be materially endangered. They should make suitable provision of cloaks and caps against the inclemency of the air. Had not the occasion been extremely urgent, and of that urgency he alone could be the proper judge, he should certainly not consent to endure even these trivial inconveniences. "But you seem," continued he, "chiefly anxious for my daughter's sake. There is, without doubt, a large portion of gallantry in your fears. It is natural and venial in a young man to take infinite pains for the service of the ladies; but, my dear, what say you? I will refer this important question to your decision. Shall we go, or wait till the morning?"

"Go, by all means," replied she. "I confess the fears that have been expressed appear to be groundless. I am bound to our young friend for the concern he takes in our welfare, but certainly his imagination misleads him. I am not so much a girl as to be scared merely because it is dark."

I might have foreseen this decision; but what could I say? My fears and my repugnance were strong as ever.

The evil that was menaced was terrible. By remaining where they were till the next day they would escape it. Was no other method sufficient for their preservation? My attendance would effectually obviate the danger.

This scheme possessed irresistible attractions. I was thankful to the danger for suggesting it. In the fervour of my conceptions, I was willing to run to the world's end to show my devotion to the lady. I could sustain, with alacrity, the fatigue of many nights of travelling and watchfulness. I should unspeakably prefer them to warmth and ease, if I could thereby extort from this lady a single phrase of gratitude or approbation.

I proposed to them to bear them company, at least till the morning light. They would not listen to it. Half my purpose was indeed answered by the glistening eyes and affectionate looks of Miss Davis, but the remainder I was pertinaciously bent on likewise accomplishing. If Mr. Davis had not suspected my motives, he would probably have been less indisposed to compliance. As it was, however, his objections were insuperable. They earnestly insisted on my relinquishing my design. My uncle, also, not seeing any thing that justified extraordinary precautions, added his injunctions. I was conscious of my inability to show any sufficient grounds for my fears. As long as their representations rung in my ears, I allowed myself to be ashamed of my weakness, and conjured up a temporary persuasion that my attendance was, indeed, superfluous, and that I should show most wisdom in suffering them to depart alone.

But this persuasion was transient. They had no sooner placed themselves in their carriage, and exchanged the parting adieus, but my apprehensions returned upon me as forcibly as ever. No doubt part of my despondency flowed from the idea of separation, which, however auspicious it might prove to the lady, portended unspeakable discomforts to me. But this was not all. I was breathless with fear of some unknown and terrible disaster that

awaited them. A hundred times I resolved to disregard their remonstrances, and hover near them till the morning. This might be done without exciting their displeasure. It was easy to keep aloof and be unseen by them. I should doubtless have pursued this method if my fears had assumed any definite and consistent form; if, in reality, I had been able distinctly to tell what it was that I feared. My guardianship would be of no use against the obvious sources of danger in the ruggedness and obscurity of the way. For that end I must have tendered them my services, which I knew would be refused, and, if pertinaciously obtruded on them, might justly excite displeasure. I was not insensible, too, of the obedience that was due to my uncle. My absence would be remarked. Some anger and much disquietude would have been the consequences with respect to him. And after all, what was this groundless and ridiculous persuasion that governed me? Had I profited nothing by experience of the effects of similar follies? Was I never to attend to the lessons of sobriety and truth? How ignominious to be thus the slave of a fortuitous and inexplicable impulse! To be the victim of terrors more chimerical than those which haunt the dreams of idiots and children! *They* can describe clearly, and attribute a real existence to the object of their terrors. Not so can I.

Influenced by these considerations, I shut the gate at which I had been standing, and turned towards the house. After a few steps I paused, turned, and listened to the distant sounds of the carriage. My courage was again on the point of yielding, and new efforts were requisite before I could resume my first resolutions.

I spent a drooping and melancholy evening. My imagination continually hovered over our departed guests. I recalled every circumstance of the road. I reflected by what means they were to pass that bridge, or extricate themselves from this slough. I imagined the possibility of their guide's forgetting the position of a certain oak that grew in the road. It was an ancient tree, whose boughs extended, on all sides, to an extraordinary distance. They seemed disposed by nature in that way in which they would produce the most ample circumference of shade. I could not recollect any other obstruction from which much was to be feared. This indeed was several miles distant, and its appearance was too remarkable not to have excited attention.

The family retired to sleep. My mind had been too powerfully excited to permit me to imitate their example. The incidents of the last two days passed over my fancy like a vision. The revolution was almost incredible which my mind had undergone, in consequence of these incidents. It was so abrupt and entire that my soul seemed to have passed into a new form. I pondered on every incident till the surrounding scenes disappeared, and I forgot my real situation. I mused upon the image of Miss Davis till my whole soul was dissolved in tenderness, and my eyes overflowed with tears. There insensibly arose a sort of persuasion that destiny had irreversably decreed that I should never see her more.

While engaged in this melancholy occupation, of which I cannot say how long it lasted, sleep overtook me as I sat. Scarcely a minute had elapsed during this period without conceiving the design, more or less strenuously, of sallying forth, with a view to overtake and guard the travellers; but this design was embarrassed with invincible objections, and was alternately formed and laid aside. At length, as I have said, I sunk into profound slumber, if that slumber can be termed profound, in which my fancy was incessantly employed in calling up the forms, into new combinations, which had constituted my waking reveries.—The images were fleeting and transient, but the events of the morrow

recalled them to my remembrance with sufficient distinctness. The terrors which I had so deeply and unaccountably imbibed could not fail of retaining some portion of their influence, in spite of sleep.

In my dreams, the design which I could not bring myself to execute while awake I embraced without hesitation. I was summoned, methought, to defend this lady from the attacks of an assassin. My ideas were full of confusion and inaccuracy. All that I can recollect is, that my efforts had been unsuccessful to avert the stroke of the murderer. This, however, was not accomplished without drawing on his head a bloody retribution. I imagined myself engaged, for a long time, in pursuit of the guilty, and, at last, to have detected him in an artful disguise. I did not employ the usual preliminaries which honour prescribes, but, stimulated by rage, attacked him with a pistol, and terminated his career by a mortal wound.

I should not have described these phantoms had there not been a remarkable coincidence between them and the real events of that night. In the morning, my uncle, whose custom it was to rise first in the family, found me quietly reposing in the chair in which I had fallen asleep. His summons roused and startled me. This posture was so unusual that I did not readily recover my recollection, and perceive in what circumstances I was placed.

I shook off the dreams of the night. Sleep had refreshed and invigorated my frame, as well as tranquillized my thoughts. I still mused on yesterday's adventures, but my reveries were more cheerful and benign. My fears and bodements were dispersed with the dark, and I went into the fields, not merely to perform the duties of the day, but to ruminate on plans for the future.

My golden visions, however, were soon converted into visions of despair. A messenger arrived before noon, intreating my presence, and that of my uncle, at the house of Dr. Inglefield, a gentleman who resided at the distance of three miles from our house. The messenger explained the intention of this request. It appeared that the terrors of the preceding evening had some mysterious connection with truth. By some deplorable accident, Miss Davis had been shot on the road, and was still lingering in dreadful agonies at the house of this physician. I was in a field near the road when the messenger approached the house. On observing me, he called me. His tale was meagre and imperfect, but the substance of it it was easy to gather. I stood for a moment motionless and aghast. As soon as I recovered my thoughts I set off full speed, and made not a moment's pause till I reached the house of Inglefield.

The circumstances of this mournful event, as I was able to collect them at different times, from the witnesses, were these. After they had parted from us, they proceeded on their way for some time without molestation. The clouds disappearing, the star-light enabled them with less difficulty to discern their path. They met not a human being till they came within less than three miles of the oak which I have before described. Here Miss Davis looked forward with some curiosity and said to her father, "Do you not see some one in the road before us? I saw him this moment move across from the fence on the right hand and stand still in the middle of the road."

"I see nothing, I must confess," said the father: "but that is no subject of wonder; your young eyes will of course see farther than my old ones."

"I see him clearly at this moment," rejoined the lady. "If he remain a short time where he is, or seems to be, we shall be able to ascertain his properties. Our horse's head will determine whether his substance be impassive or not."

The carriage slowly advancing, and the form remaining in the same spot, Mr. Davis at length perceived

it, but was not allowed a clearer examination, for the person, having, as it seemed, ascertained the nature of the cavalcade, shot across the road, and disappeared. The behaviour of this unknown person furnished the travellers with a topic of abundant speculation.

Few possessed a firmer mind than Miss Davis; but whether she was assailed, on this occasion, with a mysterious foreboding of her destiny; whether the eloquence of my fears had not, in spite of resolution, infected her; or whether she imagined evils that my incautious temper might draw upon me, and which might originate in our late interview, certain it was that her spirits were visibly depressed. This accident made no sensible alteration in her. She was still disconsolate and incommunicative. All the efforts of her father were insufficient to inspire her with cheerfulness. He repeatedly questioned her as to the cause of this unwonted despondency. Her answer was, that her spirits were indeed depressed, but she believed that the circumstance was casual. She knew of nothing that could justify despondency. But such is humanity. Cheerfulness and dejection will take their turns in the best regulated bosoms, and come and go when they will, and not at the command of reason. This observation was succeeded by a pause. At length Mr. Davis said, "A thought has just occurred to me. The person whom we just now saw is young Althorpe."

Miss Davis was startled: "Why, my dear father, should you think so? It is too dark to judge, at this distance, by resemblance of figure. Ardent and rash as he appears to be, I should scarcely suspect him on this occasion. With all the fiery qualities of youth, unchastised by experience, untamed by adversity, he is capable no doubt of extravagant adventures, but what could induce him to act in this manner?"

"You know the fears that he expressed concerning the issue of this night's journey. We know not what foundation he might have had for these fears. He told us of no danger that ought to deter us, but it is hard to conceive that he should have been thus vehement without cause. We know not what motives might have induced him to conceal from us the sources of his terror. And since he could not obtain our consent to his attending us, he has taken these means, perhaps, of effecting his purpose. The darkness might easily conceal him from our observation. He might have passed us without our noticing him, or he might have made a circuit in the woods we have just passed, and come out before us."

"That I own," replied the daughter, "is not improbable. If it be true, I shall be sorry for his own sake, but if there be any danger from which his attendance can secure us, I shall be well pleased for all our sakes. He will reflect with some satisfaction, perhaps, that he has done or intended us a service. It would be cruel to deny him a satisfaction so innocent."

"Pray, my dear, what think you of this young man? Does his ardour to serve us flow from a right source?"

"It flows, I have no doubt, from a double source. He has a kind heart, and delights to oblige others: but this is not all. He is likewise in love, and imagines that he cannot do too much for the object of his passion."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Davis, in some surprise. "You speak very positively. That is no more than I suspected; but how came you to know it with so much certainty?"

"The information came to me in the directest manner. He told me so himself."

"So ho! why, the impertinent young rogue!"

"Nay, my dear father, his behaviour did not merit that epithet. He is rash and inconsiderate. That is the utmost amount of his guilt. A short absence will show him the true state of his feelings. It was unavoidable, in one of his character,

to fall in love with the first woman whose appearance was in any degree specious. But attachments like these will be extinguished as easily as they are formed. I do not fear for him on this account."

"Have you reason to fear for him on any account?"

"Yes. The period of youth will soon pass away. Overweening and fickle, he will go on committing one mistake after another, incapable of repairing his errors, or of profiting by the daily lessons of experience. His genius will be merely an implement of mischief. His greater capacity will be evinced merely by the greater portion of unhappiness that, by means of it, will accrue to others or rebound upon himself."

"I see, my dear, that your spirits are low. Nothing else, surely, could suggest such melancholy presages. For my part, I question not, but he will one day be a fine fellow and a happy one. I like him exceedingly. I shall take pains to be acquainted with his future adventures, and do him all the good that I can."

"That intention," said his daughter, "is worthy of the goodness of your heart. He is no less an object of regard to me than to you. I trust I shall want neither the power nor inclination to contribute to his welfare. At present, however, his welfare will be best promoted by forgetting me. Hereafter, I shall solicit a renewal of intercourse."

"Speak lower," said the father. "If I mistake not, there is the same person again." He pointed to the field that skirted the road on the left hand. The young lady's better eyes enabled her to detect his mistake. It was the trunk of a cherry-tree that he had observed.

They proceeded in silence. Contrary to custom, the lady was buried in musing. Her father, whose temper and inclinations were moulded by those of his child, insensibly subsided into the same state.

The re-appearance of the same figure that had already excited their attention diverted them anew from their contemplations. "As I live," exclaimed Mr. Davis, "that thing, whatever it be, haunts us. I do not like it. This is strange conduct for young Althorpe to adopt. Instead of being our protector, the danger, against which he so pathetically warned us, may be, in some inscrutable way, connected with this personage. It is best to be upon our guard."

"Nay, my father," said the lady, "be not disturbed. What danger can be dreaded by two persons from one? This thing, I dare say, means us no harm. What is at present inexplicable might be obvious enough if we were better acquainted with this neighbourhood. It is not worth a thought. You see it is now gone." Mr. Davis looked again, but it was no longer discernible.

They were now approaching a wood. Mr. Davis called to the guide to stop. His daughter enquired the reason of this command. She found it arose from his uncertainty as to the propriety of proceeding.

"I know not how it is," said he, "but I begin to be affected with the fears of young Althorpe. I am half resolved not to enter this wood.—That light yonder informs that a house is near. It may not be unadvisable to stop. I cannot think of delaying our journey till morning; but, by stopping a few minutes, we may possibly collect some useful information. Perhaps it will be expedient and practicable to procure the attendance of another person. I am not well pleased with myself for decling our young friend's offer."

To this proposal Miss Davis objected the inconveniences that calling at a farmer's house, at this time of night, when all were retired to rest, would probably occasion. "Besides," continued she, "the light which you saw is gone: a sufficient proof that it was nothing but a meteor."

At this moment they heard a noise, at a small distance behind them, as of shutting a gate. They called. Speedily an answer was returned in a tone of mildness. The person approached the chaise, and

enquired who they were, whence they came, whither they were going, and, lastly, what they wanted.

Mr. Davis explained to this inquisitive person, in a few words, the nature of their situation, mentioned the appearance on the road, and questioned him, in his turn, as to what inconveniences were to be feared from prosecuting his journey. Satisfactory answers were returned to these enquiries.

"As to what you seed in the road," continued he, "I reckon it was nothing but a sheep or a cow. I am not more scary than some folks, but I never goes out a' nights without I sees some *sich* thing as that, that I takes for a man or woman, and am scared a little oftentimes, but not much. I'm sure after to find that it's not nothing but a cow, or hog, or tree, or something. If it wasn't some sich thing you seed, I reckon it was *Nick Handyside*."

"Nick Handyside! who was he?"

"It was a fellow that went about the country a' nights. A shocking fool to be sure, that loved to plague and frighten people. Yes. Yes. It couldn't be nobody, he reckoned, but Nick. Nick was a droll thing. He wondered they'd never heard of Nick. He reckoned they were strangers in these here parts."

"Very true, my friend. But who is Nick? Is he a reptile to be shunned, or trampled on?

"Why I don't know how as that. Nick is an odd soul to be sure; but he don't do nobody no harm, as ever I heard, except by scaring them. He is easily skeart though, for that matter, himself. He loves to frighten folks, but he's shocking apt to be frightened himself. I reckon you took Nick for a ghost. That's a shocking good story, I declare. Yet it's happened hundreds and hundreds of times, I guess, and more."

When this circumstance was mentioned, my uncle, as well as myself, was astonished at our own negligence. While enumerating, on the preceding evening, the obstacles and inconveniences which the travellers were likely to encounter, we entirely and unaccountably overlooked one circumstance, from which inquietude might reasonably have been expected. Near the spot where they now were, lived a Mr. Handyside, whose only son was an idiot. He also merited the name of monster, if a projecting breast, a mis-shapen head, features horrid and distorted, and a voice that resembled nothing that was ever before heard, could entitle him to that appellation. This being, besides the natural deformity of his frame, wore looks and practised gesticulations that were, in an inconceivable degree, uncouth and hideous. He was mischievous, but his freaks were subjects of little apprehension to those who were accustomed to them, though they were frequently occasions of alarm to strangers. He particularly delighted in imposing on the ignorance of strangers and the timidity of women. He was a perpetual rover. Entirely bereft of reason, his sole employment consisted in sleeping, and eating, and roaming. He would frequently escape at night, and a thousand anecdotes could have been detailed respecting the tricks which Nick Handyside had played upon way-farers.

Other considerations, however, had, in this instance, so much engrossed our minds, that Nick Handyside had never been once thought of or mentioned. This was the more remarkable, as there had very lately happened an adventure, in which this person had acted a principal part. He had wandered from home, and got bewildered in a desolate tract, known by the name of Norwood. It was a region, rude, sterile, and lonely, bestrewn with rocks, and embarrassed with bushes.

He had remained for some days in this wilderness. Unable to extricate himself, and, at length, tormented with hunger, he manifested his distress by the most doleful shrieks. These were uttered with most vehemence, and heard at greatest distance, by night. At first, those who heard them were panic-

struck; but, at length, they furnished a clue by which those who were in search of him were guided to the spot. Notwithstanding the recentness and singularity of this adventure, and the probability that our guests would suffer molestation from this cause, so strangely forgetful had we been, that no caution on this head had been given. This caution, indeed, as the event testified, would have been superfluous, and yet I cannot enough wonder that in hunting for some reason, by which I might justify my fears to them or to myself, I had totally overlooked this mischief-loving idiot.

After listening to an ample description of Nick, being warned to proceed with particular caution in a part of the road that was near at hand, and being assured that they had nothing to dread from human interference, they resumed their journey with new confidence.

Their attention was frequently excited by rustling leaves or stumbling footsteps, and the figure which they doubted not to belong to Nick Handyside, occasionally hovered in their sight. This appearance no longer inspired them with apprehension. They had been assured that a stern voice was sufficient to repulse him, when most importunate. This antic being treated all others as children. He took pleasure in the effects which the sight of his own deformity produced, and betokened his satisfaction by a laugh, which might have served as a model to the poet who has depicted the ghastly risibilities of Death. On this occasion, however, the monster behaved with unusual moderation. He never came near enough for his peculiarities to be distinguished by star-light. There was nothing fantastic in his motions, nor any thing surprising, but the celerity of his transitions. They were unaccompanied by those howls, which reminded you at one time of a troop of hungry wolves, and had, at another, something in them inexpressibly wild and melancholy. This monster possessed a certain species of dexterity. His talents, differently applied, would have excited rational admiration. He was fleet as a deer. He was patient, to an incredible degree, of watchfulness, and cold, and hunger. He had improved the flexibility of his voice, till his cries, always loud and rueful, were capable of being diversified without end. Instances had been known, in which the stoutest heart was appalled by them; and some, particularly in the case of women, in which they had been productive of consequences truly deplorable.

When the travellers had arrived at that part of the wood where, as they had been informed, it was needful to be particularly cautious, Mr. Davis, for their greater security, proposed to his daughter to alight. The exercise of walking, he thought, after so much time spent in a close carriage, would be salutary and pleasant. The young lady readily embraced the proposal. They forthwith alighted, and walked at a small distance before the chaise, which was now conducted by the servant. From this moment the spectre, which, till now, had been occasionally visible, entirely disappeared. This incident naturally led the conversation to this topic. So singular a specimen of the forms which human nature is found to assume could not fail of suggesting a variety of remarks.

They pictured to themselves many combinations of circumstances in which Handyside might be the agent, and in which the most momentous effects might flow from his agency, without its being possible for others to conjecture the true nature of the agent. The propensities of this being might contribute to realize, on an American road, many of those imaginary tokens and perils which abound in the wildest romance. He would be an admirable machine, in a plan whose purpose was to generate or foster, in a given subject, the frenzy of quixotism.—No theatre was better adapted than Norwood to such an exhibition. This part of the country had long

been deserted by beasts of prey. Bears might still, perhaps, be found during a very rigorous season, but wolves which, when the country was a desert, were extremely numerous, had now, in consequence of increasing population, withdrawn to more savage haunts. Yet the voice of Handyside, varied with the force and skill of which he was known to be capable, would fill these shades with outcries as ferocious as those which are to be heard in Siamese or Abyssinian forests. The tale of his recent elopement had been told by the man with whom they had just parted, in a rustic but picturesque style.

"But why," said the lady, "did not our kind host inform us of this circumstance? He must surely have been well acquainted with the existence and habits of this Handyside. He must have perceived to how many groundless alarms our ignorance, in this respect, was likely to expose us. It is strange that he did not afford us the slightest intimation of it."

Mr. Davis was no less surprised at this omission. He was at a loss to conceive how this should be forgotten in the midst of those minute directions, in which every cause had been laboriously recollected from which he might incur danger or suffer obstruction.

This person, being no longer an object of terror, began to be regarded with a very lively curiosity. They even wished for his appearance and near approach, that they might carry away with them more definite conceptions of his figure. The lady declared she should be highly pleased by hearing his outcries, and consoled herself with the belief, that he would not allow them to pass the limits which he had prescribed to his wanderings, without greeting them with a strain or two. This wish had scarcely been uttered, when it was completely gratified.

The lady involuntarily started, and caught hold of her father's arm. Mr. Davis himself was disconcerted. A scream, dismally loud, and piercingly shrill, was uttered by one at less than twenty paces from them.

The monster had shown some skill in the choice of a spot suitable to his design. Neighbouring precipices, and a thick umbrage of oaks, on either side, contributed to prolong and to heighten his terrible notes. They were rendered more awful by the profound stillness that preceded and followed them. They were able speedily to quiet the trepidations which this hideous outcry, in spite of preparation and foresight, had produced, but they had not foreseen one of its unhappy consequences.

In a moment Mr. Davis was alarmed by the rapid sound of footsteps behind him. His presence of mind, on this occasion, probably saved himself and his daughter from instant destruction. He leaped out of the path, and, by a sudden exertion, at the same moment, threw the lady to some distance from the tract. The horse that drew the chaise rushed by them with the celerity of lightning. Affrighted at the sounds which had been uttered at a still less distance from the horse than from Mr. Davis, possibly with a malicious design to produce this very effect, he jerked the bridle from the hands that held it, and rushed forward with headlong speed. The man, before he could provide for his own safety, was beaten to the earth. He was considerably bruised by the fall, but presently recovered his feet, and went in pursuit of the horse.

This accident happened at about a hundred yards from the *oak*, against which so many cautions had been given. It was not possible, at any time, without considerable caution, to avoid it. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that, in a few seconds, the carriage was shocked against the trunk, overturned, and dashed into a thousand fragments. The noise of the crash sufficiently informed them of this event. Had the horse been inclined to stop, a repetition, for the space of some minutes, of the same savage and ter-

rible shrieks would have added tenfold to his consternation and to the speed of his flight. After this dismal strain had ended, Mr. Davis raised his daughter from the ground. She had suffered no material injury. As soon as they recovered from the confusion into which this accident had thrown them, they began to consult upon the measures proper to be taken upon this emergency. They were left alone. The servant had gone in pursuit of the flying horse. Whether he would be able to retake him was extremely dubious. Meanwhile they were surrounded by darkness. What was the distance of the next house could not be known. At that hour of the night they could not hope to be directed, by the far-seen taper, to any hospitable roof. The only alternative, therefore, was to remain where they were, uncertain of the fate of their companion, or to go forward with the utmost expedition.

They could not hesitate to embrace the latter. In a few minutes they arrived at the oak. The chaise appeared to have been dashed against a knotty projecture of the trunk, which was large enough for a person to be conveniently seated on it. Here they again paused.—Miss Davis desired to remain here a few minutes to recruit her exhausted strength. She proposed to her father to leave her here, and go forward in quest of the horse and the servant. He might return as speedily as he thought proper. She did not fear to be alone. The voice was still. Having accomplished his malicious purposes, the spectre had probably taken his final leave of them. At all events, if the report of the rustic was true, she had no personal injury to fear from him.

Through some deplorable infatuation, as he afterwards deemed it, Mr. Davis complied with her intreaties, and went in search of the missing. He had engaged in a most unpromising undertaking. The man and horse were by this time at a considerable distance. The former would, no doubt, shortly return. Whether his pursuit succeeded or miscarried, he would surely see the propriety of hastening his return with what tidings he could obtain, and to ascertain his master's situation. Add to this, the impropriety of leaving a woman, single and unarmed, to the machinations of this demoniac. He had scarcely parted with her when these reflections occurred to him. His resolution was changed. He turned back with the intention of immediately seeking her. At the same moment, he saw the flash and heard the discharge of a pistol. The light proceeded from the foot of the oak. His imagination was filled with horrible forebodings. He ran with all his speed to the spot. He called aloud upon the name of his daughter, but, alas! she was unable to answer him. He found her stretched at the foot of the tree, senseless, and weltering in her blood. He lifted her in his arms, and seated her against the trunk. He found himself stained with blood, flowing from a wound, which either the darkness of the night, or the confusion of his thoughts, hindered him from tracing. Overwhelmed with a catastrophe so dreadful and unexpected, he was divested of all presence of mind. The author of his calamity had vanished. No human being was at hand to succour him in his uttermost distress. He beat his head against the ground, tore away his venerable locks, and rent the air with his cries.

Fortunately there was a dwelling at no great distance from this scene. The discharge of a pistol produces a sound too loud not to be heard far and wide, in this lonely region. This house belonged to a physician. He was a man noted for his humanity and sympathy. He was roused, as well as most of his family, by a sound so uncommon. He rose instantly, and calling up his people. proceeded with lights to the road, The lamentations of Mr. Davis directed them to the place. To the physician the scene was inexplicable. Who was the author of this

distress; by whom the pistol was discharged; whether through some untoward chance or with design, he was as yet uninformed, nor could he gain any information from the incoherent despair of Mr. Davis.

Every measure that humanity and professional skill could suggest were employed on this occasion. The dying lady was removed to the house. The ball had lodged in her brain, and to extract it was impossible. Why should I dwell on the remaining incidents of this tale? She languished till the next morning, and then expired.———

For the Literary Magazine.

THE LAW OF NATIONS.

A GREAT many grave treatises have been written on the law of nations, and the writers have probably fancied themselves usefully employed while writing them. They have, indeed, contributed not a little to our entertainment and instruction, by collecting a great number of historical anecdotes. But nothing can be more preposterous that their attempt to extract from these anecdotes a rule for the future government of nations in their mutual intercourse. Nothing can be more absurd than for a private person, in his closet, to lay down a *law* for the regulation of neighbouring and rival states.

Some dreamers, like Vattel and Puffendorf, pretend to engraft upon these anecdotes a system of conduct, such as their own judgment approves as equitable and proper, between nation and nation. So far as their books pourtray the manners of the age, they are valuable and instructive, but so far as they propound a system of law, drawn from historical precedents, or from their own reasonings upon right and wrong, they are frivolous and nugatory.

The law of natious in Europe! Has any law ever been imposed by a superior power on the nations in Europe? or have these nations ever met and fixed on certain laws, to which they will conform under certain penalties? No such thing. There is no such thing as law of nations in Europe. There are certain customs prevailing in certain nations of Europe, which are violated in their turns by every one of them, according as it suits their convenience: there are only certain agreements or treaties between friendly nations; and if they disagree, recourse is had to war, which sets all reason, honour, and justice, at defiance.

Yet, in all disputes between nations, each party objects to the other some breach of the law of nations: and it is very hard indeed, if each cannot find some pretext from that law to justify its conduct. Like the law of fashion, reputation, or honour, an equally undefined law, this law of nations is capricious: and there is scarcely any thing laid down to be just or unjust, according to this law, which, in the course of a few years, does not change its name and quality. Thus, not long ago, every English historian did not fail to reprobate the conduct of the Spaniards towards the natives of America; and the hunting of them with dogs was looked upon as a refinement in cruelty, unworthy of a civilised nation. What will the English historians now say of the English nation, which has used the same species of dogs against an independent people, with whom it had entered into a treaty, and, on the conquest of this people, exercises the supposed right of conquest by transporting them to a distant and remote country.

One of the principles, we should think, of the law of nations would be, that each nation should regulate, at its own discretion, its own internal concerns; but the late confederacies against France and Poland show in what estimation such a principle is held by the nations in Europe. The passage of an ambassador over a neutral territory

might be supposed sacred: yet in a thousand cases it appears, this is not an inviolable principle of this law of nations.

Some have supposed a law of nations to prescribe a solemn and open declaration of war before we proceed to hostilities; but this is almost invariably disregarded. What more common than to begin by seizing all the merchant ships of the enemy in our own ports, before they are aware that war is intended.

It is idle to ascribe any sanctity even to those special laws called treaties, between particular states. In assenting to those treaties, each nation is supposed to be influenced by its convenience only, and it certainly adheres to them no longer than its convenience dictates. The little obligation which these instruments possess is evident from this, that almost all wars arise from an imputed breach of treaty. The facility is well known with which arguments may be found by the rulers of nations for reconciling the pursuit of their own interest to equity and reason. No matter how false and hollow they may be. They will answer all the ends for which they are intended, and are little more, in any case, but a solemn farce. Nations, through their kings and secretaries, will for ever prate about justice, equity, and good faith; but, at bottom, they have no principle of action but their separate interest, and their own cunning and strength are their sole means of effecting their aims.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE PROGRESS OF GEOMETRY.

GEOMETRY, which, in its original, was no more than the art of measuring the earth, has been very rarely applied to that purpose, in after times. Its votaries have been busily engaged in measuring surfaces and figures, which can only exist in the imagination, such as circles, spheres, cones, and pyramids, of which, whatever applications have been made to the mensuration of empyreal spaces, or celestial bodies, there has seldom been any practical use made, in ascertaining heights and distances upon the surface of the earth.

Kingdoms, provinces, towns, and farms have indeed been surveyed, but geometry has lent but little assistance on those occasions. The compass and the line have been almost the only instruments employed, and in the use of these the greatest blunders and inaccuracies are committed without scruple or compunction.

We can hardly, indeed, fail of observing how much slower the mathematical arts, in general, have advanced than the mathematical sciences. Though the former were the first to start in the progress of improvement, they appear to have fallen behind almost from the first. The rude manner in which Archimedes measured the apparent diameter of the sun is well known; and while that great geometer was investigating the properties of the sphere and cylinder with an acuteness and depth that have been the admiration of all succeeding ages, he was resolving one of the simplest problems of practical astronomy, in a more inaccurate manner than would be suffered in an ordinary seaman of modern times. When the great problem of measuring the circumference of the earth was first thought of, the principle upon which the solution was attempted was perfectly scientific; but the execution, though in skilful hands, was in the highest degree *slovenly* and inaccurate. The sages of modern Europe have traversed the globe, from the equator to the polar circle, in order to resolve this great problem, and are still labouring hard, to give perfect accuracy to their conclusions. The academicians of Greece and Egypt put themselves to no such inconvenience. One of them, when he engaged in the inquiry, never quitted his observatory; but

having measured the sun's solstitial elevation at Alexandria, where he lived, he took for granted, on report, that on the same day the sun was in the zenith of Syene, being seen there from the bottom of a deep well. He also maintained, on no better authority, the distance and bearing of the two places, and, with such *data*, was not ashamed to say he had computed the circumference of the earth.

At a much later period, Norwood set about determining the circumference of the earth, with an accuracy as much superior to that of the Greek geometer as it was inferior to recent attempts. Having determined the latitudes of London and York, by observation, he travelled from the one place to the other, measuring along the high road with a chain, and taking the bearings with a compass. He was satisfied with the accuracy of his work: "When I measured not," says he, "*I paced*, and I believe the experiment has come within a *scantling* of the truth."

It is instructive to compare these early essays of practical geometry with the perfection to which its operations have now reached, and to consider, that while the artist had made so little progress, the theorist had reached many of the sublimest heights of mathematical speculation; that the latter has found out the area of the circle, and calculated its circumference to more than a hundred places of decimals, when the former could hardly divide an arch into minutes of a degree; and that many treatises had appeared on the properties of curve lines, before a straight one had ever been accurately drawn or measured on the surface of the earth.

The progress made in the grand trigonometrical survey of England, which was begun in 1784, is more honourable to geometry, than any practical application of its principles which has been recorded. In no long time, we may derive from geometrical skill an exact delineation of Great Britain, an achievement which has been so long shamefully neglected. While the most profound capacities have been stretched to the utmost in determining the course, distance, and diameter of a planet, some hundreds of millions of miles distant, the real dimensions of the smallest lake or island on the surface of our own globe has been unknown. Men have accurately surveyed the path which the moon takes through the aerial spaces, while they have remained wholly ignorant of the shortest way between the two principal towns in their native country.

The true reason of this difference in the progress of speculative and practical geometry lies, perhaps, in the greater facility with which the operations of the former are attended. It may seem at first a little paradoxical to affirm, that it is more easy to ascertain the diameter of Saturn, and the days, hours, minutes, and seconds which it requires to pass from one point in the heavens to another, than to determine the exact distance which separates two places within sight of each other, but the truth is, that the instruments and calculations by which the former is effected can be managed by a solitary student in his closet, with little expence of any thing but of time, patience, and attention; whereas much more of these qualities are demanded to make two *rods* or chains of the same precise length, to place them in the same straight line, and to make the beginning of one coincide with the end of another.

W.

For the Literary Magazine.

ADVERSARIA.

NO. VIII.

THERE is no foreign country to which Italy is so much indebted for the study and cultivation of its language, and a just, but at the same time complimentary, estimation of its writers, and especially of its po-

ets, as Great Britain. When Galileo was disgraced, and suffering imprisonment in his native land, for pursuits and discoveries which have immortalized him, his name, and his researches, were honoured as they deserved to be in England. Milton visited and consoled him in his captivity, and became so enamoured of his native tongue, as to compose many of the best of his smaller effusions in Italian, and communicate to his countrymen, for the first time, a taste for the Italian sonnet.

When Marchetti had completed his elegant and exquisite version of Lucretius, the best which has hitherto made its appearance, in any language, fearful of the consequences which might result to him from the dissemination of a book which struck so deeply at the root of all superstition and false philosophy, he restrained the publication in his own country, and is indebted to England for the first edition of his labours, which made its appearance in London in 1717. A similar warmth of regard for Italian literature has seldom ceased to be manifested at any period; but it has of late exhibited a more prominent aspect, in consequence of Mr. Roscoe's gratifying attention to Italian history, and Mr. Matthias's republication of select poems, poetical narratives, and poetical commentaries, from the best writers of this elegant and highly-gifted people.

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The fame of Amadis de Gaul has reached to the present day, and has indeed become almost provincial in most languages of Europe. But this distinction has been attained rather in a mortifying manner, for the hero seems much less indebted for his present renown to his historians, Lobeira, Montalvo, and Herberary, than to Cervantes, who selected their labours, as one of the best known books of chivalry, and therefore the most prominent object for his ridicule. In this case, as in many others, the renown of the victor has carried down to posterity the memory of the vanquished; and, excepting the few students of black letter, we believe no reader is acquainted with Amadis de Gaul otherwise than as the prototype of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

—

It has often been a matter of some surprise to me, that so few of our authors are conspicuous as writers of letters. Whether it be that Pegasus is of too lofty a spirit to descend to a humble amble I know not, but there is scarcely a volume of letters which can rank far above the ordinary effusions of boarding-school misses. Pope is perhaps the most harmonious poet the English language can boast. He abounds with fanciful and correct imagery, and every line of his evinces an accurate knowledge of human nature, yet his epistolary correspondence is miserably dull and stale. Were I to take his character from such a specimen, I should suppose him to be a *mere* merchant, who closed his day-book in the evening, to write a journal of his transactions and plans to his friend.

I do not know how far I shall hazard my taste, when I say, that the *ploughman of Ayrshire* is equal to him in point of the quality of genius, but I hesitate not to prefer the letters of Burns to those of Pope. Burns is an agreeable correspondent, because his letters are plain, unvarnished copies of his thoughts; whereas, in Pope, every sentence is polished, every idea is refined. Burns always wishes to amuse, Pope strives to be admired. The one wrote to his friend, the other to the public.

My present recollection of Burns does not furnish me with a more favourable instance of the ease and elegance of his epistolary style, than that contained in the letter in which he describes the origin of one of his sweetest pieces, his *Lass of Ballochmyle*.

"I had roved out," says he, "as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the

gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening flowers, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment to the poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path lest I should disturb their little song, or frighten them to another station. Even the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way, what heart at such a time but must have been interested in its welfare, and wished it preserved from the rudely browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast. Such was the scene, and such was the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye, those visionary bards excepted, who hold commerce with aerial beings."

The reader must not content himself with barely admiring the elegance of this description, but he will observe how faithfully the peculiar features of the poet's mind are pourtrayed. No biographer could have drawn a more lively picture of that poetic enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and the benevolent heart which Burns possessed, than he himself has here manifested.

—

Perhaps there never was a period when the attention of legislators, of moralists, and divines ought to be more forcibly exerted than at present. The revolution of states and kingdoms has unhappily introduced a change of sentiments and manners, by no means favourable to virtue and the decencies of life. But, although our own country has not wholly escaped the infection of French principles and French manners, we cannot but, at the same time, deem it matter of sincere congratulation, that an honourable phalanx of British worthies appear nobly determined, in their respective stations, to stem the torrent of vice and infidelity. In the senate, on the bench of justice, from the pulpit, and the press, various efforts have been used, and, we trust, with no small success, to provide an antidote against that immorality and scepticism spawned from a neighbouring country.

Amongst the productions of this useful tendency, a high rank is assigned to Mr. Sibbit's *Dissertation on the Influence of Luxury, &c.*, by the editors of the Anti-Jacobin Review, the most indefatigable and zealous champions in this natural warfare between the good and the bad. They characterize it as a work in which a regard for religion, and the principles and manners of the rising generation, are happily blended with a flowing style, and an intimate acquaintance with the works of the learned. Whilst this writer, say they, has dedicated his speculations and enquiries to investigate the genius and spirit of nations, both ancient and modern, and to survey mankind with a philosophic eye, amidst the various changes that have occurred, the minds of attentive readers cannot fail to be enriched with a considerable fund of religious, as well as of moral and political information.

In tracing the history of nations, in former as well as later times, Mr. Sibbit has clearly pointed out luxury as the bane, the efficient cause, the forerunner of their destruction. The example of Rome is particularly dwelt upon as a warning to Britain. While drawing the parallel in this essay, one of Britain's sons lifts up his faithful warning voice to caution against the baleful influence on morality, arising from eastern conquests, a long train of prosperity, and an introduction of the refinements of foreign nations. Nor does he omit his zealous endeavours against the fashionable precepts of a new philosophy, the tendency of which is to subvert every principle of morality and religion, upon which the pillars of society are

founded. When describing those vain and conceited sophists who arose in Greece, whose philosophy was imported into Rome, and who disseminated principles which were pernicious, in a high degree, to the welfare and peace of mankind, Mr. Sibbit, in a nervous style, makes the following very seasonable reflections:

"The writings of those philosophers, if they deserve so respectable a name, were the offspring of vanity and presumption; they were actuated by motives very similar to those which influence the moderns of the same school. The fever of ambition, the desire of distinction, which sometimes inspires the literary hero, is often as fatal to the repose of mankind as the military ardour which impels the conqueror to carry devastation and terror over the world, in search of laurels and of triumphs. Every consideration is sacrificed to vanity and fame; and the praise of men, by people of this stamp, is preferred to the approbation of Heaven. The most effectual method, therefore, to gratify this restless passion, and to obtain the admiration of the crowd, is to attack every thing which the world had hitherto deemed sacred and venerable in religion and in morals. To endeavour to confound in the distinctions of right and wrong, to mislead and to corrupt the giddy populace by the boldness and the novelty of their assertions, is a sure way to be conspicuous for a time, and to live in the mouths of men; and paradoxes, absurdities, cynic arrogance, and obscenity, will too often, in a vicious age, gain more applause than the sublime productions of genius and virtue. The epigram of a buffoon, the whining elegy, and the flimsy novel, will be read with avidity in frivolous times, while Homer and Milton, and Demosthenes and Burke, will be neglected: for luxury and vice have a tendency to corrupt and debilitate the mind as well as the body; to contaminate our intellectual task as well as our moral perceptions; and, when we want energy and purity of soul to comprehend the vast and grand, or to be charmed with the delicate and elegant compositions of true genius, we, from the mere depravity of our faculties, delight to feed upon the disgusting garbage, or the impertinent conceits, of the literary profligates of the day, the immoral and puny writers of a degenerate age; and there is nothing, perhaps, so fatal to the morals of a nation as corrupt and vicious literary productions, as they diffuse their influence over a large space, and effect all ranks and descriptions of men."

CENTO.

For the Literary Magazine.

CHARACTER AND SENTIMENTS OF COWPER.

From his own letters.

COWPER, of whose real character and sentiments so much curiosity may be reasonably entertained, has described himself with no small degree of accuracy in his letters. As to his biographer, Hayley, he can hardly be allowed to have thrown the smallest light upon the character of this poet. His memoirs are deficient exactly on the points on which the correspondence itself is silent, and he seldom relates any thing of which the letters themselves do not give us more adequate notions than his narrative.

In passing through the last volume of his letters, the eye and attention are naturally arrested by those passages in which the author's individual character is pourtrayed, either indirectly or directly. The following seem to be thus descriptive and characteristic.

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Last week I made a trip to Gayhurst, the seat of Mr. Wright, about four miles off. He understood that I did not much affect strange faces, and sent over his servant on

purpose to inform me, that he was going into Leicestershire, and that, if I chose to see the gardens, I might gratify myself without danger of seeing the proprietor. I accepted the invitation, and was delighted with all I found there.

—

My scribbling humour has (1780) of late been entirely absorbed in the passion for landscape drawing.

So long as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme. The unhappy consequences of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation seldom out-lives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pressure with so much vehemence, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue.

—

I am pretty much in the garden at this season of the year, so read but little. In summer time I am as giddy-headed as a boy, and can settle to nothing. Winter condenses me, and makes me lumpish and sober; and then I can read all day long.

—

I can compare this mind of mine to nothing that resembles it more, that to a board that is under the carpenter's plane (I mean while I am writing to you): the shavings are my uppermost thoughts; after a few strokes of the tool, it requires a new surface; this again upon a repetition of his task he takes off, and a new surface still succeeds: whether the shavings of the present day will be worth your acceptance, I know not. I am unfortunately made neither of cedar, nor of mahogany, but *Truncus ficulnus, inutile lignum;* consequently, though I should be planed 'till I am as thin as a wafer, it would be but rubbish to the last.

—

It is not when I will, nor upon what I will, but as a thought happens to occur to me; and then I versify, whether I will or not.

—

My morning is engrossed by the garden; and in the afternoon, 'till I have drunk tea, I am fit for nothing.

—

I am not insensible of the value of a good name, either as a man or an author. But my life, having been in many respects a series of mortifications and disappointments, I am become less apprehensive, and impressible perhaps in some points, than I should have otherwise been.

—

Sleep, that refreshes my body, seems to cripple me in every other respect. As the evening approaches, I grow more alert, and when I am retiring to bed, am more fit for mental occupation than at any other time. So it fares with *us*, whom they call nervous. By a strange inversion of the animal economy, we are ready to sleep when we have most need to be awake, and go to bed just when we might sit up to some purpose. The watch is irregularly wound up, it goes in the night when it is not wanted, and in the day stands still. In many respects we have the advantage of our forefathers, the Picts. We sleep in a whole skin, and are not obliged to submit to the painful operation of puncturating ourselves from head to foot, in order that we may be decently dressed and fit to appear abroad. But, on the other hand, we have reason enough to envy them their tone of nerves, and that flow

of spirits, which effectually secured them from all uncomfortable impressions of a gloomy atmosphere, and from every shade of melancholy from every other cause. They understood (I suppose) the use of vulnerary herbs, having frequent occasion for some skill in surgery, but physicians (I presume) they had none, having no need of any. Is it possible, that a creature like myself can be descended from such progenitors, in whom there appears not a single trace of family resemblance? What an alteration have a few ages made! They, without clothing, would defy the severest seasons, and I, with all the accommodations that art has since invented, am hardly secure even in the mildest. If the wind blows upon me when my pores are open, I catch cold. A cough is the consequence. I suppose if such a disorder could have seized a Pict, his friends would have concluded that a bone had stuck in his throat, and that he was in some danger of choking. They would perhaps have addressed themselves to the cure of his cough by thrusting their fingers into his gullet, which would only have exasperated the case. But they would never have thought of administering laudanum, my only remedy. For this difference however, that has obtained between me and my ancestors, I am indebted to the luxurious practices and enfeebling self-indulgence of a long line of grandsires, who from generation to generation have been employed in deteriorating the breed, 'till at last the collected effects of all their follies have centered in my puny self. A man indeed, but not in the image of those that went before me. A man, who sigh and groan, who wear out life in dejection and oppression of spirits, and who never think of the aborigines of the country to which I belong, without wishing that I had been born among them.

—

When I write to a stranger, I feel myself deprived of half my intellects. I suspect that I shall write nonsense, and I do so. I tremble at the thought of an inaccuracy, and become absolutely ungrammatical. I feel myself sweat. I have recourse to the knife and the pounce. I correct half a dozen blunders, which in a common case I should not have committed, and have no sooner dispatched what I have written, than I recollect how much better I could have made it; how easily and genteelly I could have relaxed the stiffness of the phrase, and have cured the insufferable awkwardness of the whole, had they struck me a little earlier. Thus we stand in awe of we know not what, and miscarry through mere desire to excel.

—

A neighbour of mine, in Silverend, keeps an ass; the ass lives on the other side of the garden-wall, and I am writting in the greenhouse: it happens that he is this morning most musically disposed, whether cheered by the fine weather, or by some new tune which he has just acquired, or by finding his voice more harmonious than usual. It would be cruel to mortify so fine a singer, therefore I do not tell him that he interrupts and hinders me, but I venture to tell you so, and to plead his performance in excuse of my abrupt conclusion.

I send you the goldfinches, with which you will do as you see good.

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I sit with all the windows and the door wide open, and am regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known how to make it. We keep no bees, but if I lived in a hive, I should hardly hear more of their music. All the bees in the neighbourhood resort to a bed of mignonette, opposite to the window, and pay me for the honey they get out of it by a hum, which though rather monotonous, is as agreeable to my ear as the whistling of my linnets.

All the sounds that nature utters are delightful, at least in this country. I should not perhaps find the roaring of lions in Africa, or the growlings of bears in Russia very pleasing, but I know no beast in England whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me, without one exception. I should not indeed think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour, for the sake of his melody, but a goose upon a common, or in a farmyard, is no bad performer: and as to insects, if the black beetle, and beetles indeed of all hues, will keep out of my way, I have no objection to any of the rest; on the contrary, in whatever key they sing, from the gnat's fine treble to the bass of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect that certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits. And if a sinful world had been filled with such as would have curdled the blood, and have made the sense of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have had a right to complain. But now the fields, the woods, the gardens, have each their concert, and the ear of man is for ever regaled by creatures who seem only to please themselves. Even the ears that are deaf to the gospel are continually entertained, though without knowing it, by sounds for which they are solely indebted to its author. There is somewhere in infinite space, a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy, and as it is reasonable, and even scriptural to suppose, that there is music in heaven, in those dismal regions perhaps the reverse of it is found: tones so dismal, as to make woe itself more insupportable, and to acuminate even despair.

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There is no one article of this world's comforts, with which, as Falstaff says, the poor are so heinously unprovided as bedding. When a poor woman, and an honest one, whom we know well, carried home two pair of blankets, a pair for herself and husband, and a pair for her six children, as soon as the children saw them, they jumped out of their straw, caught them in their arms, kissed them, blessed them, and danced for joy. An old woman, a very old one, the first night that she found herself so comfortably covered, could not sleep a wink, being kept awake by the contrary emotions of transport on the one hand, and the fear of not being thankful enough on the other.

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I wrote the poem on truth to inculcate the eleemosynary character of the gospel, as a dispensation of mercy, in the most absolute sense of the word, to the exclusion of all claims of merit on the part of the receiver; consequently to set the brand of invalidity upon the plea of works, and to discover, upon scriptural ground, the absurdity of that notion, which includes a solecism in the very terms of it, that man, by repentance and good works, may deserve the mercy of his Maker. I call it a solecism, because mercy deserved ceases to be mercy, and must take the name of justice. This is the opinion which I said in my last, the world would not acquiesce in, but except this, I do not recollect that I have introduced a syllable into any of my pieces that they can possibly object to; and even this I have endeavoured to deliver from doctrinal dryness by as many pretty things, in the way of trinket and plaything, as I could muster upon the subject. So that if I have rubbed their gums, I have taken care to do it with a coral, and even

that coral embellished by the ribbon to which it is tied, and recommended by the tinkling of all the bells I could contrive to annex to it.

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A man, whose vices and irregularities have brought his liberty and life into danger, will always be viewed with an eye of compassion by those who understand what human nature is made of; and while we acknowledge the severities of the law to be founded upon principles of necessity and justice, and are glad that there is such a barrier provided for the peace of society, if we consider that the difference between ourselves and the culprit is not of our own making, we shall be, as you are, tenderly affected by the view of his misery, and not less so because he has brought it upon himself.

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When I see an afflicted man, I say to myself, there is perhaps a man whom the world would envy, if they knew the value of his sorrows, which are possibly intended only to soften his heart, and to turn his afflictions towards their proper centre. But when I see, or hear of a crowd of voluptuaries, who have no ears but for music, no eyes but for splendour, and no tongue but for impertinence and folly, I say this is madness. This persisted in must have a tragical conclusion. It will condemn you, not only as christians, unworthy of the name, but as intelligent creatures. You know by the light of nature, if you have not quenched it, that there is a God, and that a life like yours cannot be according to his will.

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Let a man attach himself to a particular party, contend furiously for what are properly called evangelical doctrines, and enlist himself under the banner of some popular preacher, and the business is done. Behold a christian, a saint, a phœnix! In the mean time, perhaps, his heart, temper, and conduct are possibly less exemplary than those of some avowed infidels. No matter; he can talk; he has the Shibboleth of the true church; the bible in his pocket; and a head well-stored with notions. But the quiet, humble, modest, and peaceable person, who is, in practice, what the other is only in profession, who hates a noise, and therefore makes none, who, knowing the snares that are in the world, keeps himself as much out of it as he can, and never enters it but when duty calls, and even then with fear and trembling, is the christian, that will always stand highest in the estimation of those, who bring all characters to the test of true wisdom, and judge of the tree by its fruit.

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Were I to write as many volumes as Lopez de Vega, or Voltaire, not one of them would be without a tincture of piety. If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. I make all the concessions I can, that I may please them, but I will not please them at the expence of my conscience.

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The reading of Cook's last voyage afforded me much amusement, and I hope some instruction. No observation, however, forced itself upon me with more violence than one, on the death of captain Cook. God is a jealous God, and at Owhyhee the poor man was content to be worshipped. From that moment, the remarkable interposition of Providence in his favour, was converted into an opposition, that thwarted all his purposes. He left the scene of his deification, but was driven back to it by a violent storm, in which he suffered more than in any that had preceded it. When he departed, he left his worshippers still infatuated with an idea of his godship, consequently well disposed to serve him. At his return, he found them sullen, distrustful, and mysterious.

A trifling theft was committed, which by a blunder of his own in pursuing the thief, after the property had been restored, was magnified to an affair of the last importance. One of their favourite chiefs was killed too by a blunder. Nothing, in short, but blunder and mistake attended him, till he fell breathless into the water, and then all was smooth again. The world indeed will not take notice, or see that the dispensation bore evident marks of divine displeasure; but a mind, I think, in any degree spiritual, cannot overlook them.

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Could a dog or a cat suggest to me the thought, that Christ is precious, I would not despise that thought because a dog or a cat suggested it; the meanness of the instrument cannot debase the nobleness of the principle. He that kneels before a picture of Christ is an idolater, but he in whose heart the sight of a picture kindles a warm remembrance of the Saviour's sufferings, must be a christian. Suppose that I dream as Gardiner did, that Christ walks before me, that he turns and smiles upon me, and fills my soul with ineffable love and joy. Will a man tell me that I am deceived, that I ought not to love or rejoice in him for such a reason, because a dream is merely a picture drawn upon the imagination; I hold not with such divinity. To love Christ is the greatest dignity of man, be that affection wrought in him how it may.

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My descriptions are all from nature. Not one of them second-handed. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience. Not one of them borrowed from books, or in the least degree conjectural. In my numbers, which I have varied as much as I could, for blank verse, without variety of numbers, is no better than bladder and string, I have imitated nobody, though sometimes perhaps there may be an apparent resemblance; because at the same time that I would not imitate, I have not affectedly differed.

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Johnson's treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. He has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of every thing royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton, that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could have discovered more, he would not have spared him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. He has passed sentence of condemnation upon Lycidas, and has taken occasion from that charming poem, to expose to ridicule (what is indeed ridiculous enough) the childish prattlement of pastoral compositions, as if Lycidas was the prototype and pattern of them all. The liveliness of the description, the sweetness of the numbers, the classical spirit of antiquity that prevails in it, go for nothing. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's; was there ever any thing so delightful as the music of the Paradise Lost? It is like that of a fine organ; has the fullest and the deepest tones of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of of the Dorian flute. Variety without end, and never equalled, unless perhaps by Virgil.

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Whatever is short should be nervous, masculine, and compact.

Little men are so; and little poems should be so; because, where the work is short, the author has no right to the plea of weariness, and laziness is never admitted as an available excuse in any thing. Now you know my opinion, you will very likely improve upon my improvement, and alter my alterations for the better. To touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself, and if you would take as much pains as I do, you would have no need to ask for my corrections.

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I considered that the taste of the day is refined, and delicate to excess, and that to disgust that delicacy of taste, by a slovenly inattention to it, would be to forfeit at once all hope of being useful; and for this reason, though I have written more verse this last year, than perhaps any man in England, I have finished and polished, and touched and retouched, with the utmost care.

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Robertson and Gibbon disgust me always, Robertson with his pomp and his strut, and Gibbon with his finical and French manners.

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With the unwearied application of a plodding Flemish painter, who draws a shrimp with the most minute exactness, Pope had all the genius of one of the first masters. Never, I believe, were such talents and such drudgery united. But I admire Dryden most, who has succeeded by mere dint of genius, and in spite of a laziness and carelessness, almost peculiar to himself. His faults are numberless, and so are his beauties. His faults are those of a great man, and his beauties are such, at least sometimes, as Pope, with all his touching and retouching, could never equal.

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I wonder almost, that as the Bacchanals served Orpheus, the boys and girls do not tear this husky, dry, commentator, Johnson, limb from limb, in resentment of such an injury done to their darling poet. I admire Johnson, as a man of great erudition and sense, but when he sets himself up for a judge of writers upon the subject of love, a passion which I suppose he never felt in his life, he might as well think himself qualified to pronounce upon a treatise on horsemanship, or the art of fortification.

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Beattie is the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with: the only author I have seen whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embelished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subjects, and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease too, that his own character appears in every page, and, which is very rare, we see not only the writer, but the man: and that man so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him if one has any sense of what is lovely.

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I have read six of Blair's Lectures, and what do I say of Blair? That he is a sensible man, master of his subjects, and, excepting here and there a Scotticism, a good writer, so far at least as perspicuity of expression, and method, contribute to make one. But oh the sterility of that man's fancy! if indeed he has any such faculty belonging to him. Perhaps philosophers, or men designed for such, are sometimes

born without one, or perhaps it withers for want of exercise. However that may be, Dr. Blair has such a brain as Shakespeare somewhere describes, "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

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Blair has crept a little farther into my favour. As his subjects improve, he improves with them, but upon the whole I account him a dry writer, useful no doubt as an instructor, but as little entertaining as with so much knowledge it is possible to be. His language is, except Swift's, the least figurative I remember to have seen, and the few figures found in it, are not always happily employed. I take him to be a critic very little animated by what he reads, who rather reasons about the beauties of an author than really tastes them, and who finds, that a passage is praise-worthy, not because it charms him, but because it is accommodated to the laws of criticism, in that case made and provided.

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A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely by maintaining a progress, and resolving, as a postillion does, having once set out, never stops till we reach the appointed end. If a man may talk without thinking, why not write upon the same terms?

For the Literary Magazine.

A LITERARY LADY.

MOST *men* are desirous of being thought learned; but there was a time, when learning was thought to reflect, not honour, but some degree of discredit on the *female* sex.—Strange caprice and perverseness of fashion! To spell badly was inexcusable in a man, but some ladies placed a kind of honour in mis-spelling; and there are illustrious women on record, who thought it necessary to their good name to counterfeit an ignorance which they had not, and knowingly to commit blunders in style and spelling, at which a school-boy of ten years old would have blushed.

The controversy about the relative merit of the sexes has been carried on, of late years, with a good deal of vivacity. The advocates of women have relied chiefly on certain arguments drawn from the omnipotence of custom and education. What women are, say they, custom and education has made them: change the modes of education, and the sex would be found capable of all the meritorious qualities hitherto esteemed the property of men.

The defenders of the opposite opinion do not deny great influence to education, but they maintain that the prevailing modes of education are such as to afford occasional scope for all the powers and capacities inherent in the sex. A great number of women enjoy opportunities for displaying judgment, taste, invention, and sagacity, in intellectual matters, equal to those which men enjoy. They think that nothing in our modes of education will explain why women have not been inventors or improvers in any of the sciences; why, even in the arts of painting, music, sculpture, architecture, poetry, no women have been eminent as authors or composers; why there is no female name which bears any comparison with Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, in history.

Perhaps, when we mention history, the reader may remind us of Mrs. M'Cauley. I do not recollect any historical writer, among European women, but Mrs. M'Cauley, and her name cannot be supposed to do her sex any very great honour.

The following picture of Mrs. M'Cauley is a short, but very forci-

ble sketch, which I have just met with in the newly published correspondence of John Wilkes:

I saw her, says this lively writer, in a letter to his daughter, yesterday. I found her, with her husband, very ill indeed, and raving against France, and every thing in that country, from which she had just returned. She even says their soups are detestable, as bad as Lacedemonian black broth, and their game insipid, all their meat bad, and their poultry execrable. Yet she says, that she dined at some of the best tables, and was infinitely caressed. She saw Dr. Franklin, but refused his invitation to dinner, for fear of being confined on her return, in consequence of the suspension of the habeas corpus act. "Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Wilkes, you know I am very fond of partridges; I saw them often served up, but could not eat them, I found them so hard and ill-flavoured." I staid with her near an hour, in which time I believe she exclaimed twenty times, "Lord Jesus Christ!" She was painted up to the eyes, and looks quite ghastly and ghostly. She has sent away her English woman, and has only a French valet de chambre and friseur, at which the reverend doctor is indignant, and with whom the English servants already quarrel.

It is a little remarkable, and not a little honourable to our native country, that America has produced a woman, who makes no contemptible figure in the historical field. I allude to Hannah Adams, whose personal character is as much superior, in propriety and dignity, to that of Mrs. M'Cauley, as her productions are superior in solidity and usefulness.

O.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THERE are few men of the present age, to whose memory more love and admiration have been paid than to that of sir William Jones. There is a kind of competition among his survivors, which shall be most lavish of his veneration. While his erudition excites the astonishment of some, his poetical genius awakens the idolatry of others. The eloquent praise of a third set of admirers is called forth by his legal and political pre-eminence; while a fourth bestows upon his head the honours due to the patriot and philanthropist, the friend of his God and of mankind. His great literary reputation would atone for many social and moral defects; but sir William Jones was no less eminent for the integrity, purity, and mildness of his private manners, than for the extent and variety of his intellectual attainments.

I have seldom been more pleased than in contemplating a portrait drawn by one of his most rational admirers. His life, according to this pourtrayer, was, from his earliest youth, not only unstained by those excesses which are generally excluded by a passion for letters, but was distinguished for all that manly and varied activity, which so rarely escapes the languor of academical retirement, while it was adorned by the polished manners and elegant accomplishments, still more frequently neglected by the man of business and the scholar.

He seems chiefly remarkable for the union of this gentleness and modesty of disposition, with very lofty notions of his own powers and destiny. Without any presumptuous confidence in the force of his genius, or the vigour of his understanding, he thought nothing beyond the reach of his industry and perseverance. From the very commencement of his career, accordingly, he tasked himself very highly; and having, in early youth, set before his eyes the standard of a noble and accomplished character in every kind of excellence, he never lost sight of this object of ambition, and never remitted his exertions to reach it. Though born in a condition far from affluent,

he soon determined to give himself the education of a finished gentleman, and not only to cultivate all the elegance and refinement implied by that term, but to carry into an honourable profession all the lights and ornaments of philosophy and learning, and, extending his ambition beyond mere literary or professional eminence, to qualify himself for the management of public affairs, and for obtaining the higher rewards of patriotic virtue and political skill.

The exemplary industry with which he laboured to accomplish this magnificent plan, and his wonderful success, afford an instructive lesson to all who may be inclined, by equal diligence, to deserve an equal reward. The more we learn, indeed, of the early history of those who have left a great name to posterity, the more clearly shall we see that no permanent excellence can ever be attained without painful and laborious preparation, and that extraordinary talents are less necessary to this end than perseverance and industry. Great as sir William Jones's attainments were, they may be viewed without despair by any one who is not frightened at his diligence.

Nobody can doubt but that sir William Jones was a consummate scholar, an accomplished philologist, an elegant critic, a candid and perspicuous writer. It is impossible to read either his works or his history without acknowledging his claim, in all these capacities, to the highest distinction; but many will not so readily admit the extent of his *philosophical* capacity, the original strength of his understanding, or his familiarity with those general principles which lead to great and simple discoveries, and bind together, into one useful whole, the particulars of miscellaneous knowledge. His studies were chiefly directed to particulars; and his aim was rather to follow out admitted principles to larger or more precise conclusions, than to investigate the principles themselves, or to settle the truth of the conclusion on a solid basis.

The labour which he expended in securing the praise of a great scholar, that is, of an adept in many languages, obstructed his progress in the sciences. His understanding would have been better replenished, and his judgment stronger, had he not imbibed so deeply an affection for Greek and prosody, and classical and mythological allusions.—These things are the proper ornament and boast of a school-boy, but will not go far in procuring lasting glory to a man. The fame of sir William Jones rests, indeed, upon a firmer basis; but it has rather been restrained than extended by the influence of this early passion. Though his language be, in general, pure, polished, and harmonious, it is not entirely free from pedantry; many of his best compositions are rendered languid and insipid by those classical affectations which may still be permitted to adorn an academical declamation. We can excuse him, at fourteen, for talking to his sister of Solon and Crœsus; but we are less indulgent to a barrister, who professes to write a treatise of English law in imitation of the analytic method of Aristotle, or a politician who compares the balance of the British constitution to the harmony produced by the flute of Aristoxenus, or the lyre of Timotheus. The mythological digressions of Pindar have also been too carefully copied in his poetical addresses to the divinities of the east; and, indeed, by far the greater part of his poetry is so learned and elaborate, that the perusal of it is rather a labour than a relaxation.

His chief eminence and singularity was his skill in the Asiatic languages; but this, in the eyes of impartial persons, will add little to his merit. I must entertain very different notions of the intrinsic merit of the poets, orators, and sages of Persia and Arabia from my present ones, before I can applaud him who

takes the trouble of making himself master of their language or their works. This attainment is so difficult to a native of western Europe, that it may lay claim to great praise on account of its difficulty; but, on any other account, we cannot applaud it. We admire the perseverance and dexterity of a man who writes well with his knees, but can hardly fail of regretting such a perverse employment of his genius.

As to the sages and orators of Persia and Arabia, I have never heard their names, even from sir William Jones, who was so ardent a pupil of Schultens and Pococke. As to their historians, that title is never given to annalists, chroniclers, and genealogists. Ardent constitutions and vacant minds have given birth among them to something called poetry; that is, to the inclination and faculty of putting into rhyme and metre the sentiments with which a voluptuary is inspired by the taste of wine and the smell of roses. The oriental bards, indeed, loudly celebrate a feeling, the name of which is commonly translated by the word *love;* but I do not give that name to the passion which a boar or a bull has to the female of his kind. Some tenderness, some humanity, some devotion, which looks a little beyond, while, at the same time, it comprehends, the animal desire, seems necessary to that love which poets may celebrate, and sages practise without infamy. Sir William Jones's veneration for such poetry, and his occasisnal attempts at the translation of it, seem strangely inconsistent with his relish for Sophocles and Shakespeare, and his attachment to Isæus and Isocrates.

This person's most admirable accomplishments, indeed, were chiefly of the professional and social kind. As a member of a family, as the head of an important judicature, he seems entitled to all our veneration; but, in considering his intellectual attainments, we are more struck by them as proofs of the variety of his inclinations, the ardour of his diligence, and the strength of his memory, than as evidences of a just taste, or vigorous understanding.

H.

For the Literary Magazine.

KLOPSTOCK'S WIFE.

MRS. BARBAULD would have deserved no small gratitude from the admirers of truth and nature, had her late publication upon Richardson contained nothing but the letter from Mrs. Klopstock, in which she relates the incidents of her acquaintance and marriage with the celebrated poet. She writes in English, and her little inaccuracies add new graces to the charming epistle. Such narratives as these, though brief, are worth volumes of laborious compilation, in which dates and places are settled with the utmost precision, but all that constitutes the features of human events is made up of licentious conjecture. I cannot resist the inclination of transcribing this letter. I cannot suspect that any of my readers will regret the insertion of it in these pages.

Hamburg, March 14, 1758.

You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns! And love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe, I fell immediately in love with him. At the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the

Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him, that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation showed him some letters, in which I made bold to criticize Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company, which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak, I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour the hour of his departure! He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied at me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last, Klopstock said plainly, that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered, that it was not love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship!). This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends, we loved; and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let marry me a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as, by the death of my father, my fortune depended not on her; but this was a horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly in saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty. But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship, in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!

Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me.

I have the best compliments for you of my dear husband. My compliments to all yours. Will they increase my treasure of friendship?

I am, sir,
Your most humble servant,
M. KLOPSTOCK.

For the Literary Magazine.

BENNETT LANGTON, ESQ. LL. D.

BENNETT LANGTON is a gentleman whose history no reader can peruse, in the elegant biography of Boswell, without feeling some degree of interest. For myself, I will avow that I have searched for the slightest memorial of him *as for a hidden treasure*. My heart seems to cling to him as to a kindred soul.

We find him in Boswell a man fascinating in his manners, and accomplished in his conversation; a classical scholar without pedantry, and a disciplined soldier without ostentation. What admirer of Johnson does not lament, that one whom he esteemed and respected had not also found some honest chronicler to record his actions, and repeat those judicious remarks and witty repartees, which made his company sought by the first wits of the age.

After much industry of research, the following are the only facts I have been able to learn of the domestic history of a man who was distinguished as well by the respect as the affection of the first men of his time.

Bennett Langton, Esq., was born some time in the year 1736, and was educated under his paternal roof. Notwithstanding he belonged to the army, and performed with a rigorous assiduity the duties of his profession, his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge was such, that he attained a degree of eminence in the literary world which has not often been equalled.

His correct taste is well displayed in the circumstance of his having, at the early age of sixteen, conceived a high veneration and esteem for the character of Dr. Johnson, from having read his Rambler. He afterwards went to London, with the express design of seeking his acquaintance. In this he fortunately succeeded, for Johnson, besides his attention to young men generally, was struck with his piety, love for learning, and suavity of manners. He conceived a warm affection for him, which only terminated with his life. Langton was no less charmed with him, for he found him a man of extensive literary acquisitions, generous in imparting his knowledge to all who sought it, and whose notions were congenial with those he had imbibed at home.

His ardent desire of knowledge did not long permit him to remain in the dissipation of London, for he shortly after entered as a commoner at Trinity College, Oxford. It was in this university that Mr. Langton cultivated and brought to maturity his natural talents. He made a considerable progress in the Greek language, which was always his favourite, and in which he arrived at the greatest perfection: he also became acquainted with that sacred and most ancient language, the Hebrew.

After the space of several years, he entered the North Lincoln militia; and, though extremely partial to the study of the languages, yet he gave them up for a time, and resolved to make himself thoroughly acquainted with military tactics. To this effect he exerted himself with the utmost vigour, and he became, in a short time, a most excellent soldier.

He acquired the esteem and admiration of his fellow-officers, not only by his worth and learning, but by his elegant manners, and his inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation; while at the same time he procured the love of his soldiers by his mildness and humanity. The former was so great, that he was never in a single instance betrayed into a passion, nor heard to utter an oath.

In 1764, Mr. Langton was chosen a member of the LITERARY CLUB, and, at the time of his decease, was the only original member remaining. This club, in those days, consisted of the most brilliant men of the age; and among these Langton had the good fortune to reckon as his most intimate friends, Johnson, Boswell, sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, Goldsmith, Warton, and Chaumier; all of whom paid the debt of nature before him.

In 1769, or 1770, Mr. Langton married the countess dowager of Rothes, by whom he had ten children. The happiness which he derived from this union received a severe interruption in the death of his friend Dr. Johnson, whom he lost in the year 1784.

He attended him constantly, and soothed some of the last hours of that great man, by the most pleasing and affectionate assuidity. Johnson is said to have seized his hand, whilst he sat by his bed-side, and to have exclaimed with warmth, "Te teneam moriens deficiente mance." In numerous instances he showed his great partiality for Langton: to Boswell he once said, "I know not who will go to heaven, if Bennett Langton does not; I could say, 'Sit anima mea cum Langtono." How beautiful a compliment! on which, surely, there is no need to expatiate. Dr. Johnson bequeathed his valuable polyglot Bible to him.

In January, 1785, his majesty, with that attention to the interests of science and the talents of his subjects which has so uniformly distinguished his reign, appointed Mr. Langton professor of ancient literature in the academy of arts; thinking him the fittest person to succeed Dr. Johnson.

In the spring of 1801, Mr. Langton, extremely solicitous about the health of one his youngest daughters, and thinking the mild air of Southampton might be beneficial to her, repaired thither with his family. He died at this place on the 18th of December, 1801, aged 65.

I have not been able to learn that Mr. Langton wrote any thing except a number in the Idler, in which the interruptions that are incident to the life of a student are well described. It has been supposed that he alludes to his friend Johnson; of this, however, the reader may judge by turning to the 67th number of that work.

It has been announced, in one of the European journals, that he had left for publication a life of Dr. Johnson. From the intimacy that subsisted between them, we may suppose that Mr. Langton had derived ample materials for such a work, and we cannot think slightly of the talents of him, whom Johnson elected to be his friend and correspondent.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COHOES FALLS.

From a Manuscript Journal.

July, 1803.

WE left Troy at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the bridge over the Mohock at ten o'clock. This bridge is erected on thirteen piers, with intervals of sixty feet, so that the breadth of the river is about one thousand feet. We could not discover any material difference in the breadth of the river at the cataract and at the bridge. The bridge conducts us directly in front of the cataract, at a mile's distance. The object that presents itself to a spectator, on the bridge, is the dry bed of the river; a kind of plain, the substance of of which is a slatey rock, with no considerable asperities or inequalities. This plain is bounded on either side by banks, pretty uniform in their height, which is about eighty feet, and in their declivity, which is usually precipitous, and consist of the same sort of stone with the plain between them. In this plain are various crevices and narrow channels, through which the poor remains of the river at present flows. The principal and middle channel which receives the whole waters of the river at the foot of the cataract, is between twelve and twenty feet wide. We could not measure the depth of it, but judging by appearances at the bridge, where the stream is pretty equally diffused over the whole plain, the depth of this middle channel must be very great.

This plain is terminated to the view from the bridge by a ledge of slatey rock like the rest, whose height is nearly uniform, and does not exceed two-thirds of the height of the bank, that is, about fifty feet. This ledge occupies the whole space between the banks. At present, when the season and the reigning drought have left very little water

in the river, the greater part of the ledge is naked. The central torrent may possibly spread two hundred feet along the ledge. The rest, which are about thirty in number, rush down at different distances, and in torrents of various dimensions. Some of them are minute rivulets, which meander like fluttering ribands. The declivity in general is regular; steep, but rarely perpendicular, except in the centre of the ledge, where the great body of the river falls. Here the surface is broken into two principal ledges. The water rolls over the higher one into a very rugged chasm, from which it mounts again and rushes over the lower ledge. Circular cavities, that seem bottomless, are frequent here as in all other cataracts. In the spring, the whole ledge is said to be covered with the torrent, and the river bed which, in most places, is now dry, is then several feet under water. When we consider that the breadth of the ledge is near one thousand feet, and its height cannot in any place be computed at less than fifty, we may easily imagine the great magnificence of this fall at that season. The ledge does not form a straight line between the banks, but, sloping from each side, forms an obtuse angle in the centre.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Continued from page 288.

A WRITER, whose talents I admire, and whose virtues I would desire to imitate, expresses himself in the following manner: "It is in proportion to their innocence that men are attached to their native land; it is the want of it which makes so many Europeans quit their country, and wander over the different parts of the earth." The first, perhaps, is true; the most simple people are generally the most innocent: those feel the fewest wants, and are most likely to remain contented with what their native country can supply. But of the truth of the latter part of the observation, I have my doubts. Have we any occasion to look further for the causes which make them forsake their country than those I have already enumerated? and ought we to attribute that to the depravity of a people which we see may naturally be the consequence of their wretchedness? Yet it is impossible to acknowledge the truth of the one, without admitting, in some degree, the truth of the other. But much I question if these people are not sufficiently innocent to remain where nature originally placed them, did not the inconveniences and oppression they suffer, and the dangers they encounter, counterbalance all the motives which nature has placed in their bosoms to attach them to that soil which is so dear and so attractive to the heart of man.

What sentiment, other than the love of their native land, could induce men to inhabit parts of the earth so extremely different in their nature? and what but this would restrain them from attempting to fix their residence in a country more favoured than their own? The inhabitants of the bleak, unfriendly regions of the north, where ice and snow deform the face of nature the greater part of the year; where the gloom of night and the glare of day hold by turns, for a long time, an undivided reign; where on all sides appear little else than

"The gather'd winter of a thousand years,"

remain there. Many of them know there are climes more friendly than their own, where most of the inconveniences they are subjected to might be avoided, and the number of their enjoyments increased, yet they cling to the soil which has hitherto supported them; that climate, with all its gloom, its tempests, and its inconveniences, is the one they prefer to the most fertile,

the most enchanting spots on earth: and why? it is their native land. This is the charm which fascinates them; this it is that warms their bosoms amidst surrounding snows and pelting storms, that cheers the gloomy hours of long-protracted nights, and makes them bear the perils they encounter, and the hardships they suffer, with courage, with patience, and with cheerfulness.

Let me turn my eyes to a spot far distant, and far different from this, Sicily; an island abounding in the richest productions of Nature; blessed with a happy climate, where much may be enjoyed; but where the most terrible phenomena of nature are frequently experienced: the terrors of Etna, we should suppose, would be sufficient to keep mankind at a distance from it, while there remained one tolerable place on the globe to reside in; yet Sicily is inhabitated; Etna has blazed, and cast forth torrents of liquid fire; earthquakes have shaken it to its foundations; cities have been overturned, and with them fields, and men, and beasts buried beneath torrents of lava; these terrible scenes have been exhibited at intervals for many ages, yet for many ages it has been inhabited. Some suppose the extreme fertility and beauty of the country is a sufficient compensation for the dangers they have continually to apprehend, and doubtless this consideration has considerable weight; yet it seems hard to conceive how men can be induced to reside in a place where all the possessions which they have laboured for years to acquire, are liable to be swept away in a moment. Let us add one more motive, custom; still the problem is not solved, and we look in vain for one sufficiently powerful for its solution. I feel myself at a loss, I confess, and can only observe, that were it not for the love which they bear their native land, strengthened by subordinate motives, Sicily would long since have wanted inhabitants.

Suffer me for a moment to wander from my subject, and make a few passing observations on the power of custom, considered as it influences the decision of the present question. As it affects the last chapter, I confess, it appears not improbable that it may reconcile the inhabitants of the island in question to the terrors they frequently experience, as soldiers become accustomed to face the dangers of the battle, from which the mere man would fly; but I cannot believe it can inure the inhabitants of Greenland to the intense cold of their long and dreary winter, in so great a degree; for twenty years have I experienced the summer's heat, and winter's cold, yet never did custom so inure me to either, as to feel their effects with any lesser degree of intensity; nor do I expect to pass the next winter without warm clothing, nor travel barefoot through the snow, notwithstanding the extreme severity of the last; still do I pant beneath the scorching influence of a summer's sun, though twenty years of my life have been spent in accustoming myself to bear it: and, reasoning from analogy, I infer, that the inhabitants of Greenland feel the intense cold of their climate, at least in a proportionate degree. Man in all countries is formed of the same materials, his body is nowhere frost-proof; and though these people may be better than any other able to support the rigours of their winter, yet would they feel much gratified if they were excused from the arduous and terrifying trial, and, all other considerations set aside, were they gradually accustomed to a temperate climate, they would not forsake it for their own. Custom does not, as we have seen, inure the inhabitants of Europe to bear the evils of oppression with patience, nor prevent them from flying to a country where they may be avoided.

What then is the most powerful motive which binds men to their native land, in spite of its natural inconveniences? To me it appears to be that which I have so often repeated; and were it not so, what

would be the consequences? Suppose, for a moment, that patriotic sentiment extinguished in the human breast, we should behold a most singular spectacle: the inhabitants of the earth all in motion, weighing the advantages which one country possesses over another, and preparing to remove to some spot which in their judgment appeared to be the best; there would they flock and crowd the land, while the countries they before inhabited would become and remain a lonely desert, until the evils arising from over-population compelled them to return to their former abodes. But Nature, wise in all her operations, has implanted the sentiment in consideration in the human breast, which in most cases makes us prefer the natural ills we endure in our native country, to leaving it in search of one where they may be avoided.

May 8th, 1805. VALVERDI.

** *To be continued.*

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE MERITS OF CICERO.

I HAVE contrived to read the greater part of the works of Cicero through, merely by taking up the volume, at any odd, unoccupied moment, during the intervals, for instance, between my two dishes of coffee, or three pieces of bread, at breakfast. This morning I opened at the second Tusculan, and being somewhat in a sulky mood, by reason of some little domestic inconvenience not worth relating, I failed to discover all that wisdom and eloquence, of which I usually find a rich repast in these volumes. On the contrary, I really conceived a notion, from this dialogue, that Cicero, however great in other respects, was, upon the whole, both in theory and practice, but a poor *philosopher*.

It was, indeed, somewhat unlucky that I just now lighted on this dialogue, which attempts to prove, *that pain is no evil*, for I had, at that moment, just escaped from the twinges of a tooth-ache, from which I had reason to expect but a short respite, and which would effectually mar the pleasures of a scheme to which I had intended to devote the ensuing day.

The orator appears to me to begin with a pompous maxim, which he cannot support, and has not the candour to resign. In endeavouring to maintain it, he falls into pitiful evasions, substitutes brilliancy of expression for solidity of argument, and, in fact, deserts the ground on which he had first set out.

This dialogue is, indeed, a complete chaos; a confused collection of assertions, not merely without proof, but absolutely contradictory to each other; a useless detail of all the philosophical opinions then known; a compilation of stories, either real or fictitious, whence no consequence can be inferred, because we are in the dark with respect to the point from which the speaker sets out, as well as that to which he intends to conduct us; and a series of repetitions, which all the eloquence of *Cicero* cannot prevent from being tedious. In short, there is in it a total want of order, which is unavoidable where an author neither defines his terms, divides his subject, nor arranges his ideas.

All this is certainly very severe; but it must be acknowledged to be just, if he seriously meant to maintain the extravagant opinion, *that pain is no evil*. It has, however, been imagined, by some, that his intention was only to expose to contempt the pompous maxims and futile reasoning of some of the philosophers of his age. To me, I confess, this ridicule is not very obvious; but to his contemporaries, who knew the persons, and had attended the lessons of those to whom he alluded, it might be sufficiently apparent.

The vanity which Cicero betrays in quoting his own verses, and then making his auditor enquire whose

they were, and in the immediate conviction which the latter is made to express, is very reprehensible. Vanity was a defect in the character of Cicero too prominent ever to be entirely concealed; the manner in which it here obtrudes itself may be ridiculous; but, in other parts of his writings, it appears in a very offensive point of view, and particularly in his letter to Lucceius, where he acknowledges that he writes what he was ashamed to speak; and plainly requests that historian to applaud his public conduct, even beyond what he might think it deserved, and to indulge his friendship, though at the expence of truth.

Vanity alone, in the degree in which it tyrannized over Cicero, and which overwhelmed him with so many fantastic miseries and mortifications, is sufficient to disprove his title to the name of a practical philosopher, or *wise man*. His lamentations on his banishment, and on the death of his daughter, with the strange means he proposed to consecrate her memory, and the exultations expressed on his recal, and in the review of his consulship, are equally unmanly and extravagant.

In truth, I am strongly inclined to think that, taking all circumstances into view, the wisest man of Cicero's times was Atticus. Atticus, it appears, was far from being void of patriotism and benevolence, but these passions led him to benefit his countrymen, his friends, and himself, by means far more efficacious than those adopted by the Ciceros and Brutuses of the age, and he appears to have been quite superior to the meretricious charms of power or popularity.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS AND PRESENT STATE OF THE ARTS IN FRANCE.

THE character and personal qualities of Francis I drew into his service able artists, whom he invited from Italy about the middle of the fifteenth century. These artists caused others to appear in France, who surpassed their masters. Vouet, Le Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Brun, and Mignard, were the first generation. By these the French school was raised to pre-eminence. At first, several painters, animated by the love of their art, united in forming a regular method of instruction. This association was erected into an academy in 1653, and twenty years afterwards Colbert joined to it a school of fine arts at Rome.

Louis XIV and his minister were not so fond of the arts as Francis I, but they contributed more towards their stability, by founding institutions. Painting and the arts in general declined since that reign, though the causes have not been properly explained.

The principal of these was that arbitrary authority over the arts exercised by one, whose genius, nevertheless, greatly contributed towards their fame. Charles Le Brun, enjoying the favour and protection of the sovereign, became the distributor of works and rewards, and required that every artist should bend to his taste, and allow his pre-eminence. He even gave directions for the ornaments of the iron-work of the gates of Versailles, and even the *Girardons* submitted to work according to his plans. Thus, instead of the genius and originality which the great artists of that age would have displayed in their respective performances, we observe a cold monotony in the execution, a flat uniformity in the designs; for it was to flattery only that artists were permitted to devote their pencils. Some suffered persecution, and others abandoned the capital. But after the death of Poussin, Le Sueur, and Le Brun, the decay was sudden and deplorable; for the arts were at the lowest ebb during the reign of Louis XV.

About the middle of that reign

M. Vien, an artist whom France still possesses, raising himself above the ridiculous taste which prevailed, applied himself to the study of principles, and, joining example to precept, led mistaken genius into the right track, and purified the school by superintending its instruction. The minister of the arts, M. Dangiviller, had the wisdom to second this fortunate change, by giving employment to artists of approved talents, and encouraging them to proceed in this hopeful career. By these means the school arrived at such a degree of splendour, that, in 1789, every department of the arts was cultivated with equal success, and France had at no period so many distinguished artists.

Painting, with some slight deviation, is nearly at the same point now as in 1789. The same means exist, increased by youthful talents, which have already acquired celebrity.

Some processes for the employment of colours on porcelain, the application of painting to panoramas, improvements made in the restoration of pictures, are not, properly speaking, discoveries in painting; they are services rendered by chemistry, natural philosophy, geometry, and skill, to the art, and for which it cheerfully acknowledges its gratitude.

In order to advance and encourage the art, and to perfect its instruction, it is necessary to support and improve the schools of Paris and Rome, and to bestow employments, honours, and rewards, on distinguished talents. All these means are at the disposal of government. If neglect, carelessness, injustice have invariably caused the decline of the arts, the contrary methods must make them prosper.

Painting and sculpture are sisters. It would be impossible to trace their history without introducing the same facts, nor treat of them without calling to mind their consanguinity.

What has been said of the one, is equally applicable to the other, as well as to all the rest of the arts. Sculpture, however, has peculiar difficulties to surmount, and the means of its encouragement are fewer.

Without being oppressed by distinguished talents, as painting was by Le Brun, the progress of sculpture was restrained by the mediocrity of the artists of the present age, who long kept it in ignoble slavery. Their pupils have once more restored the art to its former liberty, in spite of the obstinate resistance of their masters.

As in painting and architecture, so the first French sculptors, Sarrazin, Germain, Pilon, and particularly Jean Gougeon, were far superior to the Italians, their masters.

But the art, which began to droop under Louis XIII, still farther declined during the reign of his successor. The sculpture of the gate of St. Denis is the only production worthy of notice during the reign of Louis XIV, when it appeared at a lower ebb even than the others. The want of freedom in the designs of the sculptors greatly contributed to that effect; as a proof of which we find, that Le Puget preferred the the free exercise of his genius at Marseilles to the servitude of Versailles. It was during the reign of Louis XV that sculpture descended to the lowest state of degradation. From this state it was, however, raised during the reign of his successor. The revolution which had commenced in painting was seconded by different sculptors, who shook off a humiliating yoke, and their independence was announced by the statues of Voltaire, Bossuet, Pascal, La Fontaine, and particularly the female bathing (by M. Julien), which might justly be esteemed the workmanship of a Grecian artist.

Such was the state of the art in 1789; but sculpture sustained great shocks by the destruction of the noble and rich by the revolution. From this order of things, however, which threatened it with utter ruin, proceeded the greatest encouragement it has received for a century; this was the re-execution of all the sculpture of the Pantheon.

If the numerous public competitors since 1789 have not produced much, the fault must not be attributed to the art; for designs and sketches, of distinguished excellence, have been exhibited at those competitions. The art itself has not declined; it possesses the same means of production as in 1789, augmented, as in painting, by the youthful talents which have since appeared with credit.

In architecture, the taste of the French was manifested prior to the revival of the arts in Europe; in proof of this assertion we may mention the churches of the 12th and 13th centuries, such as the cathedral of Amiens, and many others. But, without urging this claim of priority, it is incontestable, that, in the 16th century, France had a generation of architects who excelled their masters still more than those in the other departments of the arts. It is sufficient to mention, for the glory of that period, its great monuments, and the artists by whom they were erected; the Thuilleries, by Philibert Delorme; the Louvre, by Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon; and the Luxembourg, by Debrosse.

The second generation existed under Louis XIV, and is still more distinguished; many of its monuments would have excited the envy of Athens and Rome. Such are the beautiful triumphal arch of the gate of St. Denis, the orangery of Versailles, and the colonnade of the Louvre, which alone would do honour to any age, and which forms at present the noble peristyle of the temple of arts, sciences, and literature.

But architecture again declined, and its genius was not again roused till towards the middle of the long reign of Louis XV, in 1732, by the beautiful Doric colonnade of the vestibule of St. Sulpice. It burst like lightning amid the darkness of night; it was like the dawn of a new day. Almost at the same time Soufflot erected the Pantheon, Antoine the Mint, Goudoin the School of Medicine, Peyre and Dewailly the Theatre de l'Odeon, Chalgrin the church of St. Philippe du Roule, Heurtier the peristyle of the Theatre Italien, Boulée the hotel de Brunoy, in the Champs Elysées, at the same time that the worthy David Leroy devoted his fortune and his life to the propagation of the principles of Grecian architecture.

This was the state of architecture in 1789. From that period till the year 10, it cannot afford any satisfactory views. It is not in the midst of revolutions that an art which requires tranquillity and great expence can be expected to make much progress. If vast designs were sometimes projected, those who conceived or suggested, together with those who promoted them, had disappeared before their execution could begin. But many of the architects who erected the monuments just mentioned, still exist in the full vigour of their talents; others, who have not enjoyed the same opportunities of acquiring distinction, are known in the schools to be perfect masters of their art; and, as well in the competitions as in private undertakings, have displayed eminent genius not known in 1789.

It must not be denied that the art has been usurped by men unknown in the ranks of artists, and who neither had the necessary education nor sufficient talents to practise it. The same men have been seen to occupy places which have ever been reserved for talents of the first rate, to be entrusted with the care of precious monuments, though unworthy of the trust, or with the erection of new ones, in the few occasions which presented themselves. These disorders prevailed during periods of anarchy, and at the time when the government wanted strength, intelligence, and elevation.

The evils which the art has experienced are not, however, so great as might be apprehended. It is true, the eye is often struck with crude and ridiculous structures. But these are only private habitations, which like those by whom they

were erected, as yet exercise no influence over the public opinion.

We have now nothing but consolatory prospects. Great and important repairs succeed each other. The first, that of the Luxembourg, is posterior to 1789. The monarchy had left that beautiful palace in ruins. It appeared to have been erected, and to have excited universal admiration, only for the purpose of being almost immediately abandoned to destruction. The restoration of this monument was commenced by the republic, and it is continued with increased splendour, by the talents of the accomplished architect, M. Chalgrin, who respects the glory of Debrosse.

The ensuing times will do justice to the great encouragement given to sculpture. How rich will that picture be, to judge of it by the embellishments which Paris has received since the year 10! The noblest of them all will be the completion of the Louvre, the second appearance of which in some measure eclipses the admiration commanded by the first. Its repairs are begun; and hope, which follows them with an impatient eye, does not yet perceive great effects, because it is not the nature of any thing useful to attract notice, and because the works already done aim at the solidity, and not the external embellishment, of the edifice.

The minister of the interior has assigned a vast apartment in the palace of the arts to receive the precious collection of the most beautiful antique architectural ornaments, formed with so much care by Dufourny, during a residence of thirteen years in Italy. This great collection will be devoted to study.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

ONE of the topics from which the French nation is apt to infer its own pre-eminence in the world, is the wide diffusion of its language. This diffusion is certainly extensive and remarkable, and the causes of it are worth investigating. Frenchmen, of course, are insensible of any other cause than the intrinsic merit of the language; but though an impartial mind must be always very ready to allow this ingenious and volatile people all the merit which they really possess; to give them credit for their progress in mathematics and natural philosophy; to admire the easy levity with which they skim the surface of things in the lighter parts of literature; and willingly do justice to every work, however trifling, which they may produce; but when, because their language is cultivated in most countries, they conclude that it is entitled to such pre-eminence, by its intrinsic merit, beyond that of any other nation, they must excuse a smile at their egregious vanity.

It would be easy to enumerate many local and political causes, wholly disconnected with the grammatical properties of the language, or with the merit of its authors. One of these causes reflects but little honour on the nation, and yet deserves to be considered as in no small degree important, that is, the revocation of the edict of Nantz; in consequence of which, their language was carried into the various countries that afforded refuge to the exiled protestants, and greatly diffused by the writings of men of genius and learning among these unfortunate sufferers.

In discussing the comparative merit of languages, our judgment is liable to be misled by various circumstances. Exclusive of prejudices, either natural or acquired, in favour of any particular nation, there is always a secret preference of that language with which we are best acquainted; and we often imagine the greatest elegance and precision to be in that in which we have acquired the greatest facility of expressing ourselves: while other languages, perhaps of equal intrin-

sic merit, from our not having cultivated them so early in life, or to so great a degree of perfection, appear to want these advantages, merely because *we* cannot enter into their spirit and idiom. Hence, also, we are apt to confound the style of authors with the language in which they write; and the taste of some individuals with the national genius and character. Beside, most of those who discuss the merits of foreign languages, decide concerning them, sometimes from hearing them ill pronounced; and often, either from the appearance of their orthography, or from general principles, which admit of many exceptions. Thus the Italians have a notion that the German language is intolerably harsh, because those by whom they hear it spoken come chiefly from provinces, in which a vicious pronunciation prevails; and because they see that many words begin with *sch* or *schw;* without reflecting that the *sch* of the Germans, like the *tsch* of the Poles, is a single consonant, scarcely more harsh than the *z* of the Italians. Thus, also, some Frenchmen have concluded the Dutch language to be insufferably disgusting, incapable of any beautiful or elegant expression, merely because the diphthongs *oo* and *oe* frequently occur in it. But these critics would do well to consider what awkward sounds would result from some of the softest expressions in their own language, if read according to the rules of the Italian, Spanish, or German. For instance, the words *leurs beaux yeux*, if read by a foreigner who was ignorant of the French pronunciation, would be transformed into the harmonious sounds of *Le-ours Be-a oux y-e oux.*

It has been supposed that the languages of cold countries are more harsh than those of more temperate climates; but the Swedish language is softer than the German; and of this, the pronounciation is much rougher in the southern than in the northern provinces: the Polish is very pleasing to the ear; and it has been observed, that, of all the modern languages, none so nearly resembles the Greek, with respect to melodiousness, as the Russian.

The most cultivated languages in Europe are the French, German, English, and Italian. An impartial observer will find it difficult to determine which of these has an absolute or intrinsic superiority over the rest. With respect to relative utility, the French, from the local situation of the country, and from political circumstances that have rendered the use of it general, has an advantage, which, for these reasons, it will probably long retain.

For the Literary Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE VINDICATED.

EVERY thing which has a tendency to bring Shakespeare into general use, and to extend the knowledge of his unequalled genius, I consider as an improvement of the public taste. There is scarcely any thing sublime or beautiful in poetry, or delightful to the imagination, which may not be found, in its best attire, in the volumes of Shakespeare. I read, therefore, with pleasure a collection of similies, in your last magazine, from Troilus and Cressida. Among other passages, your correspondent has selected this:

> " I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
> Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile,"

and makes the following observation upon it: " This passage, however beautiful, affords a striking instance of the kind of error into which the poet so frequently falls. The *wrinkle* is a furrow on the cheek *produced by age*, though somewhat resembling those furrows which smiles produce, and hence introduces confusion and deformity into this passage."

This commentator is not the first who has fallen into error him-

self, in affecting to discover and correct the errors of Shakespeare. A wrinkle is not a furrow on the cheek produced by age. Johnson gives two explanations of the word: 1. Corrugation or furrow of the skin or the face; 2. any roughness. I hope, therefore, the passage is acquitted of the confusion and deformity of which it is charged.

Y.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON COLLECTIONS OF PAINTINGS.

THE Hollanders, who are an industrious, intelligent, and saving people, during the last century contrived to make the productions of the fine arts subservient to commerce. They justly observed, that fortunes acquired by trade and navigation soon give birth to a taste for, and love of, the fine arts; indeed almost a necessary consequence attached to the inheritance of wealth.

They considered these as proper and as well calculated a subject of speculation as any other, either as the representative of money, or as expressed in value by the circulating medium, independent of the gratification which they afford to all persons of taste: a gratification as real and substantial, comparatively with the price of purchase, as an elegant prospect to a villa, a handsome and well-furnished mansion, or a thousand other objects of delight, which are daily the pursuit and employment of all classes of men. In fact, men who become possessed of large fortunes, whether the reward of their own labour, or acquired by the industry of their forefathers, must variously dispose of it; and why not a proportion be devoted to the fine arts, at once rewarding merit, procuring a rational enjoyment, commodiously investing a portion of property, and frequently the means of lucrative speculation? Surely it is more honourable to collect the productions of the fine arts, than the extravagance of gambling, horse-racing, betting, &c.; habits too readily borrowed from the luxury of old countries; degrading to the morals of youth, and at once ruinous to their health and fortunes.

Consequently the arts of drawing, painting, music, &c. ought to be regarded as highly instrumental in the formation and preservation of manners; and men of fortune and prudent fathers should consider themselves as equally serviceable to their country and their families by inspiring, in their children, a taste for, and by collecting, the elegant productions of those liberal arts.

The Hollanders, thus occupied, procured both enjoyment at home, and reputation abroad, and so attracted the attention of travellers of rank, that no one would omit visiting, in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other commercial cities of Holland, the collections of Mr. Braamkamp, Mr. Landers, Mr. Meyers, and those of other rich merchants. This was an honourable distinction to the family, and often a valuable inheritance when put up to sale.

The great objection against collections of paintings is the dead stock, without interest; but considering the gratification they afford, and comparing this with a multitude of frivolous expences, less productive of lasting and honourable enjoyment, the objection, if true, should be of small account. But the fact is otherwise. Good paintings are always encreasing in value, thus encreasing the stock, and affording, frequently, the highest interest for the quiet charge of keeping.

It must not be urged that this country is too young or too poor for any thing like encouragement of the fine arts. Holland did much when her means were no greater. The Americans have, within a few years, made a rapid progress; and it may reasonably be supposed, that the country which produced a West, a Trumbull, a Copely, &c. must be

highly disposed to the enjoyment of the sublime art in which those men are justly so famous.

Let us calculate the amount of monies spent in our rooms, and we shall find that no more would be necessary to procure good paintings, when they are to be had, than is actually given for bad prints displayed in costly frames. The difference, as articles of furniture, would be only this: that instead of three or four prints, neither worth attention nor preservation, the same money would possess us of one or two of the finest productions of the nobler art of painting; honourable to the possessors, and delightful to every beholder. Thus, possessing the means, and not deficient in disposition, we only want to be directed into the proper channel, and to enjoy the advantage of a few examples, such as that displayed by the liberal proprietor of the Woodlands, equally celebrated for its grounds, its greenhouse, and its pictures.

For the Literary Magazine.

LITERARY NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

BELSHAM has completed his History of Great Britain, from the Revolution, 1688, to the conclusion of the treaty of Amiens, 1802; and the eleventh and twelfth, or concluding, volumes, will make their appearance in a few days. This valuable publication will then constitute the only history of Great Britain, during the same important period, which has been the work of a single writer.

Sir John Sinclair, whose unwearied industry, on every subject to which he turns his attention, must command the gratitude and admiration of the world, is engaged in a work, founded on experience and extensive enquiry, entitled, "*The Code of Health and Longevity.*" The author divides his work into three parts: 1. The circumstances which necessarily tend to promote health and longevity, independent of individual attention. 2. The rules which, if observed by an individual, tend to preserve health and existence, even where these independent circumstances are wanting. And, 3. The regulations by which the general health and safety are protected from the various injuries to which they are liable.

W. H. Ireland, whose contrivance of the Shakespeare MSS. excited much attention a short time since, has written an amusing book, containing his confession of all the circumstances which attended that literary forgery, relating not only to the papers, but to the various personages who distinguished themselves while the controversy continued.

Joseph Gandy will speedily publish a work of designs for cottages, cottage farms, and rural buildings.

A. and C. K. Aikin have been preparing a Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, with their application to arts and manufactures. This work is now in the press, comprised in two quarto volumes.

Mrs. West is employed on a new work, entitled, "Letters to a Young Lady on the Character and Duties of Women."

James Hall, M. A., has in the press some important experiments and discoveries on ice, heat, and cold; which will probably prove of great advantage to the navy, and tend to illustrate some important points in natural philosophy.

Dr. Clutterbuck is shortly about to publish an Inquiry into the Seat and Nature of Fever, deducible from the Phenomena of the Disease, and the Principles of the animal Economy; in which he hopes to determine, more satisfactorily than has been hitherto done, some disputed points of this long-contested subject.

Mrs. Bayfield is preparing to publish a volume of Fugitive Poems.

Mrs. Cappe, of York, purposes to publish Remarks on Female Charity Schools, Friendly Societies, and other subjects connected with them.

An original work, on the Present State of Peru, appeared in February.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, of which lord Teignmouth is president, has been presented with a valuable collection of copies of the Scriptures, in foreign languages, the acquisition of which has engaged the donor's attention for many years.

An important work will soon appear under the title of Elements and Practice of Naval Architecture, unfolding the Principles of the Art of Ship Building, illustrated with numerous engravings.

Mr. Collins proposes to publish, by subscription, the Memoirs of a Picture; containing the life and singular adventures of the Chevalier Vanderwingtie, and other celebrated characters; including a biographical sketch of the late Mr. George Morland.

A Statistical and Historical Enquiry into the Population of Ireland will shortly appear.

A Narrative of Events recently taken place in Ireland, among the Society called Quakers, has lately appeared. The writer is said to be Wm. Rathbone, a merchant of Liverpool, a member of that society, who, in their discipline, have instituted proceedings against him, for unnecessarily, as they conceive, exposing the weaknesses of their members, and for deviating from their advice; which is intended to restrain publications by any member, affecting the principles of the society, unless previously sanctioned by their approbation.

Dr. Thornton is engaged in a work in defence of the vaccine system.

The English language continues to make considerable progress on the continent. In all the new Russian institutions, and in most of the German universities and academies, there is a master for teaching it; and a number of elementary books, and selections from the writings of the best English authors, have been lately published.

The remarkable decrease of deaths by the small-pox, occasioned by the adopting of vaccine inoculation, appears by the following comparative view, extracted from the bills of mortality for London:

Deaths in	1803.	In 1804.
January	181	120
Febuary	121	77
March	95	44
April	61	38
May	69	38
June	48	29
July	50	35
August	67	27
September	85	33
October	64	50
November	152	45
December	180	50
Total	1173	586

This decrease will appear still more important, when compared with the annexed deaths by small-pox, for 50 years, within the bills of mortality, averaged by ten years:

				Deaths.
From	1750	to	1759	19,642
	1760		1769	24,435
	1770		1779	22,039
	1780		1789	17,121
	1790		1799	17,685
Total, in 50 years				100,922

Making an annual average of 2018 deaths by small-pox. The following is an annual statement of deaths in the present century:

	Deaths.
1800	2409
1801	1461
1802	1579
1803	1173
1804	586

Mr. Goldson, of Portsmouth, has made several experiments to ascertain the effect of vaccination on the hand; and has uniformly produced a vesicle distinctly different from that in the arm, though the same

matter was used in both cases. The result of these experiments, with further facts and observations on the small-pox subsequent to vaccination, are now in the press.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MISSOURI.

THE Missouri, with whose sources we are still unacquainted, is, notwithstanding, ranked among the greatest rivers. Happily for our age, some intelligent travellers are engaged, under the auspices of government, in tracing this river even to its sources.

The Missouri joins the Mississippi five leagues above the town of St. Louis, about the 40th degree of north latitude. After uniting with the Mississippi, it flows 1200 miles before it empties itself into the Gulph of Mexico. On ascending six hundred leagues, no diminution is perceived, either in its width or rapidity. The principal rivers which empty into the Missouri are the Gasconade, the river of the Osages, the two Charatuns, the Great river, the river Des Canips, Nichinen, Batoney, the Great and Little Nimaha, the river Plate, the river de Sioux, the L'Eau Qui Court, &c.

As far as twenty-five leagues above the Mississippi are found different settlements of Americans, at Bonhomme, and Femme Osage, &c.; beyond this, its banks are inhabited only by savages: the Great and Little Osages, settled 120 leagues on the river of that name, the Canips, the Ottos, the Panis, the Loups, or Panis Mahas, the Mahas, the Poukas, the Ricaras, the Mandanes, the Sioux: the last nation is not fixed on the banks of the Missouri, but habitually comes there to hunt.

The banks of the Missouri are alternately woods and prairies: the higher you ascend this river, the more common are these prairies, and they seem to increase every year, by the fires which are kindled every autumn, by the savages or white hunters, either by chance or with the design of facilitating their hunting.

The waters of the Missouri are muddy, and contain a fine sand, which soon precipitates: but this circumstance takes nothing from their salubrity.

The waters of the Missouri are more wholesome than those of the Ohio and the upper Mississippi. The rivers and streams which empty in the Missouri, below the river Plate, are clear and limpid; but, above this river, they are as muddy as those of the Missouri itself. This is occasioned by beds of sand, or hills of a very fine white earth, from whence they take their rise.

The bed of the Missouri is obstructed with banks, sometimes of sand, and sometimes of gravel, which frequently change their place, and consequently render the navigation always uncertain. Its course is generally west by north-west.

The flats are covered with huge trees: the poplar; the sycamore, out of one piece of which are made canoes, which carry almost 18,000 weight; the maple, which affords the inhabitants an agreeable and wholesome sugar.

The wild cherry tree, and the red and black walnut, so useful in joiners' work.

The red and white elm, necessary to cart-wrights.

The triacanthos, which, when well trimmed, forms impenetrable hedges.

The water-willow, the white and red mulberry-tree.

The linden-tree, the horse-chesnut of India, so much prized in the European gardens, &c.

On the shores are found, in abundance, the white and black oak, proper for every kind of ship-wrights' and carpenters' work.

The pine, so easily worked, and, on the stoney mountains, the durable cedar.

The plants are still more numerous. The Indians are well acquainted with the virtues of many of them.

They make use of them to heal their wounds, and to poison their arrows. They also make use of different kinds of *savovanure*, to dye different colours. They have one which is a certain and prompt cure for the venereal disease. In short, they carefully conceal from us a plant, which renders them, for a few moments, insensible to the heat of the most ardent fire. I have seen them seize a red hot iron, or burning coal, without suffering.

The lands on the Missouri are capable of yielding all the productions of the temperate, and even some of those of the warm climates: wheat, maize, and every species of grain, Irish potatoes, and excellent sweet potatoes. Hemp seems here to be indigenous; even cotton succeeds, though not as well as in more southerly countries: its culture, however, yields a real advantage to the inhabitants settled on the Missouri, who find in a crop a field of about two acres sufficient for their families.

The prairies are a great resource, being excellent pasture, and facilitating the labours of the man who is just settled, and who can thus enjoy, with little labour, from the first year a considerable crop.

Clay fit for bricks is very common: there is also *Fayance clay*, and every species of clay, which, in the opinion of intelligent persons, is the real kaholin, to which the porcelain of China owes its reputation.

There are found many springs of salt water, more than sufficient for the consumption of the country, when inhabited.

Salt-petre is found here in great abundance, in numberless caves, which are met with along the banks of the river.

The stones are generally calcareous and grit. There is one I believe peculiar to the banks of the Missouri. It is of a blood red colour, compact, soft under the chissel, hardens in the air, and is susceptible of a most beautiful polish. The Indians make use of it for calumets; but from the extent of its layers, it might be employed in more important works. They have also quarries of marble, of which we only know the colour: they are streaked with red. One quarry is well known, and easily worked: a species of plaster, of the same nature as that of Paris, and of which the United States make great use.

They also find volcanic stones, which demonstrate the ancient existence of volcanoes.

Respecting the various mines on the borders of the Missouri, we know with certainty only of those of iron, lead, and coal; there are, no doubt, some of tin, copper, silver, and even of gold, according to the accounts of the Indians, who have found some particles or dust of these metals, either on the surface of the earth, or on the banks of small torrents.

The products obtained from Indians and hunters, in exchange for merchandize, may be classed as follows:

	Dolls.	*Cts.*
Castor, 12281 lbs. at 1.20	14737	20
Otters, 1267 skins, at 4.	5068	
Foxes, Pouha foxes, Tyger cats, 802 skins, at .50	401	
Racoons, 4248 skins, at .25	1062	
Bears, black, grey, and yellow, 2541 skins, at 2.	5082	
Puce, 2541 skins, at 2.	5082	
Buffaloes, 1714 skins, at 3.	5142	
Dressed cow hides, 189 skins, at 1.50	283	50
Shorn deer skins, 96926 lbs. at .40	38770	40
Deer skins with hair, 6381 skins, at .50	3190	50
Tallow and fat, 8313 lbs. at .20	1662	60
Bears' oil, 2310 galls. at 1.28	2572	
Musk-rats		
Martens		
	$ 77971	20

The amount of merchandize entering the Missouri, and given in exchange for peltries, amounts to 61,250 dollars, including expences, equal to one-fourth of the value.

This commerce gives an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about 27 per cent.

If the commerce of the Missouri, without encouragement, and badly regulated, gives so great profit, may we not rest assured that it will be greatly augmented, should government direct its attention to it? The price of peltry fixed by this table is the current price in the Illinois; if regulated by the prices of London, deducting the expences of transportation, the profit would be much more considerable.

At about 300 miles from the village of the Great Osages, in a westerly direction, after having passed several branches of the river Arkansas, we find a flat, surrounded by hills of an immense extent, and about fifteen leagues in diameter, the soil of which is a black sand, very fine, and so hard that the horses hardly leave a trace. During a warm and dry season, there exhales from this flat, vapours, which, after being condensed, fall on this black sand, and cover it with an incrustation of salt, very white and fine, and about half an inch thick. Rains destroy this appearance.

About eighteen miles from this flat are found mines of genuine salt, near the surface of the earth. The Indians, who are well acquainted with them, are obliged to use levers to break and raise it.

About fifteen leagues from the flat, and in a southerly direction, there is a second mine of genuine salt, of the same nature as the other. These two mines differ only in colour; the first borders on blue, the second red. Further south, and still on the branches of the Arkansas, is a saline, which is one of the most interesting objects in nature.

On the declivity of a small hill, there are five holes, about a foot and a half in diameter, and two in depth, always full of salt water, without ever overflowing. If a person were to draw any of this water, the hole would immediately fill itself; and about ten feet lower, there flows, from this same hill, a large stream of pure and sweet water.

If this country were peopled, the working of these genuine salt mines would be very easy, by means of the river Arkansas. This species of salt is found preferable to any other for salting provisions.

After leaving the river des Moens the fur trade from the upper Missouri is carried on entirely by British houses, and almost the whole of the furs obtained from other Indian traders, are also sent to Canada, where they command much higher prices than at New Orleans, where, in fact, there is no demand for them. The further north we go, the greater the value of the peltries. It is but a few years since peltries have been exported from America by way of the Ohio. It is to be desired that the eastern part of America should encourage this exportation, by raising the price of peltries to nearly those of Canada.

For the Literary Magazine.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR.

MR. FORSTER, of Royston, Hertfordshire, has made a successful experiment of feeding sheep, during winter, on potatoes. In the course of the last winter, his turnips failing, he gave his sheep potatoes, and with them nothing more than fresh straw, night and morning; and, at the end of March, the ewes and lambs of his flock were allowed to be in better condition than those of any flock in the neighbourhood.

A new method of forming roads on clay, or wet bottoms, is the following:—First throw the soil from the sides, leaving a groove in the middle for the materials, beginning with kid or brush-wood plentifully, then stones and gravel: if the gravel be very sharp and good, there is no occasion to round the road. Even a concave surface is found to answer very well; but where the materials are tender, it may be bet-

ter to round it a little, but not so much as is frequently done, being often dangerous, and hurtful to the road, by obliging the carriages to keep in one track.

A new method has been discovered of dying cotton a rose colour, for which purpose wild plums and muriatic or sulphuric acid, are employed.

A very curious experiment has lately been repeated before the National Institute. If the air be very rapidly compressed in the ball of an air-gun, a quantity of heat is disengaged from the first stroke of the piston, so great that it is capable of seting fire to a piece of fungus match placed within the pump. If the body of the pump terminate by a moveable end, formed of a piece of steel firmly screwed in, and furnished in its centre with a glass lens, which admits of the inside being seen, at the first stroke of the piston, a ray of vivid light will be perceived to be suddenly disengaged.

The fruit of the carobe tree (*caroubier*), hitherto cultivated along the coast of the Mediterranean merely to feed cattle, is found to yield, after fermentation, excellent brandy, in the proportion of a pint to five pounds of dried fruit.

M. Strauss has, after many experiments, succeeded in applying platina to the coating of copper, which will undoubtedly be superior to that of tin; not only in resisting acids and saline matters, but in durability, from the greater hardness of platina, and the process is not more difficult than the common operation of tinning.

M. Hermestadt, of Berlin, has discovered that the *tormentilla erecta*, a plant that grows almost every where, and the *polygonum bistorta* furnish excellent materials for tanning leather. A pound and a half of tormentilla, or double that quantity of bistorta, will tan as much dry hide as seven pounds of oak bark.

M. Trouville has made a new hydraulic machine, which throws up water to a great height, without any other mechanism, and solely by the rarefaction of the air in air-tight stone chambers, placed one above another. For this invention he has been presented with a gratuity of 3000 dollars by the Board for the Encouragement of Arts at Paris.

The public will soon possess very accurate and complete details relative to Georgia, a country the present state of which is but little known. Besides the expedition undertaken by order of the Russian government under count Mussin Puschkin accompanied by several literary and scientific men, the baron of Biberstein, who has already published a work relative to the west coast of the Caspian sea, is now travelling in Georgia to examine every thing relating to the agriculture and the commerce of silk. Three engineers have recently been dispatched to that country, to collect farther information.

A method of cleaning and preserving statues, described by Vitruvius and Pliny, has lately been tried, with complete success, at Paris, on the beautiful sculpture of the fountain of Grenelle. It consists in stopping all the pores of the marble with a mixture of oil of carnation and virgin wax, applied hot to the marble, which must likewise be previously heated, and preserves it, in future, from those black spots produced by humidity, which are nothing but the vegetation of *lichen*, a species of very fine moss, the roots of which strike into the pores of the marble, whose surface they, in time, corrode and destroy. This operation, performed with care, completely fills the pores of the marble. The surface must afterwards be rubbed with wax, and then with a fine linen cloth; and thus a kind of varnish is formed, that repels the water, and pervents the lichen from striking its roots inward. The most beautiful productions of antiquity were polished in this manner with wax.

Dr. Salvage has executed some coloured drawings, which have been engraved, representing the beautiful statue called the Fighting Gla-

diator, flayed in different points of view. His object, in this performance, is to render the work useful to the study of the imitative arts, and principally those of painting and sculpture. He has taken advantage of the means furnished by the military hospital, to which he is attached, to place, in the attitude of the gladiator, different human subjects, and to model all the muscular parts in such a manner, that the spectator may discover, at first sight, the mechanism of the muscles, which produce the movement of that beautiful figure. He has, in this manner, represented the gladiator flayed in different points of view, in each of which the figure is developed from the skeleton to the skin. To enable the pupil to understand this anatomy, he intends to publish some engravings, containing the principles of the bones and muscles, the head of the Apollo Belvidere dissected in profile, and a front view of the bones of the head of the same figure; and these will be succeeded by feet and hands, designed after antiques.

The commission composed of Monge, Berthollet, Fourier, Castaz, Desgenettes, Conte, Girard, and Laucret, have drawn up a report on the progress of the work on Egypt. One hundred engravings are already finished; of these, forty-seven represent some of the ancient Egyptian monuments, seventeen represent modern monuments, eight relate to the arts known in Egypt, and twenty-eight represent different objects of natural history. One hundred and sixty other plates have been begun. The designs of temples, palaces, and tombs, are not confined to those of ancient construction: engravings have been made of a great number of idols, statues, amulets, and likewise of the papyrus found in the tombs, under the coverings of the mummies. The small number of architectural engravers at Paris has prevented the editors from procuring many engravings of modern edifices. They have, however, given two of the gates of Cairo erected by Saladin, and two mosques, one of which is highly venerated by the mussulmans, and appears as old as the foundation of the city.

Baron Aretin discovered lately, in the electoral library at Munich, a Latin manuscript, containing a description of the method of preparing the Greek fire. Since that time, two manuscript copies have been found in the French national library, at Paris, of a work entitled, *Liber ignium ad comburendos hostes, auctore Marco Græco.*—Treatise on Fires proper for destroying Enemies. This treatise has been printed, and forms eighteen pages in quarto. The librarians have given a faithful copy from the two manuscripts, without remark or commentary. Some passages in this performance do not possess even novelty, as they may be found in a little work, entitled, *De Mirabilibus Mundi*, attributed to Albert the great. From various passages in the works both of Jerome Cardan and his antagonist, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, both those writers appear acquainted with the piece ascribed to Marcus Græcus. The writing of the oldest of these manuscripts cannot date farther back than the latter half of the fourteenth century, and the other is not anterior to the conclusion of the fifteenth.

M. Wildenow, professor of botany at Berlin, has, since 1801, been employed in making judicious alterations in the botanic garden belonging to the king. All the hedges, bushes, and other indications of the French manner, have been removed. The garden, with the court and buildings, occupies twenty-seven acres, and has, in the centre, an oval pond, another of an oblong form, in the back part, and on each side ditches have been dug to take off the water: these ponds and ditches are devoted to the cultivation of aquatic plants. Seven greenhouses have been built, and they are already full of plants; each of them contains a thermometer, to indicate

the proper degree of heat. The plants of the south of Europe, the north of Africa, the temperate regions of Asia, and those of Carolina and Florida, are here cultivated in the ground, without pots. One greenhouse is embellished with a lofty palm-tree, a *magnolia grandiflora*, twenty-two feet in height, and other trees equally rare. It also contains several hot-beds for other exotic plants. The whole garden has been laid out in the English taste, and to each plant has been assigned a congenial soil and situation. The number of species exceeds five thousand, among which are the *strelitzia reginæ*, *sarracenia purpurea*, *hedysarum gyrans*, *rhododendron caucasicum*, *azalea pontica*, *parkinsonia aculeata*, and many species of *erica*, *protea*, and other vegetable products equally rare.

M. Eckberg has lately discovered *titanite* at Karinbricka, in Westmannland, imbedded in quartz and mica, and mixed with black tourmalins. He has lately announced a very curious property of the new earth called yttria. When the muriate of yttria is heated to redness, it gives out oxy-muriatic acid, nearly in the same proportion as when muriatic acid is treated in the same way with the oxide of the new metal called *cerium*. Hence it is probable that yttria is a metallic oxide.

M. Gahn, in his attempts to reduce the oxide of *cerium*, heated it with a mixture of oxide of lead, charcoal, and linseed-oil. He obtained a black, porous, brittle, dull mass, which he considers as a carburet of lead. It acquired the metallic lustre when rubbed upon hard metals, and deposited coal.

The metal called *cerium* was discovered by Hisinger and Berzelius, in the mineral known by the name of bastnastungstan. Their experiments were published in the new Berlin Journal *der Chimie*, from which it was translated into the *Annales de Chimie*.

M. Rose has published an account of white powder which separates from the concentrated juice of *inula helenii*. It resembles starch in several of its properties, but differs in others. It burns like sugar, is insoluble in cold water, but soluble in hot, and the solution passes through the filter. Alcohol throws it down from water.

Experiments on the solution of indigo, in different kinds of sulphuric acid, have been published by M. Bucholz, who found that the British sulphuric acid was a bad solvent, unless previously boiled with sulphur; that the acid manufactured in the north of Europe dissolved it well in its natural state; but, when deprived of the sulphurous acid gaz, it became as inefficacious as the English. Hence it appears, that the presence of this gas promoted the solution; of course, the common sulphuric acid, or, as it is usually called, the oil of vitriol, in the state in which it is employed by the dyers, namely, blackened with vegetable matter, answers their purposes better than the purest.

It has long been known that metals precipitate each other from acids in their metallic state. Iron, for instance, may be employed to throw down copper, and copper to precipitate silver. But it has not been suspected, till lately, that the same precipitations may be obtained when the metals are dissolved in alcalies; provided always that metals are employed whose oxides are soluble in alcalies. Klaproth has lately published a set of curious experiments on this subject. Lead was precipitated in the metallic state, by introducing a cylinder of zinc into a solution of oxide of lead in potash. The same result was obtained when zinc was put into solutions of oxides of tin and tellurium in the same alcali, and into the solutions of oxides of copper of tungsten in ammonia. This last result points out an easy method of reducing the very refractory metallic oxides to the metallic state.

Great expectations are formed of the History of Russia, now in great forwardness, by Karamsin.

Several periodical works have been commenced, in the present year, in Russia. Among these, one entitled "Notices of the North," by M. Martignoro, well known for his translation of Longinus. This paper will exhibit the history of learning and civilization in Russia, and will contain the lives of the most illustrious men of that country. Another journal will be published at Moscow, by Kutosof, ancient curator of the university, entitled "The Friend of Illumination; or, Journal of the Sciences and Arts." There is also to be a journal for the fair sex, which will be a miscellany of prose and verse.

A third letter from Mr. Humboldt, concerning his travels in South America and Mexico, was lately read in the National Institute of France. In the first, he stated the observations made in the Atlantic, at the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, and in New Andalusia. In the second, he described his operations in Venezuela, and the plains of Cazobozzo, where he made some curious experiments on the *gymnotus electricus*. In the third, he gives us a short account of his voyage on the Oroonoko, Rio Negro, and the Carsequaire, attended with great danger, to determine astronomically the communication of the Orinaro and Amazon river. His memoirs, which contain an account of the geography, botany, and mineralogy of those countries, as well as of the manners and customs of the people, will be shortly published.

The king of Sweden is very desirous of adopting a proper system of education. A board, appointed for superintending public instruction, has lately commissioned a young Swede, named Brooeman, greatly distinguished by some critical pieces, and a treatise on education, to travel through Europe, to collect information on the subject.

By an edict issued at Vienna, all lectures in the university of Vienna, on logic, metaphysics, practical philosophy, and physics must be delivered in Latin. By another edict, all private teaching, without a licence from the heads of the university, is forbidden; and those who are taught in this manner, and without such a licence, are prohibited from standing candidates for any situation which is to be decided by the literary attainments of the candidates.

At Udursburg a machine has been invented, which turns a mill as a current of water does, but with less expence. The inventor, whose name is Oegg, has offered to government to produce such a machine, provided he receives a patent for the exclusive privilege of making them for twenty years.

Richter is occupied in a series of experiments on nickel. In its pure state, this metal is very malleable, nearly as brilliant as silver, and more attractable by the loadstone than iron. It contains copper; but M. Richter has found a method of freeing it from this metal. The oxydes of the purified nickel are of a much more lively green colour than the ordinary oxydes, and their solution in ammonia is a pale blue.

A number of engineers, under don Salvador de Ximenes, have, by the Spanish government, been engaged to prepare charts of the provinces of Spain, and plans of the principal towns. Two members have been selected for the geometrical and astronomical operations, who travel to all places to which the project extends, that the charts may be completed with the greatest accuracy.

For the Literary Magazine.

SUBSTANCE OF THE REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE MINT, DURING THE LAST YEAR.

THE issues of silver coins, notwithstanding the mercantile embarrassments attending the importation of bullion, have greatly exceeded that of the year 1803; and the advantage of a public mint has long

been sensibly experienced, by the greatest part of the deposits being issued in small coin, which has been found very beneficial to the citizens at large, under the late scarcity of Spanish dollars, occasioned by the great exportation of them, for mercantile purposes.

The quantity of gold bullion has been equal to that of the last report, so that, in the past year, the coinage of the precious metals has amounted to 358,983 dollars.

About eleven thousand dollars of the gold coin is the produce of virgin gold, found in the county of Cabarrus, in the state of North Carolina, where, it is said, a very considerable quantity has been found, since the last deposits, and will, in all probability, be forwarded to the mint. It is to be regretted, that this gold is melted into small ingots, before it is sent to the mint, for the convenience of carriage; but by which, there is reason to believe, a considerable proportion of it is wasted. It is also said, that the finest particles are neglected, and only the large grains and lumps sought after.

The increased price of copper in Europe, and the quantity on hand, have been thought sufficient reasons to confine the coinage of cents to one press; and from the last account from Europe, copper is likely to be considerably increased in price, which will render the coinage of cents less profitable. The past year there have been issued, 756,838 cents, and 1,055,312 half cents, equal to 12,844 dollars, 94 cents.

The coinage of the year amounts, in the whole, to the sum of 371,827 dollars, 94 cents, and the number of pieces to 2,046,839.

The expences of the mint, for the last year, are reduced to a trifle more than sixteen thousand dollars.

The director thinks it his duty to mention, that very considerable difficulty as well as danger may arise to the public, from the officers and workmen of the mint being exposed to be called out to attend militia meetings, or on detachments. When large deposits of precious metals are passing through the mint, and particularly when in fusion, it may be of the most dangerous consequence to have officers and men called away, or be liable to fines for non-attendance. It is too important a trust to be thus exposed.

For the Literary Magazine.

LONGEVITY.

THAT instances of longevity are not so rare in modern times as is usually imagined, the subjoined list, collected from various sources, is a curious proof. None have been inserted who have not attained their 130th year, or whose longevity has not appeared to be well attested. Many more might, without doubt, be added, by those who have better opportunities for collecting such accounts. The date affixed to each name is the year in which each person died, when that has been ascertained, or when not, the last year in which each is known to have lived.

Year.		*Age.*
1795	D. Cameron	130
1766	J. de la Somel	130
1766	George King	130
1767	John Taylor	130
1774	Wm. Beatle	130
1778	John Warson	130
1780	R. Macbride	130
1780	William Ellis	130
1764	Eliz. Taylor	132
1775	Peter Garden	131
1761	E. Merchant	133
1772	Mrs. Keith	134
1767	Francis Agne	134
1777	John Brookey	134
1744	Jane Harrison	135
1759	James Sheile	136
1768	C. Noon	136
1771	Marg. Foster	136
1776	John Moriat	136
1772	J. Richardson	137
1793	—— Robertson	137
1757	Wm. Sharpley	138
1768	J. M'Donough	138
1770	—— Fairbrother	138

1772	Mrs. Clunn	138
1766	Thos. Dobson	139
1785	M. Cameron	139
1752	Wm. Laland	140
	C. Desmond	140
1770	James Sands	140
1773	S. Monk	142
	C. M'Findlay	143
1757	J. Effingham	144
1782	E. Williams	145
1766	T. Winsloe	146
1772	J. C. Drahstenberg	146
1652	Wm. Mead	148
1768	F. Cousir	150
1542	T. Newman	152
1635	Thomas Parr	152
1536	James Bowles	152
	Henry West	152
1648	Thos. Damme	154
1762	Polish peasant	157
1797	J. Surrington	160
1668	W. Edwards	168
1670	Henry Jenkins	169
1782	Louisa Truxo	175

To these may be added a mulatto man, who died in 1797, in Frederick Town, North America, said to be 180 years old.

The London County Chronicle, of December 13, 1791, stated that Thomas Carn, according to the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died the 28th of January, 1588, aged 207. This is an instance of longevity so far exceeding any other on record, that one is disposed to suspect some mistake either in the register or in the extract.

The following instances of unusual longevity have been recorded in the American papers, during the year 1804, viz.

	years.	*mo.*
John Quarterman, Penn.	108	8
Samuel Bartrow, Booth-bay Maine.	135	
Ephraim Pratt, Shutesbury, Mas.	117	
John Belknap, Wilksborough, Mas.	101	
Dorothy Dusan, Philadelphia	105	
Ann Baker, Waterford, Me.	103	
Sarah Low, Fitchburg, Mas.	93	
Abigail Stone, Groton, Mas.	98	
Henry Abram, Chillicothe	102	
George Gregory, Kingston, England	106	
Jean George, England	110	10
John Stewart (col. of the tinkers), Aberfeldy, England	106	
A man, in Lithuania, Poland	163	
James Thomas, Georgia	134	
Pompey, a Negro, Delaware	120	
Anthony, a Negro, Philadelphia	105	
Yty-Enti Fohi, a Chinese, Canada	102	
Abigail Houghton, Stow, Mas.	101	
Lydia Bickford, Salem, Mas.	100	5
Mrs. Rice, Marlborough, Mas.	99	
Susanna Robinson, Dorchester, Mas.	97	4
Eleanor Shackford, Portsmouth, N. H.	91	
Abigail Edwards, Connecticut	96	
Mary Hastings, Weston, Mas.	101	10
Mrs. Mason, Salem, Mas.	95	
Moses Belknap, Atkinson, N. H.	93	
Joseph Farnworth, Fairfax, Vermont	90	
Susannah Babbidge, Salem, Mas.	90	
Mrs. Bullock, Salem, Mas.	90	
Easter Lane, England	105	
Samuel Brown, Connecticut	90	

For the Literary Magazine.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE RELATIVE TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SCHOOLS THROUGHOUT THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, IN SUCH A MANNER THAT THE POOR MAY BE TAUGHT GRATIS.

TO encourage the promotion of literature generally, the children of all our citizens ought to be taught at the public expence. In this way, no inviduous distinctions of *rich and poor* would be exhibited, nor would the feelings of any be unnecessarily wounded. The existing law on the subject holds out those distinctions, which, it is presumed, is a princi-

pal reason that so few have embraced its provisions. When we consider the manner in which the greater part of our schools are conducted; the great body of our schoolmasters *deficient in the first principles of the language they attempt to teach;* our youth in imminent danger of acquiring erroneous habits; and, add to this, the time that must be wasted in acquiring a useful degree of education, it is presumed that a general plan of education may be adopted, that will have a tendency to prevent those evils, and be supported at as little expence to the community as the present. Young men will find it their interest to qualify themselves for the office of teachers, when they know that none but qualified persons will be admitted, and salaries more permanent and certain be allowed.

Your committee flatter themselves that few, if any, will object to contribute *a small portion of their wealth* towards aiding their more indigent neighbours to have their children thus educated; thus qualifying them, in some measure, to be *useful members of society*, and thereby laying the surest foundation for the continuance of our *civil and religious liberties*, and perpetuating our *happy form of government*. To a generous mind, the recollection that they have been instrumental in promoting human happiness, will greatly outweigh any pecuniary considerations: under these impressions your committee submit the following resolution, viz.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to bring in a bill, embracing the following principles:

First, Two suitable persons shall be chosen by each township, ward, or district in the commonwealth, at the same time, and in the same manner, that constables are chosen, who, together with the county commissioners, shall lay off their proper county into convenient school districts, having respect to the language and local circumstances of the inhabitants, fix the salaries of the teachers, lay down rules for the time and manner of payment, and annually, in the month of December, lay before the legislature a statement of their proceedings relative to schools, and also whatever amendments may, in their opinion, be necessary for improving the system.

Second, Each school district shall annually chuse three trustees, whose duty it shall be to provide a suitable person to teach the English or German language (as the case may be) grammatically, writing a fair hand, and arithmetic, on the most approved plan. Said trustees shall have power to dismiss the teacher of their proper school district for disorderly behaviour; to provide, at the expence of the district, a suitable school-house, and generally to superintend the concerns of their proper schools; and annually, in the month of October, lay before the commissioners an account of their proceedings, and what further improvements to them would appear necessary.

Third, All the youth under fourteen years of age, may, at the county expence, be taught reading, writing, and plain arithmetic; their further progress shall be at the proper expence of those who send them.—Payments made by any householder to the teacher of the proper district, shall operate as a credit in his payment of county taxes to the amount of his or her quota for the support of schools.

Fourth, The law not to be in force, in any particular county, until sanctioned by the associate judges, grand-jury, and commissioners of the proper county, or a majority of them.

For the Literary Magazine.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR 1805.

FOR the pay and subsistence of the officers, and the pay of the sea-

men, four hundred and fifteen thousand five hundred and seventy-eight dollars:

For provisions, two hundred and twenty-seven thousand and eighty-six dollars, and forty cents:

For medicine, instruments, hospital stores, and all expences on account of the sick, ten thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars:

For repairs of vessels, store rent, and other contingent expences, four hundred and eleven thousand nine hundred and fifty-one dollars, and two cents:

For the pay and subsistence of the marine corps, including provisions for those on shore, and forage for the staff, eighty-two thousand five hundred and ninety-three dollars, and sixty cents:

For clothing for the same, sixteen thousand five hundred and thirty-six dollars, and ninety-eight cents:

For military stores for the same, one thousand six hundred and thirty-five dollars:

For medicine, medical services, hospital stores, and all expences on account of the sick belonging to the marine corps, one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars:

For quarter-master's and barrack-master's stores, officers' travelling expences, armourers' and carpenters' bills, fuel, premium for enlisting, music, and other contingent expences, eight thousand four hundred and nineteen dollars:

For the expence of navy yards, docks, and other improvements, the pay of superintendants, store keepers, clerks, and labourers, sixty thousand dollars:

For completing the marine barracks at the city of Washington, three thousand five hundred dollars.

For the Literary Magazine.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR 1805.

FOR defraying the expence of the military establishment of the United States, for the year 1805, for the Indian department, and for the expence of fortifications, arsenals, magazines, and armories, the following sums are appropriated, viz.:

For the pay of the army, three hundred and two thousand, seven hundred and ninety-six dollars:

For forage, four thousand four hundred and eighty-eight dollars:

For the subsistence of the officers of the army and corps of engineers, thirty-one thousand three hundred and twenty-nine dollars and fourteen cents:

For the subsistence of non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, one hundred and seventy-nine thousand and nine dollars and sixty-nine cents:

For clothing, eighty-five thousand dollars.

For bounties and premiums, fifteen thousand dollars:

For the medical and hospital department, twelve thousand dollars:

For camp equipage, fuel, tools, expence of transportation, and other contingent expences of the war department, eighty-one thousand dollars:

For fortifications, arsenals, magazines, and armories, one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and ninety-six dollars and eighty-eight cents:

For purchasing maps, plans, books, and instruments for the war department, and military academy, five hundred dollars:

For the pay and subsistence of the commandants in Louisiana, five thousand nine hundred and seventy-one dollars and seventy-seven cents:

For the Indian department, ninety-two thousand six hundred dollars.

For the Literary Magazine.

A LIST OF THE ACTS PASSED DURING THE SECOND SESSION OF THE EIGHTH CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

1. AN act making a farther appropriation for carrying into effect

the treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation between his Britannic majesty and the United States of America.

2. An act making an appropriation to supply a deficiency in an appropriation for the support of government during the present year (1804), and making a partial appropriation for the same object, during the year 1805.

3. An act concerning drawbacks on goods, wares, and merchandize.

4. An act for the disposal of certain copies of the laws of the United States.

5. An act declaring Cambridge, in the state of Massachusetts, to be a port of delivery.

6. An act to divide the Indiana territory into two separate governments.

7. An act authorizing the corporation of Georgetown to make a dam or causeway from Mason's island to the western shore of the river Potowmac.

8. An act for the relief of Charlotte Hazen, widow and relict of the late brigadier-general Moses Hazen.

9. An act making appropriations for the support of the navy of the United States, during the year 1805.

10. An act making an appropriation for completing the south wing of the capitol, at the city of Washington, and for other purposes.

11. An act for carrying into more complete effect the tenth article of the treaty of friendship, limits, and navigation with Spain.

12. An act to provide for completing the valuation of lands and dwelling houses, and the enumeration of slaves, in South Carolina, and for other purposes.

13. An act supplementary to the act, intituled, "An act to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage."

14. An act for the relief of John Steele.

15. An act for the relief of Alexander Murray.

16. An act authorizing the postmaster-general to make a new contract for carrying the mail from Fayetteville, in North Carolina, to Charleston, in South Carolina.

17. An act concerning the mode of surveying the public lands of the United States.

18. An act making appropriations for the support of the military establishment of the United States, for the year 1805.

19. An act making appropriations for the support of government, for the year 1805.

20. An act to continue in force "An act declaring the consent of congress to an act of the state of Maryland, passed the 28th day of December, 1795, for the appointment of a health officer."

21. An act to amend the act intituled "An act further to amend the act, intituled "An act to lay and collect a direct tax within the United States."

22. An act to appropriate a sum of money for the purpose of building gun boats.

23. An act to authorize the erection of a bridge across a mill pond and marsh, in the navy yard belonging to the United States, in the town of Brooklyn, in the state of New York.

24. An act further to amend an act intituled "An act regulating the grants of land, and providing for the disposal of the lands of the United States, south of the state of Tennessee."

25. An act for ascertaining and adjusting the titles and claims to lands within the territory of Orleans, and the district of Louisiana.

26. An act to amend the act intituled "An act for the government and regulation of seamen in the merchants' service."

27. An act for the relief of the widow and orphan children of Robert Elliott.

28. An act authorizing the discharge of John Yorke from his imprisonment.

29. An act to authorize the secretary of war to issue military land warrants, and for other purposes.

30. An act to amend the charter of Georgetown.

31. An act further providing for the government of the territory of Orleans.

32. An act to amend an act intituled "An act for imposing more specific duties on the importation of certain articles; and also for levying and collecting light money on foreign ships or vessels."

33. An act to provide for the accommodation of the president of the United States.

34. An act to establish the districts of Genessee, of Buffaloe creek, and of Miami; and to alter the port of entry of the district of Erie.

35. An act to regulate the clearance of armed merchant vessels.

36. An act further to alter and establish certain post roads, and for other purposes.

37. An act for the relief of Richard Taylor.

38. An act supplementary to the act intituled "An act making provision for the disposal of the public lands in the Indiana territory, and for other purposes."

39. An act making provision for the widow and orphan children of Thomas Flinn.

40. An act for the relief of George Scoone and Alexander Cameron.

41. An act making appropriations for carrying into effect certain Indian treaties, and for other purposes of Indian trade and intercourse.

42. An act for the more effectual preservation of peace in the ports and harbours of the United States, and in the waters under their jurisdiction.

43. An act to extend jurisdiction, in certain cases, to the territorial courts.

44. An act for the relief of Robert Patton and others.

45. An act further providing for the government of the territory of Louisiana.

46. An act in addition to "An act to make provision for persons that have been disabled by known wounds."

47. An act supplementary to the act intituled "An act making an appropriation for carrying into effect the convention between the United States of America and his Britannic majesty."

Resolution expressive of the sense of congress of the gallant conduct of captain Stephen Decatur, the officers and crew of the United States' ketch Intrepid, in attacking, in the harbour of Tripoli, and destroying, a Tripolitan frigate of forty-four guns.

Resolutions expressive of the sense of congress of the gallant conduct of commodore Edward Preble, the officers, seamen, and marines of his squadron.

For the Literary Magazine.

REVIEW.

The History of Virginia, from its first settlement to the present day. By John Burk. Vol. 1. 8vo. Petersburg, 1804. pp. 348.

SEVERAL circumstances, to use the language of the author, contribute to render the history of Virginia an object of interest and curiosity. In this part of the American continent, the first permanent establishment was formed by the British; and it is here we must look for those ancient documents and materials, whose discovery will throw light on the history of the other states.

By her population and geographical position, she stands conspicuous in the confederacy, which her valour hath erected, in common with that of her sister states, and which her spirit and constancy have since improved and supported.

The materials for a correct history are diminishing every day.—The war hath already made a melancholy chasm in our public records. History, to which we might look to supply this loss, is often silent.

Stith, as far as he goes, is, indeed, a faithful guide; but his his-

tory comprizes only a space of twenty years, and it is to be found only in the libraries of the curious.

Beverley is a mere annalist of petty incidents, put together without method, and unenlivened by any of the graces of style. He is, moreover, the apologist of power, in which respect also he differs essentially from Stith, who, on all occasions, displays a manly contempt and defiance of injustice and tyranny.

Sir W. Keith, although more diffuse than Beverley, and more graceful and correct, has little more of detail.

Smith's is a sort of epic history or romance, where the author recounts his achievements in the spirit with which he fought. His narrative, however, occasionally discovers much good sense, and raises considerable interest. It is, moreover, the ground-work of succeeding histories, and is valuable as a piece of rare and curious antiquity.

These books, taken together, contain a mass of valuable matter, which it would be prudent to collect, arrange, and concentrate, before the few copies which remain disappear from private libraries, as they have already done from the shelf of the bookseller.

In addition to the assistance which might be derived from those publications, chance has thrown in the author's way two large manuscript volumes, containing the minutes of the London Company, together with the proceedings of the Virginia councils and assembly, with little interruption, to the middle of the reign of George II. These volumes are a mine of information, and their value is enhanced by the consideration that they are, in all probability, the only copies in existence.

This collection may be further enriched by such documents as are to be found in the public offices, and in the library of William and Mary College, to the free use of which the author has been politely invited.

The author begins his work with remarks upon the propensity of nations to trace their own original to a divine or miraculous source: a propensity favoured by the obscurity in which their original is generally involved; and dwells upon the difference, in this respect, between the nations of the ancient world and those which have grown out of their colonies in the western hemisphere. He then details the history of ancient trade and navigation, which he brings down to the voyages of Columbus and Cabot. He now enters upon the proper subject of his work, and relates, in a clear and circumstantial manner, all the events connected with the history of Virginia, from the earliest expeditions to the dissolution of the Virginian Company, in 1625. An appendix is subjoined, in which some further account is given of the London Company, of the state of the aboriginal tribes on the arrival of the strangers, and a list is inserted of the names of the adventurers for Virginia, in 1620.

This portion of the work, being considerably circumstantial, and relating to events qualified, in themselves, to excite the reader's interest, is highly entertaining and instructive. The writer has done justice to his theme, by a clear and distinct, though, on some occasions, a desultory style and manner. For the copiousness of this narration, the author apologizes in the following terms:

"During the first eighteen years of the settlement of Virginia, the incidents are so numerous and diversified, that, with every wish to be concise, I could not, consistently with my general plan, compress them within a narrower compass. In the commencement of any work, every material occurrence should be placed full in the view of the reader; the nature and origin of every institution fully explained; and the principal personages who figure in it be introduced with a suitable description of their characters and actions. If this be done, the bare recurrence of the names in the other

parts of the work will associate the knowledge of every thing essential respecting those things or persons. The second volume will comprehend the history of more than a century."

In the writer's occasional remarks there is a shrewdness and sagacity, accompanied, however, with an air which bespeaks a young man. The compact and coherent plan of Robertson must not be looked for in this work. The eloquent fragment of that author affords us a sample of a work, which it is in vain to hope will be speedily supplied. Meanwhile, the narrative of Mr. Burk will, if we may judge from this specimen, be a very valuable addition to our domestic literature.

One of the most memorable events in the early history of the colony, is the massacre of the English, in 1622. Mr. Burk's account of this event is as follows:

"Whilst the colony was thus rapidly advancing to eminence and wealth, she carried in her bosom, and about her, an enemy which was to blight her budding honours, and which brought near to ruin and desolation her growing establishment. Since the marriage of Pocahontas the natives had lived on terms of uninterrupted and apparently cordial amity with the English, which daily gained strength by mutual wants and necessities. Each had something beyond their wants which the other stood in need of: and commerce, regulated by good faith, and a spirit of justice, gave facility to the exchange or barter of their superfluous productions. The consequence of this state of things was a complete security on the part of the English; a total disregard and disuse of military precautions and martial exercises. The time and the hands of labour were considered too valuable to be employed in an idle and holiday array of arms; and, in this situation, wholly intent on amassing wealth, and totally unprovided for defence, they were attacked by an enemy, whose resentment no time nor good offices could disarm; whose preparations were silent as night; to whom the arts of native cunning had given a deep dissimulation, an exterior so specious, as might impose on suspicion itself.

"After the death of Powhatan, the empire descended, by order of succession, to his brother Opitchapan. But amongst a people where a daring and intrepid courage, and invincible patience under pain and suffering, were esteemed the principal virtues, but little regard is paid to the accidental merit of descent. An Indian chieftain must be the most renowned warrior in his tribe. Every Indian, whatever may be the form of his government, is the absolute master of his own actions. A nation which is always in arms, and acknowledges no other deity than the god of war, feels respect only for those qualities, which can secure to them victory, or conduct a surprise or retreat. Under such circumstances, and coming after a chief of such glory as Powhatan, the feeble and decrepid Opitchapan was little calculated to secure respect, or enforce obedience.

"The defects of the new emperor were aggravated, in the minds of the Indians, by a comparison with the accomplished Opechancanough, who, in the council and the field, was the most conspicuous warrior amongst the Powhatans; and who, as has been told above, during the life time of the late emperor, had procured, from the free tribe of the Chickahominies, the title of their king.

"Opechancanough possessed another powerful recommendation in the eyes of his countrymen: his hatred of the English was rooted and deadly. Never for a moment did he forget the unjust invasion and insolent aggressions of those strangers; never did he forget his own personal wrongs and humiliation.

"Compelled, by the inferiority of his countrymen in the weapons and instruments of war, as by their customs, to employ stratagem instead

of force, he buried deep in his bosom all traces of the rage with which he was agitated.

"To the English, if any faith was due to appearances, his deportment was uniformly frank and unreserved: he was the equitable mediator in the several differences which arose between them and his countrymen.

"The intellectual superiority of the white men was the constant theme of his admiration. He appeared to consider them as the peculiar favourites of heaven, against whom resistance were at once impious and impracticable. But far different was his language and deportment in the presence of his countrymen.

"In the gloom and silence of the dark and impenetrable forest, or the inaccessible swamp, he gave utterance to the sorrows and indignation of his swelling bosom. He painted, with the strength and brilliancy of savage colouring, the tyranny, rapacity, and cruelty of the English; whilst he mournfully contrasted the unalloyed content and felicity of their former lives, with their present abject and degraded condition; subject, as they were, to the capricious controul and intolerable requisitions of those hard and unpitying task-masters.

"Independence is the first blessing of the savage state. Without it, all other advantages are light and valueless: bereft of this, in their estimation, even life itself is a barren and comfortless possession. It is not surprising, then, that Opechancanough, independent of his influence as a great werowance, or war captain, should, on such a subject, discover kindred feelings in the breasts of his countrymen. The war song and war whoop, breaking like thunder from the fierce and barbarous multitudes, mingling with the clatter of their shields, and enforced by the terrific gestures of the war dance, proclaimed to their leader their determination to die with him, or conquer.

"With equal address the experienced and wily savage proceeded to allay the storm which his invectives had conjured up in the breasts of the Indians. The English, although experience had proved them neither immortal nor invincible, he represented as formidable by their fire arms, and their superior knowledge in the art of war; and he inculcated, as the sole means of deliverance and revenge, secrecy and caution, until an occasion should offer, when, by surprise or ambush, the scattered establishments of their enemies might, at the same moment, be assaulted and swept away.

"Four years had nearly elapsed in maturing this formidable conspiracy; during which time, not a single Indian belonging to the thirty nations, which composed the empire of Powhatan, was found to violate his engagements, or betray his leader; not a word or hint was heedlessly or deliberately dropt to awaken jealousy or excite suspicion: when all at once a circumstance occurred, which was made the pretext, and which possibly accelerated the execution, of this project.

"There was, among the Indians, a warrior named Nemattanow, who, for those virtues in highest estimation amonst savages, as well as for the extravagance and eccentricity of his conduct, was peculiarly distinguished. He was possessed of uncommon bodily strength and activity, and of a courage in the highest degree daring and adventurous. Although engaged in a multitude of battles with Indians and English, in all of which he was conspicuous in the onset and the van; prodigal of life, and fearless of danger, he had invariably come off without a wound. A good fortune so singular, joined with a bravery so rash and impetuous, easily induced the belief among his countrymen that he was invulnerable and immortal; an opinion which his vanity found less inclination to discourage than support. It is difficult in any (more especially in the rude and savage) state to

bear a long and uninterrupted tide of good fortune with temper and moderation. Nemattanow, not content with his well-earned glory as a warrior, affected a gaudy peculiarity in his dress; ornamenting his person fantastically with feathers of different colours, on which account he was, amongst his countrymen and by the English, known by the name of Jack o' the Feather. This man, on several occasions, had committed depredations on the property of the English; but at length, having deliberately murdered an Englishman of the name of Morgan, he was seized by the servants of the deceased, and, attempting to escape, was shot by one of them through the body.

"It is said that Opechancanough envied the reputation of this savage, and was secretly pleased that he was no more. He affected grief and indignation, only to inflame the breasts of the Indians to fury and revenge.

"A singular story is related by all our historians of the last moments of Nemattanow: when he discovered that death was fast approaching, and that his dream of glory and immortality would shortly vanish, forgetting his pains, he appeared anxious only about his reputation amongst his countrymen, and with posterity.

"It is curious to trace, in the mind of this rude and unlettered savage, the operation of the same principles which put in motion the poet, the historian, and the conqueror. With earnestness and anxiety he besought his enemies, with the solemnity of a last dying request, to conceal his grave, in the hope, that "this evidence and monument of his mortality might be kept from his countrymen."

"But, in spite of the profound dissimulation of Opechancanough, he had not passed entirely without suspicion, and, in some instances, even direct charges were brought against him, of a design to surprise and exterminate the colonists. But he found means to silence those alarms by the apparent frankness and sincerity of his manners, and by an invariable and assiduous attention to their interest and convenience.

"Induced by evidence so specious, sir G. Yeardley, who was then governor, supposed that the charges were altogether without foundation, and the short-lived caution and vigilance, induced by those suspicions, were again permitted to relapse into the lethargy of a deep and fatal security.

"Every thing being at length ripe for execution, the several nations of Indians were secretly drawn together, and stationed at the several points of attack, with a celerity and precision unparalleled in history. Although some of the detachments had to march from great distances, and through a continued forest, guided only by the stars and the dubious light of the moon, no instance of mistake or disorder took place. The Indian mode of march is by single files. They follow one after the other, in profound silence, treading as nearly as possible in the steps of each other, and adjusting the long grass and branches which they have displaced. This is done to conceal all traces of their route from their enemies, who are equally sagacious and quick-sighted.

"They halted at a short distance from the English, waiting without impatience for the signal, which was to be given by their fellows, who, under pretence of traffic, had this day, in considerable numbers, repaired to the plantations of the colonists.

"So perfect was the cunning and dissimulation of Opechancanough, that, on the morning of this fatal day, the straggling English, by his direction, were conducted in safety through the woods to their settlements, and presents of venison and wild fowl were sent, in his name, to the governor and counsellors, accompanied with expressions of regard, and assurances of friendship. "Sooner," said the wily chieftain, "shall the sky fall, than the peace shall be violated on my part."

"And so entirely were the English duped by those professions and appearances, that they freely lent the Indians their boats, with which they announced the concert, the signal, and the hour of attack to their countrymen on the other side of the river.

"The fatal hour having at length arrived, and the necessary dispositions having every where taken place, on a signal given, at mid-day, innumerable detachments, setting up the war whoop, burst from their concealments on the defenceless settlements of the English, massacring all they met, without distinction of age or sex; and, according to custom, mutilating and mangling, in a shocking manner, the dead bodies of their enemies.

"So unexpected and terrible was the onset, that scarcely any resistance was made. The English fell, scarcely knowing their enemies, and in many instances by their own weapons. In one hour three hundred and forty-seven men, women, and children, including six of the council, and several others of distinction, fell without a struggle by the hands of the Indians. Chance alone saved the colony from utter extirpation.

"A converted Indian, named Chanco, lived with Richard Pace, loved by his master on account of his good qualities, with an affection at once christian and parental. The night preceding the massacre, the brother of Chanco slept with him; and, after a strict injunction of secrecy, having revealed to him the intended plot, he commanded him, in the name of Opechancanough, to murder his master. The grateful Indian, shocked at the atrocity of the proposal, after his brother's departure, flew to Pace, and disclosed to him the information he had received. There was no time to be lost. Before day, a dispatch was forwarded to the governor, at James Town; which, with the adjacent settlements, were thus preserved from the ruin which hung over them.

"In several plantations also, where the information of Chanco was unknown, the Indians were repulsed by the intrepidity of the proprietors."

The following sketch of the natives will exemplify Mr. Burk's mode of political and moral speculation:

"Notwithstanding the general charge of barbarism and treachery against the Indians of Virginia, and of cruelty and tyranny against Powhatan, with which the early historians abound, not a single fact is brought in support of this accusation; and, in several instances, with an inconsistency, for which it is difficult to account, the same writers speak with admiration of the exact order which prevailed among all the tribes of which this empire was composed; and confess, at the same time, that this order and security arose from the inviolable observance of customs, which time had consecrated as law, and which were equally binding on the king and the people.

"Stith and Smith relate, that Powhatan made his own hatchets, and the other instruments of tillage and war; and the same writers assert, that Opechancanough and Opitchapan had no power to rid themselves of those Indians who had incurred their dislike, but by privately soliciting the English to do them this service. Another striking example is given by those writers of the absolute independence of the Indians, in their contempt of what is called the order of succession, by their neglect of Opitchapan, and their preference of the superior virtues of Opechancanough.

"It appears farther, that the werowances, or war chiefs, considered themselves no farther bound by the directions of the emperor, than as they were in themselves reasonable; and that, on several occasions, they pointedly, as in the affair of the massacre, refused obedience to those directions.

"It is a real misfortune that so little attention should have been paid, by the first Virginia colonists, to the character, laws, and language

of this singular people. It may be urged that this neglect is incidental to the nature of the colonists; that, in general, they are unfitted, by their pursuits and education, for speculative research; that the labours of reclaiming the wilderness, and of fighting the savage, furnish sufficient employment, without those unprofitable, or, at best, fanciful attainments.

"It is indeed true, that as colonies are generally conducted, no inducements are held out for such an enquiry. But the Spanish and French colonists, although similarly circumstanced, have made considerable progress in this subject; and to their accounts, such as they are, we stand indebted for all that we know respecting the history of the American Indian.

"Smith's passion for war and adventure, and his active employments, left him no leisure to attend to objects of such remote or doubtful advantage. But there is reason to believe, from the little he relates of his observations during his captivity, that, had he been spared sufficiently long to the colony, he would have given us an exact account of the language and policy of the Virginia Indian.

"Stith, from whom better was to be expected, says not a word on the subject. And, what is equally strange, Beverley, who on all other subjects is a mere annalist, appears on this occasion to feel a portion of zeal, and to display some of the talents essential to such an investigation. But his zeal is but the hectic of a moment, and he soon relapses into his former apathy.

"The consequence of this early neglect, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to repair: and for the manners and character of the most extraordinary race of men which has appeared upon the earth, a people, too, with whom we have been acquainted for two centuries, we are constrained to resort to conjectures and analogies, deduced from the writings of the French and Spanish historians.

"In what contradictions are we involved, when obliged to speak of the laws and form of government, of the population and effective military force of the Powhatan confederacy!

"Mr. Jefferson reckons the population at eight thousand, and the force capable of bearing arms at two thousand five hundred. But the historians of Virginia, although they do not pretend to transmit any estimate on those heads, relate several particulars, which prove the calculation of Mr. Jefferson inadmissible. They tell us, that Powhatan had thirty werowances, or heads of tribes, subject to him; that Opechancanough appeared at one time with three hundred bowmen, and at another time with seven hundred, in all probability of his own tribe of Pamunkey; that the small tribe of Chickahominies had between three and four hundred fighting men; that between three and four thousand Indians lay in wait to surprise the English at Nomini; that the Susquahaanocks (who, it is true, were not Powhatans) could muster about six hundred fighting men; that the Nansamonds and Chesapeakes, appeared to the number of four hundred men, which was probably only a part of their strength.

"It is stated, too, that the tribes composing the empire of Powhatan were in peace and friendship with each other; and that, although a rivalship and antipathy subsisted between them and the Manakins and Manahoacks, no regular hostility was exercised between them. Their position at the heads of the great rivers, and in the fastnesses of their mountains, secured the Manakins from subjugation, while the compact vigour of Powhatan's empire, added to the terror of his arms, kept invasion at a distance from his dominions.

"In addition to a profound peace and mild government, the subjects of Powhatan inhabited a region, on which nature had bestowed singular advantages. Their settlements were generally on the banks of

James, Elizabeth, Nansamond, York, and Chickahomini rivers, all of which abounded in the most delicious fish and wild fowl. Their woods contained innumerable herds of deer. A rich soil gratified the most sanguine expectations of the planter, so that little is hazarded by declaring, that no equal portion of the globe contains within itself more ample sources of food, or even of luxury."

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

Extracted from an Address to the Cincinnati of Connecticut.

HEARD ye a voice within, instinctive urge
To check the progress of unpitying war,
Wrench from the grasp of Tyranny his scourge,
And crush Ambition in his crimson car?

That voice we heard, when Britain's long-fam'd host
Our yeomen, new to arms, in battle smote;
In love of country every passion lost,
Our ravish'd souls to liberty devote.

If we to Heaven our unavailing vows
For Poland rais'd; besought Heaven's righteous Lord
To rend the wreath from Austria's, Prussia's brows,
And break of baneful leagues the threefold cord*;

With horror mark'd the empress of the north,
Her wheels yet reeking o'er the mooned host, †
Rouse the dull Russ, and call the Cossac forth
From darksome dens of everlasting frost:

If we on changeful Gaul, not coldly gaz'd,
But lov'd the fair reforms by patriots plann'd,
Till, fir'd by crimes, our indignation blaz'd,
That democrats enrag'd should rule the land:

If to Columbia's sons a tear I ow'd,
Her captive seamen chain'd at Algiers long:
If for their wrongs my eyes a fountain flow'd,
And thunder'd from my tongue the wrathful song:

Of every class, ye proud oppressors! hear!
Monarchs and demagogues who realms enslave,
Or ye who purchase bondmen far and near*,
I hate your conduct, and your anger brave.

And chief, ye despots! to the strain attend!
Shall coward millions to your will succumb?
At your capricious nod whole nations bend,
Or for resistance find a sudden tomb?

To Heav'n be praise!—that gothic spell is o'er,
When, lull'd by witcheries, Europe slept supine,

*The coalition of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for the partition of Poland

† Few readers will have occasion to be informed, that the banners of the Ottoman troops have crescent moons, for their armorial emblems.

* This refers to the late *repeal* of the law in South Carolina, which prohibited the importation of slaves. Since which, thousands have been introduced into that state from Africa.

And only dream'd of superstitious lore,
Prescriptive pow'r, and regal rights divine.

Strange seems to beings groping dim in dust,
That He, whose light the dark enchantment broke,
At times (his ways inscrutable as just)
Still suffers man to smart beneath a yoke.

Ah! why will He, blest arbiter on high,
His bow with thunder charg'd and bickering fire,
Not bare his arm to bid his terrors fly,
And earth's fierce troublers at his frown expire?

Though conscience oft, their raging pride to tame,
Shall make them curse their triumphs earn'd by guilt,
Compell'd to hate their very idol, Fame,
And drink, inebriate, of the blood they spilt:

A retribution in unjoyous climes,
Remains to make the moral scheme complete;
Be joyful, earth! unburden'd of their crimes;
And hell! rise grim, their coming shades to greet.

And less shall plagues pursue those planter-lords,
Who, for proud wealth in slaves, their lot applaud;
Yet boast of liberty with guileful words,
And preach "all men were equals made by God"?

Are ye the lords who treat your slaves as brutes?
Heav'ns! how your deeds and doctrines disagree!
Speak not of freedom! for your lip pollutes
Your holy oath, "that man by birth is free."

Blush not these men, to government elect,
Thy cause, Equality! who quaintly plead;
And talk of *declarations* that protect
Man's natural rights; nor name that hateful deed

Themselves have done: to hold their blacks enthrall'd;
To dole no daily food save stinted corn;*
With whips to drive them, faint, with fetters gall'd,
To tasks unending, and of hope forlorn?

Say, then, perfidious! say, are ye alone
Exclusive patriots? Freedom's only friends?
Your eye-balls cas'd in scales, your hearts in stone,
On you the frenzying curse of Heav'n descends,

Ruin's forerunner! every art ye use
To cheat the crowd with liberty's sweet name;
With hypocritic cant promote your views,
Increase your slaves, and glory in your shame.†

Was it for this, incomparably bold,
Led by our godlike chief, through climates far,
We brav'd the summer's heat, the winter's cold,
Breasting the dreadful enginery of war

Through eight long years, in many a gory field,
High in the van, the starry flag unfurl'd,
Till peace (with heroes' blood the treaty seal'd)
Confirm'd man's equal rights in this new world?

What! while we hear the clank of slavery's chains,
Mix'd with discordant sounds of patriot zeal;
While love of freedom throbs through veteran veins,
For Afric's sons shall we no pity feel?

* One peck of Indian corn, in the grain, is the only food allowed to each slave for seven days, on many plantations.

† There are individuals in the United States, who hold more of their fellow-creatures in slavery, than either of the Barbary powers.

How long in vain shall Afric's race be mourn'd?
In hopeless bondage, unredeem'd, how long?
No hand to help, with cries for justice spurn'd,
Cringe at the cutting of the penal thong?

Ye planters! bashaws! cast one kind regard
On blacks from Guinea brought for barter'd gold;
Or, blind to interest as of feeling hard,
Can ye with cruel scorn their woes behold?

Will no good angel on the Lybean shore,
Dash the curst vessel destin'd to our climes;
Ere yet augmented slaves with flames and gore
Retort their wrongs, and measure crimes for crimes?

Behold! oh, horror! Hayti's bloody strand!
Mark! how the lesson erst by white-men giv'n,
Not vainly taught the barb'rous sable band,
To claim the *birth-right* held alone from Heav'n.

Dark rose the negroes: 'twas the dread resolve,
That *right* to rescue, or with *it* expire,
Bade the strong bolts that bound their flesh dissolve,
Like flaxen cords before devouring fire.

Once white men triumph'd; black men now are free;
While fearful noises fluctuate on the wind,
Late victors fly for safety to the sea,
And not a haughty master lags behind.

Thou blot on nature, Slavery! disappear!
Yet, monster! yet, a moment, from thy mouth,
Shall gall and venom tinge the verdant year,
And blast the glories of the boasted South.

Then, bright through bursting clouds, the aurora trace!
Though long the night, and murky low'r'd the sky,
Lift up your heads! ye much enduring race!
Lift up your heads! for your redemption's nigh.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONG.

Air.—*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear.*

OH dear were the joys that are past!
Oh dear were the joys that are past!
Inconstant thou art as the dews of the morn,
Or a cloud of the night on the blast!

How dear was the breath of the eve,
When hearing thy fond faithless sigh!
And the moon-beam how dear that betray'd
The love that illumin'd thine eye!

Thou vow'dst in my arms to be mine,
Thou swar'st by the moon's sacred light:
But dark roll'd a cloud o'er the sky,
It hid the pale queen of the night.

Thou hast broken thy plighted faith,
And broken a fond lover's heart!
—Yes! in winter the moon's fleeting ray
I would trust more than thee and thy art!

I am wretched to think on the past—
Ev'n hope now my peace cannot save:
Thou has giv'n to my rival thy hand,
But me thou hast doomed to my grave.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES WRITTEN AT GREEN BANK, BURLINGTON.

WHEN Anna here her form reclines,
May zephyrs waft their genial winds;
And ye rough boughs more closely grow,
To shield her from this fervid glow.

Thou, too, sweet stream, more gently play,
When by thy side she loves to stray;
And as thou roll'st thy calmest tide,
Oh wish that thus her life may glide!

Thus shall all Nature's charms combine,
To worship her who doth entwine
Our willing souls, by woman's guile—
The roseate blush and dimpling smile.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

SONNET.

By a Scholar.

TO cull each plant of Attic growth I toil,
And bend unwearied o'er the classic page,
Rich with the treasures of a learned age:
Alas! in vain I waste the midnight oil!
The flow'rs of Greece transplanted in our soil
But feebly bloom, then wither soon, and die,
Nipp'd by the rigours of a northern sky:
Yet sure 'tis sweet, afar from bigots' rage,
In the sequester'd vale of humble life,
To hear afar the warring winds engage,
Too low to fear the elemental strife.
Each boisterous passion mildly to assuage,
To Plato's themes enamoured I return,
Catch his strong sense, and with his raptures burn.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES,

Sung at a rural dance on May-day.

NYMPHS, that now are cheerful seen,
Where sweet vi'lets deck the ground!
Nymphs, that on th' enamell'd green,
Join the sprightly dance around!
Lovely virgins, sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

While Health displays her roseate charms,
Pluck the sweetest flow'rs you find;
Welcome Joy with open arms,
And your brows with roses bind.
Lovely virgins, sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY NATIVE VALE,

A pastoral Song, from the Italian:

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds, and warbles there,
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To ev'ry passing villager:
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
To charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The mimic dance in twilight glade,
The rustic glee, and roundelay,
Sung in the silent woodland shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my Native Vale!

For the Literary Magazine.

WHAT'S A LADY'S BUSINESS?

HOW best to bind the flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air;
In what nice braid, or glossy curl,
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And how the purfled veil to choose
From silken stores of varied hues;
Which may attract the roving view
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue,
The loveliest mantle to select
Or unembellish'd, or bedeckt;
And how the twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace;
What skirts the mantle best may suit,
Ornate with stars of tissued fruit,
The flower embroider'd, or the plain
With silver, or with golden vein.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

P. J. DESAULT'S Treatise on Fractures, Luxations, and other Morbid Affections of the Bones, has just been translated by Dr. C. Caldwell, of Philadelphia. Desault was chief surgeon to the Hotel Dieu at Paris, and enjoyed the highest reputation, and most extensive practice.

Wettenhall's Greek Grammar, translated into English, with additional notes, by William P. Farrand, has lately been published at Philadelphia, with great care and accuracy, and is recommended, and is now used, by most of the colleges on the continent.

John Eckstein, late painter and statuary to the king of Prussia, has published, at Philadelphia, a New Drawing-book, or System of the Art of Drawing, intended for the use of pupils in that art.

J. Oram, of Trenton, New Jersey, is about to re-publish Stackhouse's edition of the Bible, which will be comprised in six volumes, octavo.

Mr. John Davis has published, in one volume, small duodecimo, a work, called, Captain Smith and Princess Pocahontas. It is a tale built upon some well-known incidents in the early history of Virginia. The volume contains, besides the tale itself, a historical sketch of the early life of captain Smith; a petition presented by Smith to queen Anne; a vocabulary of Indian words; an account of the descendants of Pocahontas; a description of Jamestown, by Mr. Girardin; two letters respecting the subject of this book; a memoir of the author; and a list of subscribers. This enumeration of contents will inform the reader that he may expect, at least, variety of entertainment; and those who have not had an opportunity of judging of Mr. Davis' abilities, by the perusal of his former productions, will feel some attractions to the present work in the nature of the subject, which is purely American, and which relates to two of the most interesting personages in early American history.

A Spelling-book, by Mr. Lindley Murray, has lately appeared in Europe, and been republished in Philadelphia by James Crukshank, and by Kimber, Conrad, & Co.

There is now in the press a valuable work by Dr. Barton, containing illustrations of American zoology, which the ingenious author proposes to continue occasionally. It will appear in one thin quarto.

A new edition has just appeared of an old work of great celebrity: Scougal's Life of God in the Soul of Man. The excellence and usefulness of this little tract are generally known to religious readers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE editor has received several favours, which came too late for the present month, the contents of each number, in order to insure punctuality in publication, being made up at a pretty early period in the month. Hence some valuable communications have been unavoidably deferred. The *Visitor* has been received, but at too late a period. In the same predicament are the "Remarks on the Mock-bird and Nightingale," "Comparison between the Climate of Madras and Philadelphia," "On the Anti-christian Tendency of Classical Studies," and several others.

THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 21. JUNE, 1805. VOL. III.

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PUBLISHED BY

JOHN CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

PRINTED BY T. & G. PALMER, 116, HIGH STREET.

1805.

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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON.

GOLDSMITH appears to enjoy as large a share of critical veneration as any writer of his age. His laurels, indeed, grow brighter with time, and his power to instruct and amuse will probably increase as years roll on, and one generation follows another.

It is very remarkable, that though his productions are exceedingly voluminous, the greater part of them, and those, to the subject of which vulgar apprehensions annex the greatest dignity and value, are of little importance, and will probably disappear from our libraries in a few years. Natural and civil history are two of the most important departments of human pursuit; and yet the History of Animated Nature, and the History of England, of Rome, and of Greece, by Goldsmith, have never deserved or obtained any lasting regard. These various themes afford the noblest opportunities for the display of wisdom and eloquence, but Goldsmith's genius was unsuited to them. In his Natural History he has done no more than copy servilely, and paraphrase tamely. In his civil histories he has produced nothing but trite, common-place, and school-boy abridgments. The latter works were intended for the use of the young, but they are equally unqualified for affording instruction to age, or entertainment to youth.

Goldsmith's reputation and usefulness are founded on a very small part of his works. First, on tales and essays, which convey the most pleasing morality in the most captivating style, or arrayed in incidents which reflect, with admirable fidelity and truth, the picture of human life and manners; and, secondly, on two poems, which, though they will scarcely bear a comparison with the works of our eminent poets as to quantity, will not shrink from the comparison as to intrinsic value. No themes of poetry are nobler, than those of Goldsmith, and no genius ever poured out, on such themes, richer and more polished strains.

It is worthy of notice, that the fame of Johnson rests upon foundations nearly similar to that of Goldsmith. They have both produced many moral disquisitions; many fictitious narratives; together with didactic and dramatic poetry. In addition, however, to these, Johnson

was a critic and biographer. Goldsmith's taste and judgment was probably superior, but at least was equal, to those qualities in Johnson; but his excellence, in these respects, can only be inferred from the perfection of his own performances, as we have little or no *criticism* from his pen.

Johnson's attempts at pourtraying life and manners, as they existed around him, were remarkably unfortunate. His eastern tales have all the merit compatible with plans so wild, grotesque, and unnatural; but no man of just taste, in morals or in composition, can hesitate a moment in preferring, not only the moral spirit, but the taste and genius which display themselves in Goldsmith's simple and natural tales, to those which animate the pompous and gloomy fictions of Johnson. Their essays breathe a temper and spirit nearly the reverse of each other, and Goldsmith is, in this particular, as benign, cheerful, and agreeable, as Johnson is morose and melancholy.

If we separate style and language from character, incident, and sentiment, no one will hesitate in deciding to which the palm of *poetical* superiority is due. In prose they differ as widely as modes of excellence can differ. In the manner of expression, in the choice and arrangement of words, Johnson differs not only from Goldsmith, but from every other. Goldsmith occupies a sphere by no means so much his own, so peculiar to himself. When the merit of each, in his own way, is so great, it is presumptuous to decide on their comparative merit. In Goldsmith's compositions, elegance is wedded to simplicity. Wit, playful and benign, strews every where her sweetest flowers, and the graces mark every sentence for their own.

If this be the style of Goldsmith, it must surely be excellent. Whatever praise the style of Johnson may merit, his greatest admirers would never dream of clothing their applause in these terms; but since this is the highest praise which any human composition can merit, the style which does not claim it must occupy a rank lower than that which does.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

CICERONIANS.

THE ruling passion of Cicero was undoubtedly the love of fame. To this he was ready to sacrifice every other consideration. The images of future glory seem to have always occupied his fancy, and he wrote and spoke, doubtless, in some degree, for the sake of present and temporary purposes, but chiefly for the sake of a lasting reputation with posterity.

The order of sublunary things seems frequently adapted to disconcert and baffle human efforts and designs; but the fate of Cicero may, I think, be quoted as an exception to this rule, for no man has ever probably enjoyed, in a higher degree, the good of which he was so ambitious.

In the first place, the monuments of his genius have been preserved in a more entire and perfect state than those of almost any other ancient writer. Few writers have been more voluminous and versatile than he. He tried almost all the forms of composition: speeches, dialogues, essays, letters; and in every one of them numerous and extensive specimens of his powers still remain. He has been eminently fortunate in the nature and relative value of what has escaped the ravages of time. Not only the largest, but likewise the most valuable, portions of his works are preserved. What is lost would, perhaps, have added nothing to the fame of his wisdom or eloquence.

Before the extinction of learning in the Roman empire, and long after the great change in its religion, Cicero continued to be regarded with an admiration next to idolatrous. The most eloquent of the

Latin fathers drew their sentiments and doctrines from a very different source, but, in all matters relative to language and rhetoric, Cicero was the master whom they served with most superstitious fidelity.

After the revival of the Roman language, in modern times, Cicero's good fortune manifested itself not only in the preservation of so many of his own works, but likewise in the total destruction of the works of those who were his rivals while he lived. All the dialogists, letter writers, and orators of the same age have perished, and have thus enabled Cicero to monopolize all the fame which they might have otherwise shared with him.

It is difficult for us of the present times to conceive the degree of reverence which was paid by mankind, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, to the ancients in general, but more particularly to Cicero.

The votaries of Cicero were called Ciceronians, and formed a sort of fraternity, in which, strictly speaking, Cicero was a divinity, an object of worship.

They did not put up prayers to Cicero as to a saint or martyr.—They did not believe in his powers of protection or intercession. In this sense they were not his worshippers; but they deserved this name, inasmuch as they devoted all their studious and contemplative hours to his works; as they conceived all his opinions, moral, political, and critical, to be infallibly true, and his language to be the only medium through which a reasonable being ought to convey his thoughts.

They were, says an authentic historian, willing to deprive themselves of every pleasure, for his sake. They fled from the society of the living, as if they were themselves already dead; buried themselves in the grave of their study, and refrained from every kind of reading, except the works of Cicero, with as religious a care as Pythagoras abstained from the use of flesh. Their libraries were only diversified by the different editions of the works of Cicero. Their histories were only those of his life; and their epics only frigid narratives of his consulship; the paintings and drawings in their galleries were only his portraits and actions. They had his head engraven on their seals, as well as on their hearts. By day and by night Cicero was the only object of their enquiries and conversations. They preferred the honour of collecting certain words, and arranging a round and nicely cadenced period, in his manner, to the performance of the most generous action. When, at length, their painful vigils had attenuated their bodies with illness, they died contented, since they had augmented the number of the martyrs of Cicero, and appeared in their last agony to be less pleased with the hope of the presence of God, than of meeting with this demon of eloquence.

To retrieve a single sentence of his writing, whether it was only a *vale*, or a *mi amice*, gave birth to the utmost exultation, and was celebrated with festivals and banquets. Many of them took the greatest delight in transcribing all his works with their own hand, and some happy memories thought the noblest achievement of human nature consisted in getting the whole of them by rote. In some instances, a kind of worship was paid to him; that is, a building was erected, in the temple fashion, in which a fraternity of classical devotees assembled, on stated days, when certain portions of his works were read, and voices and instruments joined in echoing his praise, in presence of his statue.

R.

For the Literary Magazine.

SITUATIONS OF COAL.

THE attention of the public seems lately to have been pretty

much excited by the uses of coal. This substance will, in no long time, become our only or principal fuel, and our diligence will, of course, be directed towards procuring a supply of it from our own stores. The following symptoms by which we may judge of the presence of coal, and rules by which we may regulate ourselves in search of that useful product, may not be unserviceable or unseasonable.

The rules are these:

That coal is never to be expected in primeval mountains, as granite, gneiss, &c., but that on the sides of these, particularly if very high, or in the hanging level that slopes from them to some river or valley, it may be sought.

That there is still a greater probability of finding it in the neighbourhood of mountains of argillaceous porphyry, as those are still more subject to disintegration.

That it may be sought with probability of success in sandstone mountains, if sandstone and clay alternate, or sandstone, clay, and argillaceous iron ore.

That in any elevated land, in which sandstone and shale, with vegetable impressions, or indurated clay and shale, or bituminous shale, form distinct strata, or clay, iron ore, and shale, with or without strata of sand, coal may well be expected.

That if sandstone be found under limestone, or if they alternate with each other, and particularly if indurated clay and shale form any of the strata, they afford a probable indication of coal; otherwise coal is very rarely found in or under limestone.

That coal is very seldom found with argillite, and such as has been is of the uninflammable kind.

That where trap, or whin and clay, alternate, and more especially trap and sandstone, coal may be expected; it is often, but not regularly, found under basalt. Wood coal is sometimes found under both.

Lastly, that coal frequently bursts out on the surface, or on the sides of hills, in a withered state, which diffuses itself to a distance from its origin, and requires an experienced miner to trace it truly to the seams to which it belongs. Q.

For the Literary Magazine.

VOICE OF BIRDS.

THE voice of birds *naturally* exerts itself in three ways: in *chirping*, *calling*, and *singing*.

To *chirp* is the first sound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to; so that the hearer may distinguish of what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale, for example, being hoarse and disgreeable.

The *chirp* consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The *call* of a bird is that sound which it is able to make, when about a month old; it is, in most instances, a repetition of one and the same note, is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally, to both the cock and hen.

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed *recording*, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument formerly used, called a recorder.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. Some birds begin to record when they are not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he

is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them.

What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.

I never met with a passage in any writer, which seems to relate to this stage of singing in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

——Nunc volucrum novi
Questus, inexpertumque carmen,
Quod tacitâ satuere brumâ.

A young bird commonly continues to *record* for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to *sing* his *song* round, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

A bird's song is a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crochets in an adagio movement, or whilst a pendulum swings four seconds.

By this definition, we exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen, as they consist of only two notes; whilst the short bursts of singing birds, contending with each other (called jerks by the bird-catchers), are equally distinguished from *song*, by their not continuing for four seconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed the *call* of a bird, do not amount to its *song*, we may term such a succession of two notes as we hear in these birds, the *varied call*.

Birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. In a wild state they adhere steadily to the same song, so that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be singing round him.

Young canary birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts; and yet they only learn the song of the parent cock.

Mr. Hunter, the anatomist, found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances (where he dissected both cock and hen) that the same muscles were stronger in the cock.

The singing of the cock bird, in the spring, is attributed by many to his desire of pleasing his mate during incubation. Poets and moralists have paid a great many compliments, on this account, to the feathered husband; but not deservedly.

The greater part of birds do not sing at all. Why should the mother bird of these dumb kinds be so unfavourably distinguished?

The caged bird, which will sometimes sing nine or ten months in the year, cannot do it from this inducement. The truth is, they are moved to sing chiefly through contention with another bird, or with any sort of continued noise.

No bird larger than a blackbird is known to sing. This may possibly arise from the difficulty of concealing itself if it called the notice of its enemies by its voice.

A well known, but detestable means for improving the voice of the male in the human species, has been tried upon male birds, but instead of softening their notes, it has generally deprived them of their song altogether. This failure of

analogy may excite some surprize in those who are not aware that this operation by no means insures an improvement of the human voice.

The voices of much the greater part of Italian *emasculati* are so indifferent, that they have no means of procuring a livelihood but by copying music, and this is one of the reasons why so few compositions are printed in Italy, as it would starve this refuse of society.

There have indeed been Farinellis and Manzalis; but the list of such is very small, and we attribute those effects to a wrong cause. They should rather be ascribed to the education of these singers.

This operation commonly leaves the human voice at the same pitch at which it finds it; but the victim, from that time, is educated with a view only to his future appearance on the stage; he therefore manages his voice to greater advantage, than those who have not so early and constant instruction.

Considering the size of many singing birds, it is amazing at what a distance their notes may be heard.

A nightingale may be very clearly distinguished at more than half a mile, if the evening is calm. Accurately to compare the loudness of a bird's with that of the human voice, a person should be sent to the spot from whence the bird is heard. On such trial, the nightingale would be distinguished further than the man.

In passing under a house where the windows are shut, the singing of a bird is easily heard, when at the same time a conversation cannot be so, though an animated one.

Most people, who have not attended to the notes of birds, suppose that those of every species sing exactly the same notes and passages. Scarcely any two birds of the same species have exactly the same notes, if they are accurately attended to, though there is a general resemblance.

Thus most people see no difference between one sheep and another, when a large flock is before them. The shepherd, however, knows each of them, and can swear to them if they are lost. Q.

For the Literary Magazine.

LEARNING AND POLITENESS.

I HAVE often been led to reflect on the difference between learning and politeness, and on the estimation in which they are held by that part of the community commonly styled the fashionable world. Politeness may certainly associate with learning, and may be separated from it; but its first origin is in the good will and sympathy of man, in the desire of being agreeable in the form as well as in the substance of our intercourse with others.

It is impossible to discover any connection of cause and effect between a learned mind, and a polite mind. A learned man, without a kind and sympathetic heart, without a desire to please, may be as blunt a rustic as Rousseau can contemplate in his golden age of simplicity. Learning is very far from being the character of the polite world, and politeness in a still less degree is the character of the learned world. The weakest persons, to whom literature has not even opened her door, may lead in the dance of fashionable politeness. They are perfectly innocent, poor creatures! of the horrid crime of learning; but they are the arraigned before reason's tribunal, they are the convicts of unmeaning profession, of prostituted language, and of all the idle waste of words.

Observe the learned man! He may possibly be polite; he may be courteous in his address, in his speech, in all his manners; but he has not learnt this from his books; he has acquired it from a habitual commerce with the dressed and fashionable world.

Such a union of attainments is however a rare spectacle; for, learning abstracted from other cir-

cumstances, has a contrary tendency, and the world is so persuaded of this, that it expresses something like astonishment, if in the acknowledged scholar or philosopher it find the polite man. The love of retirement and even of solitude, as conducive to the pursuits of learned men; the little pleasure which they take in the lighter amusements of life: mere straws, in their estimation, which float upon its surface; the little attention which they have bestowed in order to acquit themselves with propriety and grace; the disgust which is excited in them by the trifling conversation and grave nothings of men of the world, render what is called good company as unfit for a philosopher as a philosopher is for good company. What a figure does he often exhibit in a gay and brilliant circle, with his solemn air, his stiffened attitudes, his unmanaged limbs, his absorbed mind, his inattentions, his constrained recollections, his studied expressions, his deep and sententious discourse! He is an object of ridicule to the circle around him; but he knows to estimate himself, and he returns the contempt with which he is received. He feels that he is not on his proper ground; no common sympathy attaches him to his company, nor his company to him; each are under restraint, but a modesty yet unsubdued in him subjects him to truly painful feelings, while a happy confidence which the polish of the world often confers, administers to the company the enjoyment of a secret triumph. He retires from the scene without regret, and his absence excites no regret in those whom he has quitted. A few reflections on the strange interview for a while occupy the thoughts of either party. The one laments the littlenesses and follies of which he has been a witness; the the others laugh at the awkward mortal for his oddities and unaccommodating wisdom: while the fruit of these reflections differs in each as much as the reflections themselves. The one is strengthened in the persuasion that the accomplishments of politeness are the finishing of the human character, and with more self satisfaction go on in a course, which as a whole is but a waste of time, of talents, and of character. The other owes it perhaps to his keen disgust that he is not swallowed up in the gulph of dissipation, that trifling and unimportant attentions are not over-rated by him, do not debauch his mind, nor lead him to the borders, if not into the open field of vice. A.

For the Literary Magazine.

A MODERN SAMPSON.

AMONG instances of extraordinary strength, the following, which is well attested, seems to be one of the most remarkable:

Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed suprising feats of strength: as breaking a broomstick, of the first magnitude, by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over the turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock, &c. But however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself, when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, at a shilling each. Upon application for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and, as his *appearance* was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was *made* like them; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well-made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which he should

clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of *twelve*, were rolling up a pewter-dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper; holding a pewter quart at arm's length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting *two hundred* weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain *twenty hundred* weight; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth; he took a Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand, his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another; four people, fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. He sung a solo to the organ in St. Warburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible then sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen-spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the end in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company, till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza.

Frederick of Prussia, who took so much pains to form a regiment of *tall* men, was influenced by a very childish freak. Had he turned his attention to the collecting and enrolling men eminent for strength, he would have really contributed to the end of all military preparation. In such a case, Topham would have stood a good chance of being colonel of a regiment of Sampsons.

This account affords a pregnant hint to those philosophers who speculate on man as a mere animal, whose qualities, both personal and mental, are liable to be affected by insulating or crossing the *breed*.

A *king of soldiers* exercises pretty much the same power, in the same way, which a breeder of cattle does over *his* vassals. Thus Frederick, by chusing suitable mates for his strong men, might have gradually reared a Herculean army.

The advantage which an army composed of strong men have over a weaker, is in a greater proportion than that which the strength of the first bears to that of the last. A man as strong as *ten* others is a *hundred* times more serviceable, since he only requires one tenth of the pay and the provision of ten men. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

HAWKING.

I HAVE so often met, in European writers of all kinds, with allusions to hawks and hawking, that my curiosity lately led me to make

some enquiries about the history and nature of that once fashionable amusement. The following particulars on that subject may, perhaps, afford some amusement to your readers, who have the same curiosity.

There are only two countries in the world where we have any evidence that hawking, or the exercise of taking wild fowls by the means of hawks, was very anciently in vogue. These are Thrace and Britain. In the former, it was pursued merely as the diversion of a particular district, if we may believe Pliny, whose account is rendered obscure by the darkness of his own ideas of the matter. The primæval Britons, with a fondness for the exercise of hunting, had also a taste for that of hawking; and every chief among them maintained a considerable number of birds for that sport. It appears also from a curious passage in the poems of Ossian, that the same diversion was fashionable at a very early period in Scotland. The poet tells us, that a peace was endeavoured to be gained by the proffer of a hundred managed steeds, a hundred foreign captives, and "a hundred hawks with fluttering wings, that fly across the sky." To the Romans this diversion was scarce known in the days of Vespasian; yet it was introduced immediately afterward. Most probably they adopted it from the Britons; but we certainly know that they greatly improved it by the introduction of spaniels into the island. In this state it appears among the Roman Britons in the sixth century. Gildas, in a remarkable passage in his first epistle, speaks of Maglocunus, on his relinquishing the sphere of ambition, and taking refuge in a monastery; and proverbially compares him to a dove, that hastens away at the noisy approach of the dogs, and with various turns and windings takes her flight from the talons of the hawk.

In after times, hawking was the principal amusement of the English: a person of rank scarce stirred out without his hawk on his hand; which, in old paintings, is the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterward king of England, when he went on a most important embassy into Normandy, is painted embarking with a bird on his fist, and a dog under his arm*; and, in an ancient picture of the nuptials of Henry IV, a nobleman is represented in much the same manner: for, in those days, "it was thought sufficient for noblemen to winde their horn, and to carry their hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people."

This diversion was, among the old English, the pride of the rich, and the privilege of the poor; no rank of men seems to have been excluded the amusement: we learn from the book of St. Alban's, that every degree had its peculiar hawk, from the emperor down to the holy-water clerk. Vast was the expence that sometimes attended this sport. In the reign of James I, sir Thomas Monson is said to have given 1000l. for a cast of hawks: we are not then to wonder at the rigour of the laws that tended to preserve a pleasure that was carried to such an extravagant pitch. In the 34th of Edward III, it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure: in queen Elizabeth's reign, the imprisonment was reduced to three months; but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or lie in prison till he did.

Such was the enviable state of the times of old England: during the whole day, the gentry were given to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; in the evening, they celebrated their exploits with the most abandoned and brutish sottishness; at the same time, the inferior rank of people, by the most unjust and arbitrary laws, were liable to capital punishments, to fines, and loss of liberty, for destroying the most noxious of the feathered tribe.

This amusement seems to have spread itself over all Europe, and, like all other things governed by fashion, it has since entirely disappeared. In Great Britain, it is, at least, a century since hawks have gone entirely into disuse. This change was wholly or nearly effected before the settlement of any part of North America, so that probably hawking has been always entirely unknown on this side of the ocean.

For the Literary Magazine.

A LONDON ROUT.

From a Traveller's Correspondence.

THE general mediocrity of your circumstances prevents a native of Boston or New York from forming any adequate conception of the English style of entertainment. Here, in England, many people have no more difficult object of study than to spend the year's revenue within the year. When this revenue amounts to ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand pounds, those who have never been acccustomed to the command or disbursement of more than one tenth of the sum may naturally enough be puzzled to discover by what expedients the possessors can get rid of such a sum.

One very obvious and adequate means of doing this, indeed, is by betting, either at card-tables or the horse course. In this way, a hundred thousand pounds may be gotten rid of in the same time, and with as much facility, as sixpence; but this is an extraordinary mode. The customary methods are these four: *equipage*, *servants*, *dress*, and, above all, *company*. As to equipage and servants, you may easily conceive in what way, and to what extent, money may be lavished upon these; but it is only by being on the spot, and a partaker of the scene, that you would be able to form any notion of a *rout*, which is the usual form in which the rich entertain company in *town*. Let me endeavour to give you some notion of a *rout*.

A *rout* is an assemblage of people of fashion at the private house of one of them. The manner of *making* a *rout* is this:

Lady A, or lady B, or lady C, or any other *capital* in the alphabet of fashion, chooses a distant night, which may not interfere with any other rout, but which, if possible, may clash with some public amusement, and make a noise in the world. She issues cards, intimating, that on the night specified, "she sees company." These cards are sent to several hundred people; not because they are relations, or friends, or acquaintance, but because she has *seen* them, or because their presence will give an *eclat* to the thing.

Before eleven o'clock at night, which is *high tide*, the house is crowded, with a company of both sexes and of all ranks. Card tables are placed in every room in the house; and as many in each room as will barely leave *interstices* for the players to sit or move about. Coffee, tea, and lemonade are handed about.

Confusion is the very essence of a *rout*, and every lady who gives a *rout* takes measurement of the fashion, and not of her house. Many more persons are invited than the place can hold, and she enjoys the inconvenience, the fatigue, the heat, and other circumstances peculiar to a *rout*, with as much heart-felt pleasure as a player who hears the screams and noise of an immense crowd flocking to his benefit. The blunders of servants, the missing of articles of dress, or the tearing them, the repeated exclamations of "Good G—! how hot it is! Bless me! Lady Betty, I am ready to faint! Dear me! O la!" &c. these afford exquisite satisfaction to the lady of the house; whose happiness may be deemed perfect, if she hear that the street has been in an uproar, that some of the nobility's servants have been fighting, some of the carriages broke, or some of the

company robbed by the pickpockets at the door.

Pharo-tables are indispensable at routs; and these, as well as the cards, and other implements of gaming, are provided by a set of *gentlemen* in the other end of the town, who make a comfortable livelihood by lending out their furniture *per* night.

At a *rout*, it is not necessary to take much notice of the lady of the house, either at entrance or exit; but you must provide a seat at some table, *win*, if you can, but at all events *lose* something. Very considerable losses exalt a *rout* much, and if you have the credit of a young heir being *done over* at your *rout*, it establishes the credit of your house for ever.

Such is a *rout;* and of such *routs* it is not uncommon to hear that there are no less than *six* on one night: a circumstance extremely encouraging to those who, upon the faith of people of fashion, embark their property in the establishment of operas or theatres.

For the Literary Magazine.

SYMPTOMS OF GENIUS.

EXPERIENCE does not seem to have settled the tokens and symptoms by which we may infallibly judge of human genius or capacity. At what age, for example, may a man's productions in poetry afford us a criterion by which to judge of his ultimate attainments? It is true, if an old fellow of fifty begins to scribble verses which have nothing but the rhyme or numbers, or not even these to recommend them, we may safely admonish him to forbear, for that Nature never designed him for a poet; but if some accident awaken and direct to poetry *youthful* ambition, by what means shall we ascertain how far the first attempt, supposing the first attempt to be unsuccessful, is a sample of the writer's genuine powers? Every poet must begin, whenever he begins, with writing badly. He cannot start up from his cradle a Pope or a Milton. A progress that terminates in excellence must yet begin with very rude and jejune attempts; and this beginning must be equally unpromising, whether it take place at the age of ten, or twenty, or thirty.

Dean Swift affords a striking example of the uncertainty of these indications. This great man made his entrance in the literary world by one of the wretchedest odes which ever disgraced Grub-street. Stiff, uncouth, awkward as to *sense*, and, as to *measure*, even allowing for the alcaic irregularity, insufferable.

The following extracts will prove this.

"The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain,
And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
Flew dutifully back again.
Who by that, vainly talks of baffling death,
And hopes to lessen life, by a transfusion of breath.
And seem almost transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phænomenas there."

If any thing could add to the disgrace of writing such a poem, it is the folly of having addressed it, with a very silly introductory letter, to the writers of the Athenian Oracle, a set of people, whose conceit in offering to answer all questions, ignorance in giving solutions, and credulity, in listening to the grossest falsehoods, are at a perpetual strife, which shall be most noticed. Swift must have been, by the date of his ode, 24 years of age, when he produced this choice morsel.

What critic, however wary and candid, would have hesitated to pronounce the writer of such lines incapable of any future excellence? One would naturally suppose, that, at twenty-four years of age, the *man*

would have fully unveiled himself, and the latent genius have broken from its sleep.

N.

For the Literary Magazine.

OLD CASTLES.

From a Traveller's Correspondence.

I HAVE had as yet but little opportunity of gratifying my own curiosity or your's, on the subject of old castles, of which we, in our youth, have read so much. In my journey hither (Boulogne) from Biscay, I had no leisure to turn aside from the beaten track. I did, however, steal an hour or two, one day, to pay a visit to the Chateau de Mortville, in the Pyrenees.

One of my companions had business with the owner of this mansion, and, on his invitation, the rest of our company agreed to make a pause of a day in our journey, and attend him to the place.

We were descending the French side of this mountain, when, taking an oblique road through a grove of pines, we reached the domain of the chateau, in which, the first object that struck my sight, in a spot which had once been cleared of trees, but where the underwood, and a smaller growth of wood again, almost concealed it, was a pavilion, which had once been magnificent, but was now in ruins. It was built of various-coloured marbles, found in the Pyrenees; was of Grecian architecture, and seemed to have been a work of taste. The pillars of the portico, though broken, yet supported its roof; and behind it were three apartments, that had once been richly furnished: one as a banqueting room; the other two as rooms for the siesta, which is usually taken here as in Spain.—The canopies, of yellow damask, were fallen, and the hangings of the rooms devoured by the moths, and decayed by the damps from the windows, which having never been glazed, the shutters had long since dropped down.

There was something particularly melancholy to the mind of the beholder in these vestiges of ancient grandeur. They called to vivid remembrance the disastrous scenes of the revolution, to which the ancient possessor of the adjacent lands was an early victim.

As we proceeded onward, the woods opened into what could only be called a plain, when compared with the surrounding hills, for the ground was rugged and uneven, scattered over with masses of ruined buildings, that had formerly been part of the outward fortifications, but of which some were fallen into the fosse, and others overgrown with alder, ash, and arbeal.

The gate of the castle, and all beyond the moat, however, was yet entire, as were the walls within its circumference, bearing every where the marks of great antiquity, but of such ponderous strength, as time alone had not been able to destroy. Where breaches had been made by cannon, the walls had been repaired; but this work being of less durability than the original structure, had gone to decay; and the depredations of war were still very visible. The whole was composed of grey stone; the towers, at each end, rose, in frowning grandeur, above the rest of the building; and having only loops, and no windows, impressed ideas of darkness and imprisonment, while the moss and wall-flowers filled the interstices of the broken stones; and an infinite number of birds made their nests among the shattered cornices, and half-fallen battlements, filling the air with their shrill cries.

Over the moat, which was broad and deep, but now only half-full of water, which was almost hidden by aquatic plants, sheltering several sorts of water-fowls, that now lived there unmolested, a draw-bridge, with massive chains, led to the gate of the first court, under a high arched gateway, defended by a double

portcullis: this court was where the castle guard were used to parade. It was spacious, and the buildings that surrounded it were gloomily magnificent; but now, no warlike footsteps wore away the grass which grew over the pavement; no martial music echoed among the arches and colonades.

Being introduced to the present occupant of this mansion, who is a sort of agent to the new proprietor, a colonel in the army, who was formerly a barber's journeyman, and who purchased this domain with his share of the plunder in Massena's campaigns, we were led into an immense hall, barbarously magnificent; it was roofed with beams of oak, and the sides covered with standards, and trophies of armour, the perishable parts of which were dropping to pieces. The narrow gothic windows were filled, not with glass that admitted the light, but with glass painted with the achievements of the family, mingled with the heads of saints and martyrs, whose names were now nowhere to be found.

We took up our lodging for the night in this mansion, and our bedchamber was a long room on the north side of the building, and looked over the moat to a wood of fir and cypress, fringing the abrupt ascent of the mountain, which rose almost perpendicularly from the plain. As this acclivity commanded the castle, two strong redoubts were built on it, where, in hostile times, parties were stationed to keep the enemy from possessing posts, whence the castle might be annoyed. In the port-holes of these fortresses, now fast approaching to decay, the cannon yet remained, though rusty and useless, and the strong butresses, and circular towers, mantled with ivy, were seen to aspire above the dark trees, on every side encompassing them.

As I marched gravely up a broad stone stair-case, winding in a turret, and through a narrow gallery, to this apartment, I could not help fancying myself a knight of romance, and that some of the stories of enchanted castles, and wandering adventurers, which you and I used to con over with so much curiosity, were realized. However, I mean hereafter to visit some of the celebrated and most entire edifices of this kind in Guienne or Gascony, and give you a much more particular account of them than my short stay enables me to give you of Mortville.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN reading the accounts which have been published of the successful efforts of Sicard in teaching the deafly dumb, we cannot avoid reflecting on the wonders that might be wrought, by the same pains and assiduity, in instructing those who are in full possession of their senses. What science or accomplishment could not be communicated with less difficulty to the active and sound body and mind, than the art of reading and writing to the deaf and dumb?

How, indeed, is the latter task performed at all? Sicard himself, as well as his admirers, have endeavoured to acquaint us with the means he makes use of. The following is a sketch of his process:

He first of all places before his pupil several simple articles well known in common life, as a key, a knife, a watch, a pencil: he exhibits the various uses of these instruments before him; and when he is well acquainted with their uses by the exercise of his vision, he gradually informs him that he has occasion for them, by representing the action they produce. From this simple sign of the fingers alone he advances to drawing, and delineates these different instruments on paper. The object and the sign of the object hereby mutually represent each other: by touching the object he

expresses his want of the drawing; by touching the drawing, he expresses his want of the object.—Signs are thus made the representations and symbols of things that are absent, and pave the way most commodiously for the knowledge of letters. This, in reality, is acquired by writing the letters, by which any of the above signs are spelt, against the drawings or signs themselves, and exciting and renewing the attention of the pupil to them till he is acquainted as deeply with their representative power as with that of the drawings or hieroglyphics. To acquaint him with the order in which they occur in the alphabet, and with the difference between vowels and consonants, he is gradually taught the idea that the former have a binding or connecting power over the latter, without the exercise of which they could never be united into words, or become symbolical of things. The letters of the alphabet, are, therefore, on this account, divided by M. Sicard into *connecting* and *connected*, as terms far more familiar and easy to be comprehended by his pupil than the terms vowels and consonants; the power of each vowel or connecting letter is discovered to him by frequent reference to a variety of words in which it occurs, and the meaning of which is first of all taught by introducing the things for which they stand, or their representative drawings. Some deviation is also made in the accustomed order of the consonants of the alphabet, for the sake of greater simplicity and expedition in learning: the pupil is instructed, in the first instance, to regard P and B as letters whose power, in pronunciation, is nearly similar; C, Q, K, and G, are, in like manner, regarded as characters of the same family, and between which it is not worth while at first to make any essential distinction; the same is represented betwen F and V, M and N, S and Z; by which means the initiating consonants for the deafly dumb pupil are reduced from nineteen to about seven or eight only, the powers and characters of which being few in number, and all of them widely distinct from each other, may be easily explained and comprehended. In a manner somewhat similar, and with equal ease, he is taught the science of numbers.

For the Literary Magazine.

SETTLEMENT IN MARRIAGE.

AN advantageous settlement in marrriage is the universal prize, for which parents, of all classes, enter their daughters upon the lists; and partiality or self-complacency assures to every competitor the most flattering prospect of success. To this one point tends the principal part of female instruction; for the promotion of this design, their best years for improvement are sacrificed to the attainment of attractive qualities, showy superficial accomplishments, polished manners, and, in one word, the whole science of pleasing, which is cultivated with unceasing assiduity, as of most essential importance.

The end is laudable, and deserving of every effort that can be exerted to secure it; a happy marriage may be estimated among the highest felicities of human life; but it may be doubted, whether the means used to accomplish it are adapted to the purpose, as a first impression is by no means sufficient to determine the preference of a wise man. It is not then sufficient that a girl be qualified to excite admiration; her own happiness, and that of the man to whom she devotes the remainder of her days, depend upon her possession of those virtues, which alone can preserve lasting esteem and confidence.

The offices of a wife are very different from those of the mere pageant of a ball-room; and as their nature is more exalted, the talents they require are of a more noble kind: something far beyond the elegant trifler is wanted in a com-

panion for life. A young woman is very ill-adapted to enter into the most solemn of social contracts, who is not prepared, by her education, to become the participator of her husband's cares, the consoler of his sorrows, his stimulator to every praise-worthy undertaking, the partner in the labours and vicissitudes of life, the faithful and economical manager of his affairs, the judicious superintendant of his family, the wise and affectionate mother of his children, the preserver of his honour, his chief counsellor, and, to sum up all, the chosen friend of his bosom. If a modern female education be not calculated to produce these effects, as few surely will judge it to be, who reflect upon its tendency, it is incompetent to that very purpose, which is confessedly its main object, and must therefore be deemed imperfect, and require reformation.

It may also be doubted whether the present system be better suited to qualify women for sustaining the other characters which they may be destined to fulfil. Those of widowhood and a single life are the allotment of many, and to support them with dignity requires peculiar force of mind. Adversity often places both sexes in situations wholly unexpected; against such transitions, the voice of wisdom admonishes each to be prepared by early acquaintance with those principles which fortify and enable it to sustain the unavoidable strokes of fortune with firmness, and to exert the most prudent means to obviate their consequences; but the bias given to the female mind by the present system encourages the keenest sensibility on the most trifling occasions, its chief design being to polish, rather than to strengthen.

A well governed temper, is, of all qualities, the most useful to conduct us steadily through the vexatious circumstances, which attack, with undistinguishing violence, the prosperous and the unfortunate; and is eminently necessary to women, whose peculiar office it is to lessen the inconveniences of domestic life; though, as a moral obligation, equally incumbent upon men. A well governed temper is the support of social enjoyment, and the bond of conjugal affection; deficient in this, a mother is unqualified for conducting the education of her children, and a mistress unfitted to govern her servants. This self-command differs widely from that apathy which is the effect of constitution: in order to insure respect and love, we must possess an equability, which can only result from reflection and habitual culture. Such a subjection of the angry passions to reason and duty accommodates itself to circumstances, and the disposition of others with whom we are connected; it gives superiority in every contest, and is of inestimable value to the possessor on every trial.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND MOCK-BIRD.

WE Americans who have never passed the ocean, and many of us, indeed, who have crossed it, are utter strangers to the nightingale, except in description. In this way, indeed, there are few objects more familiar to us; since, in all the descriptive poets of the old world, from Virgil to Cowper, the nightingale is a perpetual theme of panegyric; and hence we have naturally imbibed a most profound veneration for this chief of natural musicians.

I own I have always had a good deal of curiosity about this bird. I have for many years enquired, whether it has ever been imported into our hemisphere? whether the bird retains its musical powers in exile? or, whether any of our native birds are qualified, by their note, to convey any idea of the song of the nightingale? Hitherto all my enquiries have been fruitless, and I cannot find that a nightingale has ever taken a voyage to America, or

that, should one of them be turned adrift in our woods, he would recognize, among our native warblers, any one that spoke his own language.

Such being my curiosity, I was highly pleased in meeting, the other day, with some curious particulars of the nightingale, drawn up by one whose experience and veracity are equally worthy of respect.

This person informs me that the nightingale seems to have been fixed upon, almost universally, as the chief among singing birds, which superiority it certainly may boldly challenge: one reason, however, of this bird's being more attended to than others is, that it sings in the night.

Hence Shakespeare says,

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

The song of this bird hath been described and expatiated upon by several writers, particularly Pliny and Strada, and, by all describers, ancient and modern, the palm of superior melody has always been conferred upon it, a pre-eminence to which it is well entitled.

In the first place, its tone is infinitely more mellow than that of any other bird, though, at the same time, by a proper exertion of its musical powers, it can be excessively brilliant.

When this bird *sings its song round*, in its whole compass, I have observed sixteen different beginnings and closes, at the same time that the intermediate notes were commonly varied in their succession with such judgment, as to produce a most pleasing variety.

The bird which approaches nearest to the excellence of the nightingale, in this respect, is the sky-lark; but then the tone is infinitely inferior in point of mellowness: most other singing birds have not above four or five changes.

The next point of superiority, in a nightingale, is its continuance of song without a pause, which I have observed sometimes not to be less than twenty seconds. Whenever respiration, however, became necessary, it was taken with as much judgment as by an opera-singer. The sky-lark, again, in this particular, is only second to the nightingale.

I describe a caged nightingale, because those which we hear in the spring are so rank, that they seldom sing any thing but short and loud jerks, which consequently cannot be compared to the notes of a caged bird, as the instrument is overstrained.

My nightingale is a very capital bird; for some of them are so vastly inferior that the bird-fanciers will not keep them, branding them with the name of Frenchmen.

But it is not only in tone and variety that the nightingale excels; the bird also sings, if I may so express myself, with superior judgment and taste.

My nightingale begins softly, like the ancient orators; reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect, and which eludes all verbal description.

I have indeed taken down certain passages which may be reduced to our musical intervals; but though by these means one may form an idea of some of the notes used, yet it is impossible to give their comparative durations in point of musical tune, upon which the whole effect must depend.

I once procured a very capital player on the flute to execute the notes which Kircher hath engraved in his Musurgia, as being used by the nightingale; when, from want of not being able to settle their comparative duration, it was impossible to observe any traces almost of the nightingale's song.

The names given, by bird-trainers, to the various *bars* in this bird's song, are formed from a supposed affinity between the name and the thing signified. They are *sweet*,

sweet jug, jug sweet; water-bubble; fipe-ratttle, bell-pipe, skroty; skeg-skeg-skeg; swat-swat-swatty; whit-low, whitlow, whitlow, &c.

I have often considered whether the nightingale may not have a very formidable competitor in the American mocking-bird; though almost all travellers agree, that the concert in the European woods is superior to that of the other parts of the globe.

As birds are now anually imported in great numbers from Asia, Africa, and America, I have frequently attended to their notes, both singly and in concert, which, certainly are not to be compared to those of Europe.

Thomson the poet (whose observations in natural history are much to be depended upon) makes this superiority in the European birds to be a sort of compensation for their great inferiority in point of gaudy plumage. Our goldfinch, however, joins, to a very brilliant and pleasing song, a most beautiful variety of colours in its feathers.

It must be admitted that foreign birds, when brought to Europe, are often heard to a great disadvantage; as many of them, from their great tameness, have certainly been brought up by hand.

I have, however, chanced to hear the mock-bird in great perfection. In the course of a minute he imitated the wood-lark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and swallow. He was able, too, to bark like a dog, so that the bird seems to imitate blindly, and without choice. He performed, too, in a rich mellow whistle, a simple Scots air, in adagio time, of seventy-six notes. This pipe comes nearest to the nightingale of any bird I ever met with.

I have little doubt this bird would be fully equal to the song of the nightingale in its whole compass; but then from the attention which this feathered mimic pays to any casual and disagreeable noise, these capital notes would always be debased by a bad mixture.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PERSIAN POETRY AND HAFIZ.

OF late years, there has been a good deal said about Persian poetry, and several translations have been made from its volumes, from which many persons are inclined to infer, that this language is as well stored with genuine poetical treasure as any ancient or modern tongue of Europe. Whatever may be my *taste*, I have very strong poetical inclinations, and I have accordingly taken great pains to acquire as intimate an acquaintance with the Persian poetry, as my ignorance of the original language will permit.

The Persian poetry is chiefly of the lyric kind, and its brightest ornament seems to be Hafiz. Perhaps some of your readers, whose curiosity resembles mine, may be gratified by such an account as I have been able to collect of this bard and his productions.

The lyric odes of Persia and indeed of all the Asiatics, are denominated *ghazels*, or *gazels*. They are generally dedicated to love and wine, and are occasionally intermixed with moral sentiments, and reflections on virtue and vice. Like the Italian sonnet, the gazel is limited in its length and its rhymes: yet, unlike the sonnet, which consists but of one thought, the gazel admits the most sudden and abrupt change in every *beit* or stanza of which it consists. In a legitimate ode these stanzas are never fewer than five, nor more than eleven, beyond which number it assumes the name of *raaside*, or elegy. Some, indeed, maintain, that the gazel may extend to thirteen beits, without forfeiting its purity; and that it is still a pure and classical gazel, if protracted to not less than eighteen.

To European readers, the abrupt and unconnected sentiments of which these different beits consist, give the Persian ode the appearance of disorder and obscurity; but the bard of Iran is not within

the jurisdiction of our tribunals, nor subject to the same system of laws, and consequently we have no right to condemn him for deviations from a code to which he will not submit. All oriental poetry exhibits something of this sudden and precipitous wandering from thought to thought, from subject to subject; and it is impossible to peruse even the Song of Solomon, which has considerable pretensions to regularity, and is the finest pastoral that ever was writen, without perceiving some degree of the same poetical disorder.

The gazel has some apology to offer for such abrupt transitions. It pretends to be an extemporaneous rhapsody, spoken at a public banquet, and over the most delicious wines, when imagination takes the lead of judgment, and the whole soul yields itself up to the capricious sallies of wit, and the swift emotions of love. Darwin has compared the detached pictures of which his poem consists to festoons of flowers united by a fine and delicate riband; and the comparison, if we wanted one, would equally apply to the disjunctive and independent couplets of the gazel.

Several translations have been made, of some of the gazels of Hafiz, into Greek and Latin, and the most judicious critics are inclined to imagine, that these are the best, if not the only languages, the genius of which is sufficiently adapted to the Persian, for the purposes of elegant translation.

The characteristic of the Persian is its facilty of creating compound epithets, and hereby of exciting ideas, either altogether original, or more delicate, and, at the same time, more powerful, than can be roused by the disjunctive use of the radicals of which those compound epithets consist. But the Greek tongue has this happy peculiarity nearly in an equal degree with the Persian itself; and, from its unrivalled mellifluence possesses by far the advantage of the Latin.

Among modern languages, the English and German are said to be preferable to all others, for this use. The Persian itself has not a greater aptitude of creating compound adjuncts than the German, and the English is not far behind it in the possession of this curious felicity. The Italian, undoubtedly, has the advantage in volubility and softness, but, like the Latin, it is extremely deficient in this treasure of inestimable value. The harsh and guttural genius of the German may be supposed, at first sight, to make it an inadequate vehicle for the elegance of Persian sounds; but under the dedalian power of Gesner, the gazel of Iran might be translated into German prose, and of Klopstock into German metre, without any great detriment to its acknowledged euphony. At the same time, the German tongue is naturally less musical than the English, and on this account the latter is doubtless preferable to any modern tongue for conveying to foreign ears the melody of Hafiz.

This poet was born, passed his life, and died, at Shiraz, in Persia. His death took place in 1394, and his tomb is still seen, and is still enthusiastically venerated in the neighbourhood of that city. His poems, which were never perfectly arranged during his life time, were collected after his death into one volume, by Seid Cassem Anovar, and have become the subject of universal admiration among the nations of the east. To a rich variety and brilliancy of thought, which is all the poet's own, they often unite the sublimity of Ferdosi, and the benevolence and morality of Sadi.

The popularity of Hafiz, however, seems to have depended on his gazels alone; for, notwithstanding his retirement, he by no means kept himself unspotted from the world. The pleasures of "the ruby-coloured wine" were too powerful for his resistance; and his voluptuous wanderings among the fair did not constitute, if we may credit his own writings, the most criminal of his amours. To rescue him, however,

from so foul a charge as this last, his commentators have pretended that his gazels are full of religious mysteries, and that almost every expression has a two-fold meaning, the external and cupidinous being only a veil for the esoteric and concealed, which is all purity and devotion. Two of these annotators, Feridun and Sudi, have defended the salacious bard with all the elegance and force of the Turkish language, in which their commentaries are written. And D'Herbelot himself has been half pursuaded to credit their fantastic explanations, from the poet's having preferred a life of seclusion to the pomp of courts and the tumult of public society. Our English translators, however, notwithstanding this "eloquence of mystery," feel themselves under the perpetual necessity of curtailing its luxuriance, and often of giving a very different sense from that conveyed by the text: and under their plastic power of transformation, the "angel-faced cup-bearer" and "infidel boy" are converted into damsels and nymphs of paradise.

In reality, however, the wildly figurative languages of the east, and the bold excursions which all Asiatic poets allow themselves, lay an easy foundation for the belief of an exoteric or mysterious meaning among readers of a warm and luxuriant imagination: and, on this account, the same kind of double interpretation has been often attributed to the Song of Solomon by rabbinical as well as by christian expositors.

With respect to Hafiz it is obvious, however, that religion occupied no great portion of his life, and, of course, that his gazels have little pretensions to piety, both from his own confession, and the conduct of the populace upon his decease. On his death, so great was the opposition made to his enjoying the rites of interment, by many of the chief men of Shiraz, on account of the indecency of his poems, that a violent contest ensued between his friends and his opposers.

Hafiz himself, and other writers, amply describe the effect his poetry had in those times. Popular veneration seems to have risen into wild and frantic superstition, as may be inferred from many serious appeals made to the oracular and ominous influence of these compositions, both at and after his death, by a mode of soothsaying or divination, similar to the Sortes of the Latins, and familiar to the Asiatics. An old poet declares, that the delicate suavity of these gazels is unparalleled in the productions of any poet: and, in truth, Hafiz himself is but too often found, like Horace, trumpeting forth his own praise, and pluming himself on the universality of his fame.

We have evidence of the operation of his poetry on succeeding ages, particularly from grammarians, who assert, that the poesy of Hafiz derived its innate grace from having been bathed in the waters of life, and that it equalled the virgins of paradise in beauty; and from travellers, among whom we may mention sir T. Herbert, Kœmpfer, Chardin, and Francklin. Even in India, his gay and lively airs are more frequently introduced in their musical festivities, than the compositions of any other poet, however celebrated, whether Hindoo or Mahometan, either of Bengal or Deckan.

Nothing has so much excited the curiosity of English readers, with respect to Persian poetry, and Hafiz in particular, as the suffrage in its favour of that eminent scholar and critic, sir William Jones. What *he*, who was an incomparable proficient in Greek and Roman literature, and an elegant poet in his native language, approved, must surely be entitled to some regard. And yet, when we examine the few translations which have hitherto been published from Hafiz, I, for my part, am unable to discover in them any original or transcendant merit.

We may easily conceive that this poet, in his native language, may possess the most exquisite charms: because words and numbers have an

excellence independent of their meaning. All languages have the materials of a style, in which those versed in it derive the pleasures which painting and music are qualified to give; and we are told, that the Persian language abounds in a particular manner in the artifices and felicities of number and expression. But of these qualities, a stranger to the language cannot possibly judge. All within his reach is the bare thought or image conveyed in a literal translation.

From these translations we discover, what indeed their warmest admirers readily acknowledge, that these poems contain nothing but the praises of woman and wine. This praise is delivered in a sort of dramatic manner, by which the tippler is displayed to our view, seated at the banquet, with his mistress beside him, calling for a fresh supply of liquor. His *love*, indeed, is not of that sort which European poets of the present age delight to celebrate, since its fervours are as readily excited by a *boy* as by a girl.

Though there are extant near six hundred odes of Hafiz, there is a most unvarying uniformity among them. The two great images that seem to dance eternally before him are wine, with its power to soothe or madden, and the object, *either male or female*, of another appetite, who figures either as coy or kind. These images form the substance of every ode, and the collateral reflections, with which they are most sparingly sprinkled, are proverbial and common-place, and derive as little value from their moral or useful tendency, as from their novelty.

The following is a literal translation of one of these odes, and is a faithful sample of the whole.

O minstrel with a sweet voice! begin an air that is fresh and new:
Call for heart-expanding wine fresh and fresh.
Sit down from prying eyes, and enjoy thy mistress, as a game, in private:
Snatch eager kisses from her fresh and fresh.
How canst thou eat the bread of life without drinking wine?
Quaff wine to her dear remembrance again and again.
O cup-bearer with legs of silver, I am intoxicated with the love of thy beauty!
Quick fetch the cup, that I may fill it again and again.
My heart-ravishing angel makes for me
Ornaments of various hues, and odours afresh and afresh.
O! gentle zephyr, when thou passest by the habitation of my fairy,
Afresh and afresh tell her, in whispers, the tale of Hafiz.

What is the substance of the above strains? When we come to enquire into their real meaning, we shall find nothing but an unsubstantial phantom; nothing worthy of the name of a thought; nothing but an incoherent calling for more wine, with abrupt declarations of love to the boy that waits.

If we would see how these monotonous and heartless images can be embellished with the charms of style and the trappings of European fancy, we may turn to a translation, by sir William Jones, of one of these odes which are in highest repute. We shall find, in the following stanzas, all the refinements of verse, rhyme, and amplification lavished upon something, which, when we come to analyze it, will turn out to be as trite, incoherent, and unmeaning, as the ode already given. How do these frigid compositions shrink into contempt, when put into comparison with the glowing images and thrilling sentiments, the rich and varied strains of Burns, pregnant with a meaning, that melts the heart, and exalts the fancy.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,

Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

B.

For the Literary Magazine.

TRADE IN BIRDS.

A MAN, in estimating the commerce of a country, would hardly take into view the trade in singing birds: yet this trade is by no means despicable.

Canary birds, which are so fashionable in Europe and America, are chiefly bred at Inspruch, which is an inaccessible spot among the Alps: from thence they are sent to Constantinople, and every part of Europe. The trade to England in these birds is in the hands of four or five natives of Tyrol. They bring annually about sixteen hundred, which pay a duty of twenty pounds. Yet notwithstanding this duty, and though they are brought a thousand miles on men's backs, they find their account in selling them for five shillings a-piece.

For the Literary Magazine.

WHY ARE DIAMONDS VALUABLE?

THE value of the diamond depends upon its rarity. It has, indeed, a lustre and hardness superior to that of other terrestrial productions; but these qualities, which may make it useful, do not constitute its value, or enhance the price that is given for it. Its price depends almost entirely upon its rarity. If diamonds were as common as glass, they would be as cheap.

The value set upon diamonds astonishes a simple mind. Nothing but the strongest evidence would make us believe some statements that are given of this value. The prodigality of the rich in this article furnishes a more stupendous example of human folly than any other circumstance.

The rarity of diamonds is a very extraordinary circumstance, since they are merely a modification of charcoal, which is the most common

and cheap substance in use. Indeed there are similar examples, equally extraordinary, to be met with. The adamantine spar is as rare as the diamond, though only an aluminous earth; and iron, never found in perfection, has scarcely ever been discovered in a metallic state. The same thing may, indeed, be said of glass. Though silicious substances be so abundant, and the medium which assists, and the agent which produces their fusion so plentiful in nature, I much doubt whether there is a cubic inch of good transparent glass, produced without the assistance of man, on the surface of the globe. A globule of such glass is in reality rarer than the largest diamond.

For the Literary Magazine.

MILTON'S FAMILY.

IT is the opinion of some, that talents, like houses and noses, are inheritable. This persuasion is probably founded upon facts that are exceptions, and not examples, of a general rule. It would reflect some light upon this subject, to examine the history of great men in their descendants: to enquire, for example, into the history of the posterity of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

Of all men, Milton seems to have owed most both to nature and to education. In natural genius, in acquired knowledge, in the benefits of scholastic instruction, of foreign travel, of political activity, of social intercourse, in personal beauty and accomplishments, few can vie with Milton. What portion of all these admirable properties descended to his children? What has become of the Miltons? may a speculative enquirer be allowed to ask. They descended, before or after his death, to the lowest walks of life, and his last remaining descendant, a granddaughter, passed a long life in a petty haberdashery shop, poor and ignorant.

For the Literary Magazine.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN MODERNIZED.

BY what title are we to distinguish that species of composition, of which Dryden affords us examples in his Palamon and Arcite, and Pope in his Wife of Bath and his imitations of Donne? These poets take the substance, the sentiments, and images of certain ancient writers of their own country, and give them a language and numbers of their own. The dialect of the old poet is nearly unintelligible. His metre is rude or antiquated; some of his images quaint, unapt, and injudicious. All these disadvantages vanish under the modern pen, and the sterling gold, which, an obsolete and half-worn superscription, would scarcely allow to be current, becomes, by passing anew through the mint, a distinct, legible, and beautiful modern coin, which every body admires and covets.

There is, however, a certain class of students to whom this new dress is by no means a recommendation. An antiquated dialect and metre adorn and exalt, in their apprehension, instead of debasing or obscuring the author. That train of thoughts and studies, which terminates in this excessive veneration for antiquity, is natural to all minds, but all minds are not in the way of imbibing this passion. The dialect of Chaucer and Spencer may augment the value of their compositions to a few, but, doubtless, it creates an insuperable obstacle to the study of them in the minds of the many. These writers are pretty much in the situation of writers in a foreign language, and as much require translation as Virgil, Klopstock, or Racine, to make them intelligible and agreeable to the ears of their

posterity. Indeed this modernizing system is nothing but a species of translation, susceptible of the same licence, and subject to the same laws.

What Chaucer's appearance is in modern language, we see in the specimens given us by Pope and Dryden. Of Spencer we have hitherto had no opportunity of judging in this way. Yet Spencer possesses all the excellencies of the poet in a degree unspeakably superior to Chaucer. We may form some notion of the transcendant charms which this poet, if his lines were new modelled by a skilful hand, would acquire, by reading the late translation of Wieland's Oberon, a poem written in the genuine Spenserian manner. What an inestimable banquet would the translator of Wieland provide for us, by taking the Fairy Queen in hand, and bestowing the same bewitching numbers and style upon a poet who deserves them, at least as much as Wieland.

The scruples of the classical antiquarian could not be offended by a proceeding of this kind. The poet, in his native and pristine dress, would still remain, and they would have the same opportunities, as formerly, of delving in this mine *of English undefiled.*

The enterprising translator need not be intimidated by the great extent of the Fairy Queen. There would be no necessity of new-modelling the whole of that work. The first book is entire in itself, or might easily be made so, and since the original plan of the writer is incomplete, even taking all that is extant, the properties of unity and coherence would be more effectually attained by separating this portion from the rest, and treating it as one poem, than by connecting it with the rest. It is well known that the original poem consisted of twelve books, of which only six were ever published. The cord, by which these twelve rods were bound together into one bundle, was displayed at the conclusion of the whole. Not only this cord, but half of the intended number of rods have perished: so that what remain have no more connection with each other, than what results from the mere circumstance of being numbered successively, first, second, third, and so on; and being published under one general title, a title, the aptitude and propriety of which has wholly disappeared, in consequence of the loss of the concluding book or canto. R.

For the Literary Magazine.

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER EXAMINED.

WARBURTON tries to persuade us, that Pope's Universal Prayer is only a paraphrase of the *Lord's Prayer.* I can see no foundation for this notion: of the fifty-two lines that compose it, only two,

> That mercy I to others show
> That mercy show to me,

appear to bear any resemblance to the Lord's Prayer. Of the rest, the whole tenor and spirit, if not adverse, does, at least, bear no similitude to that eloquent, sublime, and simple invocation.

Most of these stanzas are abstruse and metaphysical, and, instead of being favourable to revelation, seem directly to exclude it. The sentiments respecting the Deity, forms of worship, human duty, are all friendly to ease, contentment, inactivity, and selfish enjoyment.

The first stanza abolishes at once all distinctions between religions, and between the Deity of Jews, christians, and pagans, as more or less pure and worthy to be worshipped.

> Father of all, in every age,
> In every clime ador'd,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

In the second stanza, the poet asserts, that all human knowledge is limited to this:

———that thou art God,
And that *myself* am blind.

The next stanza contradicts this modest avowal of ignorance, and affirms thus:

Yet gave me, *in this dark estate*,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

That part of mankind, who deny the power of *all* men to distinguish, in this absolute way, evil from good, and who maintain the moral and religious truth of the necessity of human actions, will not be much edified by this passage.

The tenor of the two following stanzas is certainly irreconcileable with the spirit and obligations of revealed religion.

What *conscience* dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me, *more than hell*, to shun,
That, *more than heaven*, pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For *God is paid when man receives:*
T' enjoy is to obey.

In fine, this ode, or prayer, may be considered as the creed of one who lays aside all regard for religious distinctions and tenets, and rejects every standard of duty but the casual suggestions of conscience: that is, the notion of right or wrong which every man acquires from some source or other. From this remark we must except the allusion to *free will*, in which the poet makes his good man embrace, with great confidence, a party in one of the most abstruse, perplexed, and indeterminable of all theological controversies. O.

For the Literary Magazine.

HAS CLASSICAL LEARNING AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN TENDENCY?

BEFORE the *reformation* of religion, the Romish clergy, with the pope at their head, were railed at with unwearied animosity: their avarice, pride, sensuality, and hypocrisy were blazoned in all possible shapes. The vices of the priesthood became a bye-word; the sting of every jest, the burthen of every ballad, the theme of every declamation: yet it excited no alarm, and provoked no punishment. It prevailed, indeed, with more acrimony in the metropolis of the reigning religion than any where else.

These invectives, though less violent than *before*, came to be viewed in a very different light *after* the reformation. That which had previously been uttered with impunity, and listened to with smiles, was thenceforth discountenanced as sacrilege and treason, and pursued with vengeance and rage.

It is curious to observe in what different light the same thing is placed by a difference of circumstances.

The present age seems to have produced a similar event in relation to political distinctions. Mankind might rail as much as they pleased at clerical establishments, provided they practically acquiesced in their authority, and *did* nothing to subvert them. So wits and moralists might make the vices and follies of kings and ministers, the noble and the rich, the topic of unceasing invective, with impunity, and awaken in the subject of their satire only smiles and good-humour, as long as this hostility was confined merely to invective: but when men began to entertain designs of reducing kings and nobles to the level of other mortals, and of utterly dissolving those distinctions, by which the wealthy, for the most part, hold their wealth, *the case was quite altered:* laughter gave place to frowns, and exile

and death were denounced, where formerly all was lenity and allowance.

No one railed more at kings and lords than Pope. If we consult and believe his writings, we should be tempted to imagine, that wisdom or virtue, or liberal knowledge, is incompatible with rank or royalty. Ignorance, pride, folly, are, according to him, the sole *generical* distinctions of the great and the rich: yet princes and lords were the friends of Pope, and, no doubt, relished his jokes, though made at their own expence, in no small degree.

The most offensive tenets of the present times would express themselves, in relation to these matters, in terms hardly more strong than those of this poet. What censure could they utter more severe than this?

> Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
> Born *where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.*

The same versatility is strongly illustrated in the history of human conduct and opinions, respecting the religious symbols, rites, and traditions of the Greeks and Romans. Christianity originally made its way among men, in opposition to these rites and symbols. The world was peopled with the worshippers of Jupiter and Venus. Their temples and altars were frequented with religious adoration. The prayers addressed to them were put up with a sincere belief in their divinity, and a lively faith in the efficacy of these prayers. To discontinue and renounce these prayers, to overthrow these fanes, statues, and altars, was the natural dictate of the new religion.

Hence the general ruin that involved the architectural, sculptural, and literary monuments of the ancients. Their poems and narratives were merely tributes to the honour of false and pernicious divinities. Their temples were the resorts of superstition, whose extirpation could not be more effectually promoted than by the utter destruction of the priest, the temple, the statue, and the hymn.

In process of time, the Roman world became entirely christian. All former prejudices, habits, and traditions were exterminated in the lapse of a dozen centuries. The links which connected devotional ideas and remembrances with the ancient temple and statue, with the drama or the hymn of Homer, Sophocles, and Pindar, were utterly dissolved. Mankind found themselves able to view, without any danger of adoring, those objects of primitive superstition. They were able to perceive the grace, beauty, or sublimity which these objects possessed, disconnected with their claims to divine worship, with the consideration of the sentiments of their original builders or inventors. Their admiration of these qualities led them to display the same zeal in restoring and preserving those monuments of past ages, which had already been displayed in their overthrow and devastation. Hence the popes and cardinals of the sixteenth century did all in their power to restore what their predecessors, in the fourth and fifth centuries, had laboured to demolish. The latter were accused of ignorance and barbarism in waging war against the statues and relievos of the Capitol and Pantheon; but surely this war was completely justifiable. It was even necessary to the advancement of the christian religion, though the modern Leos and Clements might, with equal propriety, ratify a truce with those marble gods, since they were now regarded, not as objects of religious veneration, but merely as specimens of human art.

A stranger, with imperfect information, would be oddly affected by the prevalence of Greek and Roman ideas in modern times. Should he go into our seminaries, he would find our youth, at the most docile and susceptible age, intensely busy in the study of the names, history,

and attributes of deities long since exploded. He would find them laboriously conning over volumes, which may be considered, in some sense, as the *bibles* of paganism. In opening our books he would find perpetual allusions to these antiquated deities, not in terms hostile or contemptuous, but exactly in the same apparent spirit with the Romans and Athenians. Our poetry abounds in hymns and invocations to these imaginary gods, which cannot be distinguished by any thing but language from those which the Greeks and Romans were accustomed to offer. Our greatest geniuses have thought themselves worthily employed in translating the ancient hymns into modern tongues.

This fashion has seldom excited any alarm as to the stability of the popular faith. No tutor thinks it necessary to apprize his pupil that the stories of Ovid and Virgil are false, or to guard his imagination against implicitly crediting their fables. A sincere convert to paganism would be deemed, in the present age, quite a prodigy. Some may deem such opinions not absolutely inconsistent with sound intellects; but, in general, such belief would be thought the clearest evidence of madness. Thomas Taylor, an eminent scholar, now alive, has avowed his belief in paganism in the most positive manner; but the voluminous publications of this man afford numerous proofs, besides this one, of insanity.

This kind of education, this early and intimate acquaintance with all the apparatus of the *old* Roman religion, has been fashionable during several centuries. The most eminent dignitaries of the church, and some of the most famous devotees, have been celebrated for their knowledge of, and attachment to, this mythology. Nay, in almost every European hierarchy, this kind of knowledge has been an indispensable qualification of a teacher of the gospel. To be conversant with the history, literature, and *religion* of a nation that was not christian, and on the ruins of whose habits, literature, and religion christianity was built, is deemed, not only ornamental in the citizen, but necessary to the preacher of truth.

These may justly be considered as groundless and absurd modes; and they have frequently and deservedly been condemned: but the reasons for condemning them have seldom or never been built upon the supposed danger there is of the student's conversion to the religion of the Athenian populace, or of his becoming, on this account, lukewarm or hostile to that of his own country, and his own times. Of all objections to classical learning, this is surely the most groundless and absurd.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE ART OF WAR.

THE art of war has undergone a considerable change in the course of the eighteenth century; and the rapidity of the movements, as well as the extensive line on which they are conducted towards its close, form a striking contrast to the precision and regularity which in the early part of the century distinguished the campaigns of the duke of Marlborough. The great Frederic brought the old system to its utmost perfection; the Austrians adopted it, and have been compelled to change it by the French, who have made as great a revolution in their art of war as in their politics.

For the Literary Magazine.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON HAPPINESS.

WHETHER happiness or misery occupies the heaviest scale, in the balance of human experience, is a question that will never be universally decided. The tribe of benevolent philosophers fancy that the

good greatly predominates, and draw inferences from the wonder-working power of habit, not only to equalize the goods of every condition in human life, but almost to annihilate the evils. Wealth, they say, is accompanied with its train of peculiar evils, and poverty by a numerous company of benefits, to which poverty alone gives a claim.

Let us listen to the feelings of one who received a full measure of the joys and sorrows of this life; and if speculation can but little help us to a right decision, let us bow to the lessons of experience. The poet Burns expresses himself thus, in a letter to a friend:

"After all that has been said on the other side of the question, man is by no means a happy creature. I do not speak of the selected few, favoured by partial heaven; whose souls are tuned to gladness, amid riches and honours, and prudence and wisdom. I speak of the neglected many, whose nerves, whose sinews, whose days, are sold to the minions of fortune.

"If I thought you had never seen it, I would transcribe for you a stanza of an old Scottish ballad, called, 'The Life and Age of Man;' beginning thus:

'Twas in the sixteenth hunder year
Of God and fifty-three,
Frae Christ was born, that bought us dear,
As writings testifie.'

"I had an old grand-uncle, with whom my mother lived a while in her girlish years; the good old man, for such he was, was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man.'

"It is this way of thinking, it is these melancholy truths, that make religion so precious to the poor miserable children of men. If it is a mere phantom, existing only in the heated imagination of enthusiasm,

'What truth on earth so precious as the lie!'

"My idle reasonings sometimes make me a little sceptical, but the necessities of my heart always give the cold philosophizings the lie. Who looks for the heart weaned from earth; the soul affianced to her God; the correspondence fixed with heaven; the pious supplication and devout thanksgiving, constant as the vicissitudes of even and morn; who thinks to meet with these in the court, the palace, in the glare of public life? No: to find them in their precious importance and divine efficacy, we must search among the obscure recesses of disappointment, affliction, poverty, and distress."

Religious people tell us, that, in a future state, all the disorders of the present system of things will be rectified, that every suffering will be amply compensated, and man deprived of even the *power* to injure himself, to impair his own felicity.

By these reasonings it is generally intended merely to raise the sum of good, to intellectual beings, higher than the sum of evil; but the truth is, that such considerations produce an immediate effect. They fill the mind, directly and immediately, with joy and hope. The *prospect* of *future* good annihilates the *present* evil. The reward is possessed the moment it is distinctly unveiled to view.

I think I never saw the influence of religious promises on present happiness pourtrayed with more touching eloquence, than in the following passages from a genuine letter of a nameless and obscure girl to her friend, which is in my possession:

"Ignorance, I believe, my Julia, is the mother of some kinds of happiness; at least, of quietude. How can we regret what we have never lost? and to lose it we must have it; and by having it only can we know its value? I am now, in all external respects, just as if I never had a sister; but how different

would my feelings be, if, in truth, they had never been born!

"How my mother shrieked over a breathless son who died in childhood! But suppose the boy had never been born; then, as now, she would have had but four children, and she would not have lamented that they were but four.

"Pleasure and pain, my Julia, strangely run into and mingle with each other. Ignorance, I said, is the mother of content; but I would not, for all that, be ignorant. Contentment, methinks, is no desirable thing. Pleasure, indeed, cannot be had without the risk, at least, of accompanying or ensuing pain; but this mixture of bitter and sweet is better than the utterly insipid; better than the limpid, tasteless potion of indifference.

"But why do I call the broken bones of sympathy pain? Why, indeed, do I call them *broken?* Death severs us not from those we love. They still exist, not in our remembrance only, but with true existence; and if good, their being is a happy one. What more should we wish, and why should life, with all its cares and maladies, be prayed for, either for ourselves or our friends?

"My friend removes to the next village, or he crosses the sea; but I am not much unhappy, even at parting, and that sadness is succeeded soon by sweet tranquillity. He is living, and is prosperous, and forgets me not; and some time I shall see him again, and that consoles me in his absence; but how blind is my sagacity!

"How know I that he lives! that he is virtuous and happy! that he gives me still a place in his remembrance. Is he not a mortal creature, and encompassed, therefore, by the causes of sickness and death; beset by temptations, and liable to new affections, that exclude the old?

"But intelligence is brought that he is dead, and why should I weep? Am I grieved that he has gone, from perishable, feverish life, to that eternity, where maladies of mind, and ills of body betide him no more?

'But I have lost him!'

"No; while he lived I had lost him indeed, for the space between us was so wide that I saw him never, and heard from him but rarely; but now has he not come home to me? and do I not hourly commune with him? Am I not sure of his existence and safety, for my friend was good? And is he not more present to my thoughts, and more the guardian of my virtue, and partaker of my sympathy, than ever?

'But I shall never see him more!'

"Indeed! and whose fault will be that? I must die like him. It is uncertain when; but *then* we shall meet. And what, then, but my own unworthiness, my own misdeeds, shall sever us? Nothing but guilt will divide us from each other dead, though virtue itself was unable to unite us living. And how invigorating to my fortitude, what barrier against temptation is that belief!

"No, my Julia, death is no calamity to virtue, to dead or to living worth. Our wailings for the dead are breathed only by thoughtless or erring sensibility. Is it not so? I would not affirm too positively, or too much, I know *so* little. Yet I can't but think that many of our woes are selfish woes.

"Yet I mourned for my sisters, but rebuked myself while I mourned. Such reflections as those comforted me; but they would not come at first, nor would they stay long, till time had soothed me into some composure. Now and then, at thoughtful moments, when taken, if I may say so, unaware, my tears gushed anew, and my breast was agonized by sobs.

"Still have I, as I long have had, something that may be called sorrow; but a sweet, a chastening, a heart-improving sorrow. Most dearly do I prize it. For the world I would not part with my sorrow. Glad am I that I once had sisters, and I have them still; but I would not have them any where on earth.

"It seems to be, Julia, that the only true grief is connected with guilt. Every other has so many gleams and respites, and is so transient, and carries in its train so many after joys! But remorse! the sense of scorn deserved; the weight of indignation, human and divine; *that* must be agony indeed."

For the Literary Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

M. CHAPTAL'S account of the method of fertilizing the mountains in the Cevennes is curious, and shows how necessity will, at times, render the most infertile regions productive, though, perhaps, the exertions of these mountaineers are not equalled by the patient industry of the Chinese in similar situations. The inhabitants of the Cevennes raise walls at the bottoms of the mountains across the termination of the gullies, which suffer the water to escape, and retain the soil. Parallel ones are erected at different heights; and thus nature forms the hanging gardens which supply the mountaineer with the food which his attentive industry has so justly merited. The receding strata of of the calcareous rocks are by a similar method formed into various plats of a smaller size.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE BURTHEN OF POMP.

IT is no new remark, that the honours and distinctions of the world are generally purchased, not only at the expence of much money, but of much health, comfort, and ease. As fashion is many-fold and ever-varying, it must be in almost perpetual conflict with truth which is one, and with propriety which is uniform; but as there is no consideration of so much importance, in vulgar eyes, as the respect of others, all mankind must bow to *fashion*, by a submission to which that respect can only be purchased.

Fashion, indeed, becomes sometimes the standard of beauty and propriety in the minds of its followers, and hence, with such, whatever evils their submission to the *mode* may inflict upon them, no violence is done to their conscience or their taste. But this is not always the case: frequently obedience to fashion is painful and reluctant, and is practised, not because her dictates conform to those of reason, but because any evil, poverty, disease, and even death itself, is better, in our deluded apprehensions, than to be *out of the fashion*.

In reading an account of the British embassy to Ava, I was much struck with the following instance, in which fashion lays as heavy a load on a king as on a porter.

The ambassador was, in due time, admitted to an audience of his Birman majesty. We had been seated, says he, a little more than a quarter of an hour, when the folding-doors that concealed the seat opened with a loud noise, and discovered his majesty, ascending a flight of steps, that led up to the throne from the inner apartment. He advanced but slowly, and seemed not to possess a free use of his limbs, being obliged to support himself with his hands on the balustrade. I was informed, however, that this appearance of weakness did not proceed from any bodily infirmity, but from the weight of the regal habiliments in which he was clad; and if what we were told was true, that he carried on his dress fifteen viss, upwards of fifty pounds avoirdupois of gold, his difficulty of ascent was not surprising. On reaching the top he stood for a minute, as though to take breath, and then sat down on an embroidered cushion, with his legs inverted. His crown was a high conical cap, richly studded with precious stones; his fingers were covered with rings, and in his dress he bore the appearance

of a man, cased in golden armour, whilst a gilded, or probably a golden, wing on each shoulder, did not add much lightness to his figure.

For the Literary Magazine.

ALGEBRAIC ABSURDITIES.

IN the first attempts of a student of geometry and algebra, one of the most discouraging circumstances he meets with is the strange language in which the principles of these sciences are wrapt up. He will naturally expect to find, and therefore will not be surprised or disheartened at finding, words entirely new to him; but he will be extremely puzzled when he meets with terms, with which he is already familiar, used in a sense, not merely new, but contradictory.

He well knows, for instance, that a number may be greater or less than another number; it may be added to, taken from, multiplied into, and divided by another number; but in other respects his reason informs him that it is very untractable: though the whole world should be destroyed, one will be one, and three will be three; and no art whatever can change their nature.

You may put a mark before one, which it will obey: it submits to be taken away from a number greater than itself, but to attempt to take it away from a number *less* than itself is ridiculous. Yet this is attempted by algebraists, who talk of a *number less* than *nothing*, of multiplying a *negative* number into a *negative* number and thus producing a *positive* number, and of a number being *imaginary*. Hence they talk of two *roots* to every *equation* of the second order, and the learner is to try which will succeed in a given equation: they talk of solving an equation, which requires two *impossible roots* to make it solvible: they can find out some *impossible numbers*, which, being multiplied together, produce *unity*. This is all jargon, at which common sense recoils; but, from its having been once adopted, like many other figments, it finds the most strenuous supporters among those who love to take things upon trust, and hate the labour of a serious thought.

Square and *cube* are modes of continued quantity, and cannot be applied to numbers: the absurdity is seen in the use of the word *sursolid*; for, if there could be such a thing as a *solid number*, there might be a *sursolid number*, and a thing might be more than solid, which is absurd.

People err much in supposing that a word is of little consequence, if it is explained. If that word has a very different meaning in other respects, the learner will confound frequently the different meanings, and pass through life without having a clear idea upon the subject. In educating children, we should take care not to use a word above their comprehension, nor, by our authority, to impress a position on their minds which is not true. If we teach them little, we should teach them that little well: but we are doing them a real injury, when we fill their heads with a jumble of words, or with false and incoherent notions.

These sciences deal so much in abstractions, that it is difficult enough at any rate to make ourselves familiar with the ideal existences about which they are conversant. It seems peculiarly absurd to heighten these inevitable difficulties by the addition of needless ones. Metaphors and fictions abound most in the two sciences where they would naturally be least expected, in mathematics and in law.

For the Literary Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE RE-EXAMINED.

THE remarks made, in a former number, on the similies of Shakespeare, has not met with the appro-

bation of all your readers. Some objection was made by the critic to the terms made use of by Troilus, when, speaking of his efforts to disguise his uneasiness, he says, that "his sigh was buried in *wrinkle* of a smile."

The term *wrinkle* was thought to be exceedingly inapt and unsuitable, because a wrinkle is a furrow produced by age upon the cheek or forehead, and cannot, therefore, be employed to illustrate the influence of a smile.

A correspondent, in the last number, has arraigned the critic before the tribunal of Johnson. He seems tacitly to admit, that, if a wrinkle be a furrow produced only by age, that then the objection is a just one: but he denies that this is a true definition of a wrinkle, and refers us to Johnson's Dictionary, in which a wrinkle is described to be

1. A furrow or corrugation on the skin or face;

2. Any roughness.

It may seem a little daring to deny the right of Johnson to decide in cases of this kind; yet I cannot help observing, that I think the definition is a defective one. It is true that a wrinkle is a corrugation or roughness on the skin: but this is not enough; it is a corrugation or roughness of a particular kind, and produced by a particular cause. A furrow produced by a hot iron, the scar produced by an old wound, by a healed abscess, all come within this definition; and yet surely it would be a gross breach of propriety to call a roughness or furrow, produced by burning, scarification, contusion, or disease, by the name of *wrinkle*. The term *wrinkle* is, in my mind, inseparably associated with *age*. It is so generally used in this sense, both among writers and talkers, that I think no one is justified in using it in any other.

That Shakespeare should err, on this occasion, is surely nothing to be wondered at, since errors of the same kind, and of every kind, are so plentifully strewed over his works, that it would be difficult to find ten lines together not blemished by some of them. To point out and ponder on the beauties of Shakespeare is a pleasing and profitable task; but these beauties will be seen in their greatest splendour only by the eye which most truly distinguishes between various shades of excellence, and between excellencies and faults.

CRITO.

For the Literary Magazine.

DIAMONDS.

A FRIEND of mine is at a loss to conceive by what means the great fortunes which some few lucky minions of the blindfold goddess in this side of the ocean, and many more on the other side, possess, could be spent. I referred him to a lawsuit, of which the report is to be found in all the London newspapers of the day, in which certain jewellers claim from the prince of Wales the value of certain jewels furnished, in the course of three years, to his royal highness. After an impartial hearing, the jury awarded to the plaintiffs, as their due, the trifling sum of *fifty thousand nine hundred pounds sterling*.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE millenial period, or period of perfect terrestrial felicity, a christian poet always considers as future; the Greek and Roman poets always as past.

The description which Tibullus gives of *Saturnean times* is embellished with all the fairest flowers of fancy; but there is this material difference between the Romans and ourselves: these happy times were reviewed there with lamentation and regret, as past and gone, and never to return. By us they awak-

en only the sentiments of joy and hope, because we are hastening towards them, and our partaking of their blessings will wholly depend upon ourselves.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the Hebrew poets, when they describe the land of promise, should select the same images with those adopted by Tibullus, in describing *his* happy land. Palestine is commonly pictured as a *land flowing with milk and honey*. These images are thus amplified by Tibullus:

Ipsæ mella dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant
Obvia securis ubera lactis oves.

For the Literary Magazine.

NATIONAL LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS.

WHERE is a nation free and happy to be found? These terms are thought to be correlative. A nation is said by some to be happy only as it is free.

Most readers will probably smile when I direct them to Prussia, in the reign, almost one continued and destructive war, of the great Frederick; and yet, were I called upon to name a country, the freest and most prosperous of all countries, I should not hesitate to name this.

The meaning of the word liberty is continually varying. At no time have any two nations used it in the same sense. In my opinion, to constitute civil liberty, there must be equal laws, and those impartially executed; justice must be promptly, equitably, and cheaply dispensed; and the nation at large should be entitled to express its sense of public measures, and to confine the exertions of political power within the sphere of public good.

The Prussian territory in Germany is vulgarly considered as affording the most complete example of a military despotism, especially under the reign of Frederick II, and as a country where the misery and desolation of war were experienced in their fullest extent; and yet, if I have stated a just definition of liberty and happiness, it may be proved, that in no corner of the world have they flourished more than in the dominions of the Prussian Fredericks for the last sixty years.

The laws of Frederick are not only good and just, but being made by a man who knew the power of words, are short, determinate, and easily understood. Of the law's obscurity, expensiveness, or delay, there is less occasion to complain than in any kingdom on earth; and during the greater part of his reign after he had reformed his courts of justice, there scarcely occur, in the lapse of thirty years, three instances of legal oppression.

It may be alleged, that the Prussians, however well governed, enjoy not any share in the public administration, and cannot therefore feel themselves much interested in the public good. But these premises are untrue. The truth, however, is, Frederick acknowledged with pleasure the states of each province: they met regularly at stated times in national assemblies; he consulted them on matters of general legislation; listened patiently to their advice; committed to them the administration of their internal government, and entrusted them with the collection of the taxes. These institutions, which he introduced and confirmed, represent not the image of a military despotism, but rather breathe the genuine spirit of *just* monarchy, which of all governments promises perhaps the greatest share of public happiness.

Though it may reasonably be regretted, that this patriot king did not crown his great work, and, enforcing manners by law, render that constitutional and unalterable, which is in some measure casual and arbitrary; yet, with the education which that extraordinary man gave the princes of his family, a king of *Prussia cannot* be suspected of

wishing to *govern despotically;* and should he ever entertain that mad project, it is boldly insinuated by a Prussian minister, that considering the sentiments and principles with which Frederick inspired his subjects, such an unworthy successor could not hope to enjoy a peaceful or durable reign.

Of national prosperity, liberty seems a component part, because without liberty there cannot be security, and without security there cannot be enjoyment. To insure the faithful execution of just laws, the people at large should have a share in enacting and administering them; but as to the degree to which that influence should extend, and the mode in which it should be exerted, no two reasoners fully concur. The different forms, therefore, of just government (for despotism or tyranny is an abuse, whether it be exercised by one or ten thousand) must be relative to the national character; and opinion, which governs all things, will render that system good in one country, which would be bad in another.

Some of my readers may not be able to comprehend that species of happiness which a nation enjoys, whose point of honour is obedience, whose pleasures are purchased by toil, and whose frugal luxuries are seasoned by habitual temperance, whose amusement and delight consist in the performance of their civil and military duties, and whose dearest reward is the approbation of their superiors.

To measure the relative *happiness* of individuals, who act from different motives, and pursue different ends, is impossible; because, where no similarity prevails, no comparison can be made. But in estimating national felicity, and particularly that of Prussia, there are two considerations of irresistible weight. If happiness consist in action, that nation cannot be miserable, whose public transactions have been always prosperous. A people who, in the course of forty years, triple their population, and triple their revenues, whose operations, domestic and foreign, have been crowned with unexampled success, who, amid the greatest and most glorious wars recorded in history, have improved their agriculture and extended their manufactures to a degree almost incredible, and who from obscurity and contempt have risen to the highest rank of national renown, must, both collectively and individually have been employed in such a series of prosperous actions as could not fail, notwithstanding the occasional calamities of war, to afford an extraordinary balance in favour of public happiness. That the Prussians enjoyed this happiness, and referred it to its true cause, the wisdom and virtue of their king, appears from events, the history of which might serve to revive the obsolete virtue of patriotism, and to teach the true duties of citizens to those who have long branded the Prussians as slaves.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON RUMFORD'S ECONOMICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

THE imperfect state of human society is not owing so much to men's total ignorance of modes and operations better than those in ordinary use, as to a kind of apathy or obstinacy, which makes them turn a deaf or listless ear to the voice of their instructors, and to the influence of habit, which, if it does not annihilate certain evils and distresses, yet lightens them to the imagination of the sufferers.

Let a man in his closet take up the works of count Rumford. He finds a great variety of improvements in those processes, on which the comfort and subsistence of all immediately depend. He finds these improvements verified by a vast number of experiments; he finds them explained in the most complete and satisfactory manner. If words be insufficient to convey just

notions of these improvements to some, their dulness is humoured and aided by plates, which exhibit the improved apparatus or process to the eye, in such a manner that no eye can fail to comprehend it. He perceives that the book is printed in a cheap and portable form, and that, in populous cities at least, where such instructions are most useful, they are always to be easily had.

He then naturally infers, that every body is acquainted with these improvements, and has reduced them to practice. He lays down his book, and walks forth to enjoy the spectacle which a reformation so entire and so beneficial, in a large city, will present to him.—What is his surprise and mortification, when he finds that every thing is exactly on its old footing!—Rooms are lighted and warmed, victuals are cooked in exactly the same wasteful, dirty, troublesome, and dangerous manner as formerly. Of the middling and higher classes of mankind, there is probably not one in ten whom he does not find familiar with the name of Rumford; but they have no conception of the real nature and utility of his improvements; nor, should you spend hours in enlightening their ignorance, will they move a step towards reducing these improvements to practice, in their own chambers, parlours, or kitchens.

For the Literary Magazine.

LONGEVITY.

THERE died, in February, the present year, at Gloves, near Athenry, in Ireland, of a short illness, Dennis Coorobee, of Ballendangin, aged 117 years. The life of this man was remarkable not only for its duration, but for its exemption from most of the evils of humanity. He retained his mental and corporeal faculties in full vigour to the last. Three weeks before his death, he walked out and home twenty-six miles in one day, and read the smallest print, without glasses, as distinctly and easily as a boy of sixteen. Till two days previous to his death, he never remembered to have had any complaint or sickness whatever, toothache only excepted. The first fifty-six years of his life passed entirely free from even the toothache, having enjoyed, till then, sound teeth. After that period, his teeth began to decay; but, in the course of fifteen years, a new set appeared, of which he continued in possession till his death.

Of his moral character, it is only recorded, that he was a steadfastly honest man; sober, regular, and perfectly upright in his deportment. His mind was naturally strong and acute, not disciplined by a literary education, but enriched by observation and experience. He spent his life in the cultivation of the same farm, the property of which he had acquired early in life, and bent his attention chiefly to agriculture, in which he was generally allowed to be eminently proficient. He was one of the earliest who introduced and propagated the potatoe, which he has cultivated for the last seventy years.

We naturally feel some curiosity as to such a man's connection with the other sex, and as to the posterity he leaves behind. We are told that he was seven times married. He was first married at the age of twenty-one. With his last wife, who survived him, he lived longer than with any of the previous ones, that is, twenty-four years, having married her when ninety-three years old. In general, they were short-lived, and were young women of his immediate neighbourhood. The years of his widowhood, taken together, amounted to eleven. All the children born to him were forty-eight, which is, on an average, one in every two years, since the first year of his first marriage. He had three sets of twins, and his third wife bore him eleven children in twelve years.

His grand-children were in number two hundred and thirty-six, which is a little more than five to each child. His great-grand-children amounted to nine hundred and forty-four, which is more, proportionally, than six to each grand-child. He had twenty-five great-great-grand-children, the oldest of whom is now four years old. Of twelve hundred and fifty-three descendants of his body, four hundred and eighty-seven survived him.

By his last wife he had six sons, the youngest of whom is a fine lad of eighteen.

These facts are extracted from a register, kept by the old man, of the names, births, marriages, deaths, and general situation of his wives and descendants. The keeping of this register was his principal amusement, and his descendants being scattered far and wide over the earth, he took great pains to make the catalogue exact and complete.

It is to be hoped that some curious person may rescue this document from oblivion, by committing it to the press. It must certainly lead to some very valuable inferences, as to the constitution of human bodies, and of human society.

It is difficult for one who has only seen thirty years to realize the feelings and experience of one who has seen four times thirty. Still harder must it be to one who has had his customary proportion of infirmity and pain, to conceive the intellectual situation of him who has been utterly a stranger to pain and infirmity for one hundred years together. Every thing must conspire to remind the former of the brevity of life and the frailty of mortality; but it would not be surprising if the latter should gradually admit the notion that he he was wholly unobnoxious to pain or to death.

He that enters a battle, for the first time, is greatly alarmed for his safety. If he goes through the day without injury, his terrors begin to subside. If the same good fortune attend him through a great number of successive battles, a kind of unthinking and habitual security and confidence grows upon him. Every new escape is a precedent on which he builds a blind belief of his escaping for the future. His understanding will perhaps readily acknowledge, when the question is put to him, that his chances for subsequent escapes are diminished by every new escape; but there is a wide difference between the habitual conviction and the argumentative assent; and men will always be found to grow confident and wanton, in proportion to the success of their past enterprizes. Thus, the man who has lived a hundred years, without disease or decay, must feel, in spite of reflection or of argument, as if he were exempted, by a peculiar decree, from death or disease, at least another hundred years. It would be impossible for him to make the case of an ordinary mortal his own, or to feel that terror or that sympathy, which grows out of the belief of ourselves being liable to the ills we witness in others.

As knowledge is the child of observation and experience, what inestimable opportunities for amassing knowledge would such a long succession of years afford, to a mind enlightened and disciplined! Common men, however industrious or inquisitive, have their hours of improvement continually encroached on by infirmity or disease; but such a man as Mr. Coorobee not only lives a century, but every hour of his life is rendered active and serviceable by health.

How many generations must pass before the eyes of such a one! Suppose him to have been born and to have lived in the vicinity of London. He would have seen that vast metropolis almost entirely change its inhabitants four times. Being born in 1688, the year of the revolution, he would be fourteen at the accession of queen Anne; an age when men are capable of noting appearances around them. Four sovereigns have since occupied the throne, of whom the first reigned twelve, the second thirteen, the

third thirty-three, and the fourth (*grand-son* to the third) the old man lived to see accomplish the forty-fourth year of his reign, and the sixty-fifth of his age. Had Dennis Coorobee been a protestant son of James the second, he would have occupied the throne instead of William of Nassau, and been, at the opening of the present year, in full possession of all his faculties, and in quiet and glorious possession of the crown, which he would have worn *one hundred and three years.*

For the Literary Magazine.

STATE OF BOOK-MAKING IN GERMANY.

THE number of books published in any country, in a given time, is a very inadequate picture of the state of its authors or its literature. All that can be gathered from such statements relates to the extent to which the trade of writing and printing is carried. We may add, indeed, that it throws some light upon the number of readers, since books would not be published but with a view to sell them, and they are read by a great many more than buy them.

Such computations have, I believe, never been made in relation to any country but Germany; but Germany is so extensive a country, and so diversified in religion, government, and manners, that any computation of this kind, applicable to the whole empire, can afford very inadequate information as to its real condition. All the presses throughout Germany may, together, annually produce five hundred poems, but Saxony alone may produce four hundred out of the five. Now Saxony is only one tenth of the whole: so that if that number be equally distributed throughout the empire, it will communicate only erroneous ideas of the whole. But, notwithstanding these objections, such statements will certainly considerably amuse, and somewhat instruct us.

The prince of Torgoff, in Lusatia, who died the last year, was distinguished by a passionate fondness for books. He formed, in the course a long life, a vast collection of them, and his attention was exercised, not so much in studying their contents, in making them subservient and instrumental to his progress in a particular science, as in ascertaining their history; the names of their authors and publishers; the date and place of their publication; and the department, in a grand analytical system of human knowledge, to which they properly belonged.

In this collection were deposited all the works printed in any part of Germany, during ten years, between 1790 and 1800, which the industry of his numerous agents was able to procure. Their number was as follows:

General literature	125
Philology	3,006
Divinity	9,743
Jurisprudence	4,010
Medicine and surgery	3,440
Metaphysics and moral philosophy	1,878
Education	997
Politics and finance	3,400
Military sciences	289
Physics and natural history	3,316
Arts and manufactures	1,999
Mathematics	977
Geography and history	8,235
History of literature	1,453
Belles lettres	7,580
Miscellaneous	1,190
	51,638

Thus it appears that only ten years produced, in a single language, upwards of fifty thousand books. How these publications were portioned out among the different provinces of Germany, we are not informed. There is good reason, however, for believing, that by far the greater part was published and distributed in four cir-

cles, the Upper and Lower Saxony, and the Upper and Lower Rhine. As to Suabia, Bavaria, Franconia, and the Austrian territories, the number produced by them must be comparatively small.

By this statement it appears, that divinity has produced the greatest number of works: very near ten thousand; so that to *write* upon theological topics must be more fashionable than to write on any other. Indeed, when we consider the number of the clergy, with their studious course of life, and that to write is part of their profession, we shall not be surprised at the superiority of their numbers in the list of authors. Germany must contain, exclusive of the monastic orders, not less than twenty thousand clergymen.

The law is likewise a profession in which books or the pen are the proper instruments or tools. That upwards of four thousand law-books should be produced in ten years, by a profession consisting of not less than twice that number of practitioners, is not very surprising. But what sort of thing is German divinity and German law, which affords an opportunity for so many publications? Desperate must be the lot of these professions, if their members be required to read even the title-pages of all the books annually published in their respective sciences.

Next to theology, geography and history seem to have the greatest number of pens in their service. Belles lettres occupies the third place in the scale. Of these there are more than *seven thousand* works. Under this appellation, I suppose, is included poetry, novels, and plays. Those who relish that luxurious sort of diet must, therefore, be amply provided for. Alas! how small a part of this poetic and dramatic library will wander beyond the precincts of Germany, or survive the extinction of the present generation. Medicine and surgery seem to be nearly on a par with politics and finance; so that it should appear that the body politic is as carefully attended to, and has as great a number of physicians, as the body natural. These are only a few scores a-head of physics and natural history; which, in their turn, have the advantage, by some hundreds, of philology.

Literary history, which, doubtless, comprehends reviews and catalogues, alphabetic and analytic, extends to no less than fourteen hundred publications. When the history of books would form a considerable library, how voluminous must be the library which is formed by the books themselves! But in what a desperate state must be the rising generation, when it stands in need of near a thousand systems of education!

For the Literary Magazine.

MADRAS AND PHILADELPHIA COMPARED, AS TO CLIMATE.

THE exaggerations and mistakes of travellers have been a theme of common declamation these some hundred years; but when the frequency of these mistakes is considered, we shall readily excuse the repetition. I do not mean, at present, to renew the topic, or to point out the ill consequences that sometimes spring from these misrepresentations, but merely to add another and a lively example of this spirit, into which travellers are misled by their own partial views or individual feelings.

I lately had an opportunity of conversing with a person who had spent a year at Madras. From him I received the following account of the climate, in which, however incredible it may appear, I saw nothing but what I had often seen before, in the books of English travellers in India.

According to this person's account, the climate is tolerable during spring, but in the month of May the weather becomes so intensely hot and disagreeable, that one cannot,

with the smallest degree of pleasure, sit down to any occupation, being under the necessity, even at table, of having a handkerchief placed on each side to wipe away the excessive perspiration. The land-winds are frequently so violent as to unroof houses and raise small cattle into the air. Indeed I have myself found it difficult to keep my legs when caught in one of those whirlwinds. When they are seen approaching, all doors and windows are instantly barricadoed, to prevent suffocation from sand and dust, and having every thing in the house rendered useless. I have been of a party when one of those tornadoes forced us to enclose ourselves in this manner, and to sit down by candle-light to dinner, which rendered the heat intolerably suffocating. Notwithstanding the manner in which the doors and windows were thus blocked up, the sand and dust was forced by the wind through many imperceptible crevices, and fell so thick upon our plates as to be taken up upon a point of a knife like pounded pepper.

The land-winds are lulled towards evening; and before it is midnight become quite cold. This transition is very unwholesome; and if a person sleeps where there is a strong draught of air, which a stranger is naturally led to do from the heat, he will, in all probability, lose the use of his limbs before morning upon the side exposed to the wind.

Some people in this season change their linen three or four times a-day, which is labour in vain; as that newly put on becomes as moist in one minute as the former; and the heat relaxing a person so much that he becomes quite feeble and exhausted before the operation of shifting is completed. Some are, however, agreeably refreshed in the morning by having several pots of cool water thrown over them as they rise from their beds; but this is only a temporary relief. Those who wear wigs most certainly enjoy this luxury in greater perfection than with the natural hair. A stranger must be very cautious how he bathes in the open air; for, before he can re-dress himself, he is liable to have the skin of his back entirely stripped off by the sun: in which case it must be immediately anointed with oil or spirits.

The heat of the sun is not the only oppression felt at this season of the year, there being a wind which regularly blows strong from the land for four months without ceasing, that in the day-time conveys a burning heat, and during the night occasions quite a contrary sensation. I may compare the feeling, arising from a gust of those scorching winds, to that of thrusting one's face into the door of a heated oven; and it instantly cracks the skin in the most painful manner. These gales are seen some time before they arrive, driving furiously from the west in great whirlwinds and tornadoes, raising, to the very heavens, sand, and every thing else which they encounter, in awful clouds and pillars of dust.

After listening to this account, one very naturally concludes that the country is either quite uninhabitable, or that the people are obliged to use such precautions against heat, for the greatest part of the year, as to make their lives, for that period at least, both useless and burdensome.

Proceeding, however, to put new questions to my friend, I was informed, of what indeed is generally known, that the city, whose atmosphere is thus described, is crowded with some hundred thousands of people, who are, with the exception of one in a hundred, busy and dexterous artizans and shopkeepers, who pass active and long lives in constant exercise; who have neither money nor leisure to provide themselves a shelter from these showers of sand, these clouds of insects, or this intolerable sun. That the neighbouring country is highly peopled and cultivated by peasants, who have no defence against these evils but huts of reeds and cotton

drawers; who pursue their occupations with bare feet, bare head, and bare back, in the open air, without unusual efforts, or any consciousness of extraordinary hardship.

This intelligence led me to suspect, what indeed is true, that my friend, like all others who describe India, was a stranger, from the temperate climates of Europe; enervated by habits, diet, and dress, foreign to the manners of tropical nations; that his feelings as an individual could not justly afford testimony to the general feelings of the people, and that as a stranger it was impossible to estimate correctly the relations between the climate and the health or ease of its native or long resident inhabitants.

A native of Philadelphia is particularly well qualified to detect the errors to be found in the accounts of travellers from the north of Europe in the southern countries. Thus, my friend informed me, that the thermometer at Madras was almost stationary, throughout the year, between 80 and 85 degrees; but this is not thought a degree of heat so formidable by us, and the merchant, the artizan, and the ploughman are not deterred by it from vigorously pursuing their several occupations.

Listen to the account given us, by Denon and Wilson, of the heat, the vermin, and the dust of Cairo. How will the Philadelphian reader shudder at the thought of encountering this host of evils! But these terrors will probably subside, when he listens to Volney's description of his native city. What a revolution in his feelings, when Volney informs him, that the climate of Cairo is far more equable, lenient, and agreeable, than that of Philadelpha, and such as he would greatly prefer for his own residence!

For the Literary Magazine.

THE BALLOON AND TELEGRAPH.

WHEN great changes or discoveries are effected, men find it difficult to put themselves into that state, and recal to their imagination that view of things which existed previous to such changes or discoveries. The actual steps in that revolution being slow, successive, and many, the mind proceeds to the distant goal without difficulty or surprise. We arrive at a certain point without any extraordinary emotion, and all around us appears familiar and plain. And yet, previously to our setting out upon our journey, had some power lifted us suddenly to a great height, and afforded us a clear view of the point we were destined to reach, concealing from us, at the same time, all the intermediate steps, we should feel raptures of delight and wonder, and nothing but prophetic assurances could bring the attainment of such a point within the verge of possibility.

Suppose some ingenious enquirer, in the seventeenth century, had meditated the possibility of a man's rising from the surface of the earth to the height of two or three thousand feet, and passing, at this height, with confidence and safety, over land or water, at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour. Would it be possible to suggest to his mind any project more chimerical than this; any achievement more beyond the known powers of the human species? Can we, at the present time, imagine any future extension of human powers more fantastic and incredible than such a project would appear to the minds of the inquisitive of a former age?

This supposed enquirer would naturally form some notion of the means by which these aerial voyages were to be made. Birds, buoyed up by feathers, would of course occur to him as furnishing the hint or pattern for such a magnificent improvement. Mercury, with wings at his heels; Dædalus, with pinions at his shoulders; a griffin, with plumes at his sides, would rush pell mell into his fancy, and all his crude ideas of the future voyager would have, for an inseparable in-

gredient, an apparatus of wings, and the motion, with whatever circumstances blended, would suggest to him unalterably the image of a man flying.

If his friend were to dwell upon the constitution of the human body, and while he admitted the possibility of forming wings sufficiently large, flexible, and manageable to lift that body from the earth, should point out the impossibility of raising a man by the hips or shoulders for any time, and to any considerable height, without pain and dislocation, the other might confess the truth of the representation; but he would add, And yet, if man be ever enabled to move about in the air, it can only be by some such means.

Should his communicative angel go somewhat further, and inform him that man should be enabled, not only to rise in the air, but that this should be effected without any appendage whatever to his person; without any stress upon his limbs; that he should ascend standing at ease upon a car or stage large large enough to contain instruments and provisions for a voyage of several days, his belief would receive a still more violent shock. To perform the feat at all would be sufficiently surprising; now much more so to perform it in such a manner!

Should his supernatural instructor direct his attention to a light vessel floating in the tide, and tell him that the boat in which his posterity should sail through the air would be similar, in structure and materials, to that; and that it should rest and move about, in the same manner, on the aerial wave, occupied by several persons, he would be still at a loss to conceive by what means beams and boards of cedar or pine would be endued with a faculty of rising from the surface.

An actual exhibition of the ascent of a balloon would only thicken the mystery, and plunge him deeper into wonder. To imagine his obliging devil (a kinsman, we will suppose, of Le Sage's) has carried him to the summit of some tower, from whence he can overlook all that is going forward in a field where Blanchard or Lunardi are preparing for an ascent. He sees the boat previously described connected by cords with a piece of silk or canvas above it. He sees, upon the ground, vessels of earth or iron, and, perhaps, discovers some connection between these vessels and the aforesaid canvas. Presently the canvas proves to be a large empty bag, which gradually expands into the shape of a globe, the contents of which are invisible to him and incomprehensible, for the persons busy about it are not perceived to do any thing by which this change in its shape can be by him accounted for. In due time this unsubstantial globe rising from the earth, carries up the boat or car beneath, manned by half a dozen persons. What wild astonishment would all this excite in the Bacons or Newtons of a former age! how much like a fantastic dream would it appear!

Suppose the astonished sage to be conducted from the summit of the tower to the bottom, and to find several persons there anxiously waiting for intelligence from the sea-coast, of which the nearest part is one hundred miles distant. A person present, at length, ascends to the top of the tower, and, instantly returning, brings back word that an enemy has landed on the coast *ten minutes* before; that this intelligence was received from a town situated on the coast, and, though conveyed to him, is entirely unknown to every one in the intermediate country. We may safely aver, that all the ingenuity of Newton or Bacon could not discover how this was effected. The fleet of the invaders could not be seen with the eye, aided or unaided, of one stationed upon the top of the tower. No trumpet or cannon assailed the ear, so that it could not be conveyed through that medium. It was day time, and no fires were kindled on the tops of neighbouring mountains. On the contrary, he is told that the information was written down in words

upon the coast itself; that he had just *read* the eighth or tenth copy or transcript of the words; and that no further time was required to convey the intelligence than was required to write down, ten times, the words, "The enemy is arrived, and is now landing." These words being written in a language totally unknown to all the transcribers, they are therefore the instruments of conveying information to others which they cannot comprehend themselves.

In this light would probably be received the two great discoveries or inventions of the present age, the balloon and telegraph, by those who lived before they were thought of. And yet we are wholly unaffected by these circumstances, because we have witnessed the gradual progress of the revolution. The wonders of the balloon and telegraph are as ordinary and familiar to our apprehension as those of the lighting of a farthing candle. To change the substance of fat and yarn into that marvellous substance light, is a process which every stupid clown finds abundantly easy, and yet it is a transformation of all others the most surprising and unexpected to a mind not previously conversant with it.

For the Literary Magazine.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BARBARY POWERS.

From a letter written at Tunis.

I NEED not inform you that no modern nation has yet found the secret of making either war or peace with these freebooters, to any advantage proportioned to the difference of science and discipline. It is amazing, even to themselves, to see the nations of Europe, with all their superiorities, become so submissive and tributary to them. We seem to keep each other in countenance, and share the disgrace amongst us.

If Russia ever succeeds in her enterprises, and can get once fairly into the Mediterranean, she may show us how to treat these piratical states; for she has the only troops sufficiently acquainted with such enemies, and she will probably be wise enough to keep up that knowledge by frequent wars. Any other power, who may have occasion to attack them, would perhaps do well to borrow a Russian general, and some other of their officers.

To be conquered by a civilized and generous nation would be a happy event for these poor Africans. They have hitherto so long been saved from it: we can hardly tell how, or why, when we consider the enterprising spirit of modern Europe. It has probably been owing to our exhausting wars with each other, and to those apparently greater objects of the western and eastern worlds, in the search of gold. But it may justly be doubted, if those objects be greater. These northern parts of Africa are capable of all sorts of useful productions, of more value than gold, and nearer home.

These regions have often been directly invaded, but always unsuccessfully, for reasons very obvious. They can only be subdued from the east or west. The conqueror must previously acquire Egypt or European Turkey, and then the downfall of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers may be easily and safely effected.

Had the French succeeded in their late attack upon Egypt, Barbary would quickly have become a province of their empire. France, indeed, from the progress of its population and ambition, and from being shut out, by its naval rivals, from diffusing its superfluous numbers, and indulging its colonizing spirit, in Asia and America, will naturally turn her attention to these parts of Africa. England will hardly be able always to suppress these vigorous efforts, or perhaps a merely emulous or precautionary spirit may

establish the English here, as it carried them, for a little while, to Egypt and Ceylon, and may still carry them to Brazil and Peru.

There is no apparent revolution arising in the horizon of future probability, of more importance to this part of the world, and to the improvement of mankind, in that of their commerce, population, arts, and industry. The practicability and utility of such measures may be perceived from the history of Carthage, of Rome, and of Portugal. These countries have always received colonies, and have been improved by them. It is of consequence that they should come from the most improved nations. Mahomedan conquest from Asia having spread itself along this fine African coast, and its being left there so long to degenerate, and then to infest and plague the rest of the world, is a great shame to polished Europe. But she must probably, in time, recover and assert her natural superiority here too, as the Mahomedan power of itself declines.

For the Literary Magazine.

VERBAL WONDERS IN LATIN.

SINCE the days of the Spectator, it has been fashionable, among critics, to laugh at those wits who display their ingenuity, not in weaving a tissue or thread of striking and brilliant thoughts, but of effecting strange and difficult combinations, contrasts, or coincidences among mere sounds. These wonders were regarded in ancient times in a very serious light, and the practice of this solemn trifling occupied the secluded hours of the studious and learned, to a degree which at present appears incredible.

I have just been amusing myself with a collection of these flowers, gleaned from an immense number, which, at different times, have sprung from monastic leisure and industry. Enigmas and acrostics abound in our own language, and overflow the pages of magazines and diaries; but what are now manufactured only by boys and girls, were deemed the choicest products of learning and diligence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. I have been astonished at the number of *enigmas*, in particular, which are to be found in antiquated folios. A riddle in the Latin language, however uncommon in the present times, was formerly a favourite and almost universal form of composition, when no language but Latin was thought worthy to be written. The following, on Sleep, is a tolerable specimen of these enigmas:

Sponte mea veniens varias ostendo figuras;
Fingo metus vanos nullo discrimine veri;
Sed me nemo videt, nisi qui sua lumina claudit.

What at present is known by the name of charade, and which some may probably think a modern invention, has been familiar to monastic wits these five hundred years. There are few words in the Latin language which have not been carefully dissected, and a riddle extracted, not only from the whole, but from each of its component parts, when these parts, separately taken, had a meaning. The fruit of this ingenious operation is dignified with the sonorous name of griphus, or logogriphus. Among numberless examples of the griphus, take the following, built upon the word *muscatum*, a nutmeg; which may be dismembered into *mus*, *musca*, *mustum*.

Si caput est, *currit*; ventrem conjunge, *volabit*;
Adde pedem, *comedes*; et sine ventre, *bibes*.

But the most fertile of all these contrivances is the *anagram*. This consists in taking the letters of a given word, and forming new words out of them, by dropping some of

them, or by changing their order. The way in which this kind of ingenuity, or rather labour, is designed to affect us, is by contrast or similitude. Thus that literary pioneer, John Alstedius (or Alsted), has given us a happy specimen of the characteristic anagram, in modelling the letters of his name into the word *Sedulitas*. This brilliant discovery gave birth to the following lines, which the *Clarissimus Alstedius* chose for his motto.

Ut possis, mea mens, doctis que deoque placere,
Sit pia sedulitas; sedula sit pietas.

Thus, also, another patient genius took the letters of the words, *Rudolphus secundus de Austria imperator*, and combining these *disjecta membra* anew, produced the following:

Ardoris vacuus, tu de splendore triumphas.

There is another species of the anagram, which consists in taking, from a given word, those of its letters which denote numbers, and in putting these numbers together, some marvellous coincidence is discovered. This species has been learnedly denominated eteostichon or *chronostichon*.

So much regard did the chronostichon formerly attain, that the restoration of Charles II, 1660, was commemorated by a medal with this inscription:

CeDant arMa oLeæ paX regna serenat et agros.

One of the grandest and most venerable efforts of this kind of ingenuity displays itself in the acrostic. Examples of this occur in the arguments of Plautus' comedies, and in many other classical productions. In more recent times volumes might be filled with the acrostics that have built upon the names *Jesus* and *Christ* only. The latter, if we believe St. Austin and Eusebius, is found, in this shape, in certain sybilline verses, whose authenticity it would be heresy to question. The following is a famous acrostic on the name of Jesus, and its complexity and ingenuity certainly lay claim to some praise:

I nter cuncta micans		I gniti sidera cœl	I
E xpellit tenebras		E toto phœbus ut orb	E
S ic cæcos removet	JE.	S US caliginis umbra	S
V ivicans que simul		V ero præcordia mot	U
S olem justitiæ		S ese probat esse beati	S

The echo is a mode of filling up a sentence significantly, by repeating the last syllable or syllables of a question or sentence. Butler, in his Hudibras, gives us an amusing example of this conceit. The following is a specimen in Latin, in which, particularly the first and last lines, there is a good deal of shrewdness:

Dic an dives ero, si carmina scripsero? *Sero.*
Ipse ait hoc? *Ait hoc.* Cur ita clamat? *Amat.*
Vere novo sponsum me fore reris? *eris.*
Quæ res difficiles sunt in amore? *More.*

The greatest subtlety, however, is displayed by those who work at the *palindromus*, which is the appellation given to a verse, the *words*, *syllables*, or *letters* of which may be read backward without a total destruction of *sense* or of *harmony*.

Thus some minute critic has discovered that the words in the following line of Virgil,

Musa mihi causas memora, quo numine læso,

may be read backward without any variation of numbers or sense, thus:

Læso numine quo memora, causas mihi musa.

Philelphus presented the follow-

ing compliment to pope Pius II, which, though apparently a benediction, will, if read backward, produce directly the reverse:

Conditio tua sit stabilis, nec tempore parvo
Vivere te faciat hîc, Deus omnipotens.

If we reverse the order of the words, the same numbers are preserved, but the meaning is reversed:

Omnipotens deus hîc faciat te vivere parvo
Tempore, nec stabilis sit tua conditio.

This art of transposition is carried to its highest point of difficulty when a verse is produced, the whole of which may be read backward, *letter by letter*, without the least alteration either of the numbers, the sense, nor even of the *words* themselves.

One of the Scaligers plumed himself exceedingly in producing the following line, which is of this kind:

Si bene te tua laus taxat, sua laute tenebis.

But this effort of genius is far exceeded by the following, which, on account of its mysterious structure and significance, has been gravely ascribed to the devil:

Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

By these various methods, it is probable, that the Latin language has been more thoroughly *wrought*, has been more completely turned, twisted, dissected, and compounded, than any language whatever. Every religion has borrowed from it its language. Every science is indebted to it for its terms. It has been made the medium of every system of laws. It has been modulated by every conceivable system of numbers. Every thing Hebrew or Greek has been made, anciently or *modernly*, to assume a Latin dress. Even the authors of late times, whose writings are originally German, Italian, English, or Spanish, have been transferred into the Latin tongue. It is the longest lived, and most extensively diffused of any human language, since it was spoken and written with equal facility and excellence on the banks of Arno and Tyber, in the age of Cæsar and Leo, ages separated by an interval of fifteen hundred years, and since it is studied, even at present, and is familiarly known to the studious, in India, Europe, and America; on the Ganges, the Danube, the Maragnon, and the Mississippi.

The Latin language is supposed to teem with every thing reasonably delightful and instructive; and so it does: but a tolerable acquaintance with *modern* Latin will inform us, that it likewise contains the most voluminous monuments of human error and folly; that the whole mass or body of it has passed through the punster's mill; has been pounded into its minutest fibres in the *griphical* mortar; and has has been sifted clean away in the *anagrammatical* sieve.

For the Literary Magazine.

MAINTENON AND SEVIGNE.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,

AUTHENTIC letters, I have often heard, are the most precious materials both of history and biography; and I am much inclined to assent to the opinion of one of my female friends, who maintains, that the truest evidence of an enlightened and cultivated mind is an intimate acquaintance with the epistolary remains of eminent persons. The other day I inquired of her what productions of that kind were most worthy of my attention. Whether she regulated her answer by the consideration of my sex I cannot tell, but, without hesitation, she recommended to me the letters of

madame Maintenon and madame de Sevigne.

I objected that these ladies were of a rank in life, and lived in a state of manners and society, very remote from my own. It would not be easy, I told her, to collect from the language or sentiments of women like these, any hints for the direction of my own conduct, or the information of my own judgment.

She was of a contrary opinion. She treated the distinctions of rank and of nation as nothing, and insisted on the transcendant merit of these ladies, in their character of letter writers, with no small eloquence.

Of madame Maintenon's letters she said, that they painted, in inimitable colours, and from the life, the writer's portrait. According to her, good sense, wisdom, and gravity, prevail throughout them. There are few pleasantries, but those few are excellent, and in their proper places. Sometimes, reflections naturally occur at the end of facts, which might be repeated as maxims. Few have ever so perfectly known the duties of different stations as madame de Maintenon. Bishops, ambassadors, generals, ministers, princes, and even nuns, are characterized, as if by accident, in her letters. When she addresses her directors, her expressions abound in candour and simplicity; and we are always surprised that not a word ever escapes, which discovers, or even raises, a suspicion of what she was. She paints originals which may be varied accidentally from what we see around us, by titles and badges, but at bottom they are specimens of human nature, such as it continually presents itself to view.

Of madame Sevigne she was still more eloquent in the praise. She maintained that no defect had ever been urged against this charming writer, but the perpetual repetition of tenderness for her daughter, amounting almost to *adoration;* which, however, she so varies and embellishes by the grace, elegance, and variety of her terms of endearment, that there must be something very misanthropic in the reader who is offended with them. It is certain, however, that she never had the least suspicion that her letters would be printed; and she was, doubtless, at liberty to write to her daughter in whatever manner she pleased. The style of these letters, though careless, is free from redundance; it is sweet and flowing, without insipidity. There are many beautiful thoughts which arise out of the subject, unsought; fragments of natural eloquence, which the greatest writers would not disavow; pleasantries of society, at which those can laugh who were not present; elegant narrations, with descriptions so exact, that we seem looking at the things described; puns, and a play of words, which bite without hurting; a fine irony, but no malice; and, throughout, we discover goodness of heart, tenderness and frankness, with a fund of good sense, wisdom, and religion.

One of the great benefits, continued my friend, which may be drawn from these delineations of private life, is the change of inclination, taste, ways of thinking and judging of individuals, observable in the course of twenty-five years, during which this correspondence lasted; the revolutions in the friendships, connections, and fortunes of those with whom we live; the unforeseen accidents and events: all constitute a true moving picture, which furnishes subjects for reflection on the prudence and precaution necessary in the choice, during early youth, not only of our friends, but of our common acquaintance.

I am pretty well acquainted with the French language, and am half resolved to undertake the perusal, or, as my friend advises, the *study* of these works; but, in spite of my deference to her judgment, I feel some little hesitation, which it will be in your power to remove, by joining in the same counsel.

I have lately read the letters of Cowper so often and so attentively, that I have them nearly by heart.

Could I find a woman who possessed the soul, the genius, and could write such letters as Cowper's, I should conceive a higher veneration for my sex than ever. Methinks Cowper ought to have been a woman; I see in him so many feminine qualities. His singularities, his timidity, reserve, nervous sensibility; these qualities, which do not exalt him as a man, would shine out as excellencies in a woman.

Can you tell me whether Maintenon and Sevigne had any degree of Cowper's spirit in their lives, or any of his genius in their letters? If they had, then will I read them most devoutly.

CLARA.

For the Literary Magazine.

SINGULARITIES.

THE English prints supply us with the following instances of character, somewhat worthy of being noted for their singularity:

Died, a short time since, the notorious *Scots Moggy*, alias *Mary Grey*, alias *Wheeler*, alias *Barnsley*. This character was universally admitted by the police officers to be the most expert pick-pocket in England. There was scarcely a fair or race between Berwick-upon-Tweed and the Land's End where she had not exercised her professional abilities. She originally came from Scotland, and married one of the notorious Wheelers, with whom she lived some years. On the arrival of another celebrated pick-pocket from Botany Bay, of the name of Barnsley, she took a great fancy to him, and left her husband. With this man she practised picking of pockets for several years, both in town and country. Although in person rather delicate, it was no unusual thing to see her on lord mayor's day, and other public occasions, in the greatest crowds, in conspiracy with the notorious gang of hustlers, who have for so many years infested the metropolis. She was generally dressed in a very genteel style. About seven years ago she was at Bath, commiting her depredations, and at one of the churches received the sacrament; at the same time, the mayoress of Bath happening to be one of the communicants, Moggy observing her to have a very valuable gold watch, contrived to rob her of it before the conclusion of the solemn ordinance. She had several children, whom she kept at a boarding-school. Notwithstanding she had been several times tried on capital charges, she was always fortunate enough to escape punishment.

Died, at Lytham, in Lancashire, a man well known by the name of old Henry. Upwards of twenty years have elapsed since his first appearance at that place, and, during an uninterrupted residence till his death, no account of his parentage, place of nativity, or occupation, could never be enticed or extorted from him. He was never known to crave charity, otherwise than by the silent mode of exposing himself to the view of such of the inhabitants as were accustomed to relieve his wants. His reason seemed to have received a shock, from some cause or other, as, at intervals, he evinced a sound state of mind, both by his conversation, and his accurate display of writing and arithmetic; and, at other times, showed evident marks of a disordered imagination. He said he was born in the year 1730, and would often gratify himself with talking about going to Beverley market. His dialect evidently seemed to have been collected from that part of Yorkshire. He called himself Henry Stephenson, and said he was a married man; but his communication always ceased, and his reflection seemed to recoil, at every question relating to the connections of his youthful days, the endearing ties of conjugal affection, or the pleasing and domestic scenes which must have attended him in early life.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON DIDACTIC POETRY AND THE GEORGICS.

IN consequence of the decision of Aristotle, many a servile critic has denied the rank and praise of poetry to didactic compositions. Many will argue, that Aristotle was as much in the right as Plutarch, and that Castelvetro was wrong. The stagirite pretended not to lay down rules *a priori*, but, from the best examples before him, formed a code of laws to guide the taste of his own and future ages. His judgment on the ode was formed from the sublime numbers of Pindar, and his notions of the epic from the nervous harmony of Homer; but, in the times of Aristotle, there was no didactic poet who vied with these great founders of lyric and heroic composition. Hesiod was a mere chronologist, and Theocritus, with much suavity of style, was too defective in spirit and energy for one inspired by the muses. The poem of Empedocles, "On the Nature of Things, and the Four Elements," is totally lost, but appears to be the only one that could plead in favour of didactic subjects, when Aristotle wrote. The candid and polite Lucretius has applauded Empedocles for this philosophic effusion, and his praise will endure as long as literature lives in any country; and the Grecian critic himself has condescended to denominate him "Homeric, energetic, metaphoric." But, nevertheless, he appears not to have possessed qualifications that entitled him to the name of poet in the judgment of Aristotle; and, after this attempt of Empedocles, he deemed it impossible for didactic subjects of any kind to be proper themes for the muse, and therefore excluded all such disquisitions from the list of poems.

But what Greece could not effect Rome amply accomplished. The sweet, sublime, and pathetic numbers of Lucretius and Virgil, both labourers in the didactic field, prove that Aristotle was in an error, and leave no room to doubt, that, if he had written after these immortal bards, he would have as readily admitted the notion of didactic as of lyric or heroic poetry. The laws of Aristotle, therefore, being drawn from the patterns before him, and which extended no further than these patterns would justify, were perfect when written, but have been defective for many ages since. We are to revere him for having done all that was possible at the time in which he wrote: but critics of succeeding ages cannot profit by this plea, who, with the force of demonstration before them, still continue blind to its radiance, and slavishly fettered by the obsolete opinions of their master.

Every poet is a Midas; and though, unluckily, he cannot convert every thing he touches into gold, he can change it into poetry. A dry catalogue of ships was a pregnant theme in the hands of Homer; the symptoms of the plague in those of Lucretius; and a list of husbandmen's tools beneath the plastic power of Virgil. Nor is this magic metamorphosis unknown to modern times: Fracastorius has shown it in his poem on syphilis; Dyer in his description of wool-combing and weaving; and Armstrong in the symptoms of the sweating sickness; while Polignac has put into very good verse the tenets of Descartes on natural philosophy, and those of St. Augustin on free-will; and, as minor effusions, we might mention a poem in the Musæ Anglicanæ, on the circulation of the blood, and another on Dr. Hale's vegetable statics, which, indeed, are the best in the collection.

The Georgics, if they be not "the first poem of the first Roman poet," are at least the master-piece of Virgil himself. They possess his highest finish and his boldest originalities: he wrote them in the most perfect leisure and convenient privacy, and in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at its height, and his imagination had not declined. They

occupied his sole attention for nearly five years, and were shown, as he proceeded, and probably subjected to the strictures of Horace and Mæcenas. He was the first Roman poet who had written on the subject of rural life. Indeed the poem may be deemed an original production; for though Nicander, a physician of Ionia, had long before compiled one upon the same subject, with the same title, this production was never in any high degree of repute, and Quintilian, in his catalogue of Grecian poets, scarcely condescends to mention the writer. The Georgics of Nicander have, however, been lost for ages; but we may be sure that, if they had any beauties worth transcribing, they are still to be found in the Latin bard, who never scrupled to copy from his predecessors every line which he thought would enrich his own workmanship.

For the Literary Magazine.

SEA CURRENTS EXPLAINED.

THERE have been many theories adopted, for explaining the currents which are found in the ocean, moving not only without the impulse of wind, but sometimes in opposition to it. The following is the most recent of these theories, and probably the truest of them:

As the condensation of salt water with cold continues long after it has been cooled to the temperature at which fresh water freezes, those particles at the surface which are cooled by immediate contact with cold winds descend, and take their places at the bottom of the sea, where they remain, till, by regaining heat, their specific gravity is again diminished. But this heat they never can regain in the polar regions because there is no principle of heat in the interior of the globe, which, by exhaling through the bottom of the ocean could communicate heat to the water which rests upon it.

The temperature of the earth at great depths under the surface is different in different latitudes, and this is also true with respect to the temperature at the bottom of the sea, so far as it is not influenced by the currents which flow over it; and this proves that the heat which exists, without any sensible change during summer and winter, at great depths, is owing to the action of the sun, and not to central fires, as some conclude.

The water of the ocean, which, on being deprived of a great part of its heat by cold winds, descends to the bottom of the sea, cannot be warmed where it descends, as its specific gravity is greater than that of water at the same depth in warmer latitudes, hence it will begin to spread on the bottom of the sea, and to flow towards the equator, and this must produce a current at the surface in an opposite direction; and there are proofs of the existence of both these currents.

What has been called the gulf stream, in the Atlantic Ocean, is that which moves from the equator towards the north pole, modified by the trade winds, and by the form of the continent of North America; and the progress of the lower current may be inferred from the cold which exists in the sea at great depths in warm latitudes; a degree of temperature much below the mean annual temperature of the earth in the latitudes where it has been found, and which of course must have been brought from colder latitudes.

The mean annual temperature in the latitude of 67 degrees has been determined to be 39 degrees; but lord Mulgrave found, on the 20th of June, when the temperature of the air was 48½ degrees, that the temperature of the sea at the depth of 4680 feet was six degrees below freezing, or 26 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

On the 31st of August, in the latitude of 69 degrees, where the annual temperature is 38 degrees, the temperature of the sea at the depth

of 4038 feet was 32 degrees; the temperature of the atmosphere (and probably that of the water at the surface of the sea) being at the same time at 59½ degrees.

This is likewise attested by the difference subsisting between the temperature of the sea at the surface and at great depth, at the tropic, though the temperature of the atmosphere there is so constant, that the greatest annual changes seldom exceed five or six degrees; yet the difference between the heat of the water at the surface of the sea, and that of the depth of 3600 feet is not less than 31 degrees; the temperature at the surface being 84 degrees, and at the given depth below no more than 53 degrees.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE IRON MASK.

THERE are few readers who have not heard of the man in the iron mask, and who have not felt their curiosity deeply interested in the solution of that famous mystery. The best account of this extraordinary personage has been published by Soulavie, in his memoirs of Richelieu. The solution he gives is worthy, in its importance and dignity, of the mystery to which it relates.

According to this historian, the following authentic paper was written by the governor of this prisoner, a short time before his death:

The unfortunate prince whom I have brought up, and taken care of till the close of my life, was born September 5th, 1638, at half past eight. His brother, the present sovereign, Louis XIV, was born in the morning of the same day, about twelve o'clock. But the births of these princes presented a striking contrast, for the eldest's was as splendid and brilliant as the youngest's was melancholy and private.

The king, soon after the queen was safely delivered of the first prince, was informed, by the midwife, that her majesty was still in labour. This intelligence alarmed him greatly, and he ordered the chancellor of France, the first almoner, the queen's confessor, and myself to remain in her apartment till she was delivered, as he wished us to be witnesses of the steps which he meant to take, if she gave birth to another dauphin; for it had been foretold, by some shepherds, that the queen was pregnant with two sons; they also reported that they had obtained the knowledge by divine inspiration. This report was soon circulated through Paris, and the people, alarmed by it, loudly asserted that, if this prediction was verified, it would cause the total ruin of the state. The archbishop of Paris was soon informed of these transactions, and, after conversing with the shepherds, ordered them to be closely confined in the prison of Lazarus; for the serious effect their prophecy had produced in the minds of the people had given the king some uneasiness, because it made him reflect on the disturbances he had to fear in this kingdom. He informed the cardinal of this prediction, who, in his answer, said that the birth of two dauphins was not impossible, and that, if the peasant's prophecy should be realized, the last born must be concealed with the greatest care, as he might, when he grew up, conceive that he had a right to the crown, and cause another *league* in the kingdom.

During the queen's second labour, which lasted several hours, the king was tormented by his apprehensions, for he felt a strong presentiment that he should soon be the father of two dauphins. He desired the bishop of Meaux not to leave the queen till she was delivered, and afterward, turning to us all, said, sufficiently loud to be heard by the queen, that, if another dauphin should be born, and any of us should divulge the secret, our heads should answer for it: for, added he, his birth must be a secret of state, to

prevent the misfortunes which would follow the disclosure, as the salic law has been silent concerning the inheritance of a kingdom on the birth of male twins.

The event which had been foretold soon after arrived, for the queen, while the king was at supper, gave birth to a second son, much smaller and handsomer than the first; and the poor infant, by his incessant cries, seemed to lament his entrance into a world where so much misery was in store for him. The chancellor then drew up a certificate of this extraordinary event, but the king not approving it, it was burnt in our presence, and it was not till after he had written a great many that his majesty was satisfied. The first almoner endeavoured to persuade the king that he ought not to conceal the birth of a prince; to which his majesty replied, that reasons of state absolutely required the most inviolable secrecy.

The king soon after dictated the oath of secrecy, which he desired us all to sign. When this important business was concluded, he sealed the oath to the certificate, and took possession of it. The royal infant was then given to the midwife; but, to deter her from revealing the secret of its birth, she was menaced with death if ever she gave the least hint of it; we were all, likewise, strictly charged not even to converse with each other on the subject.

His majesty dreaded nothing so much as a civil war, and he thought that the dissentions which would certainly occur between the two brothers, if they were brought up as such, would certainly occasion one; the cardinal, also, when he was invested with the superintendancy of the prince's education, did every thing in his power to keep this apprehension alive.

The king ordered us to examine carefully the poor child's body, to see if he had any marks by which he might hereafter be known, if his brother should die; for he always purposed, in that case, to put the infant in possession of his rights.

During the infancy of the young prince, M. Peronnette, the midwife, treated him as if he were her own son, but, from her great care and manner of living, every one suspected that he was the illegitimate son of some rich nobleman.

As soon as the prince's infancy was over, cardinal Mazarin, on whom his education had devolved, consigned him to my care, with orders to educate him in a manner suitable to the dignity of his birth, but in private. M. Peronnette continued to attend him in my house in Burgundy till her death, and they were warmly attached to each other.

I had frequent conversations with the queen during the subsequent disturbances in this kingdom; and her majesty has often said to me, that if the prince's birth should be discovered during the life of the young king, his brother, the male-contents, would, she feared, take advantage of it to raise a revolt among the people; for, she added, that it was the opinion of many able physicians, that the last born of twins was the first conceived, and of course the eldest. This fear did not, however, prevent the queen from preserving, with the greatest care, the written testimonies of the prince's birth; for she intended, if any accident had befallen his brother, to have recognised him, though she had another son.

The young prince received as good an education as I could have wished to have received myself, and a better one than was bestowed on the acknowledged princes.

When he was about nineteen, his desire to know who he was increased to a great degree, and he tormented me with continual solicitations to make him acquainted with the author of his existence; the more earnest he was, the more resolute were my refusals; and when he saw that his entreaties did not avail, he endeavoured to persuade me that he thought he was my son.

Often, when he called me by the tender name of father, did I tell him that he deceived himself; but, at length, seeing that he persevered in this opinion, I ceased to contradict him, and gave him reason to believe that he was really my son. He appeared to credit this, with a view, no doubt, of forcing me, by this means, to reveal the truth to him; as I afterwards learned that he was at that very time doing all in his power to discover who he was.

Two years elapsed in this manner, when an imprudent action, for which I shall ever reproach myself, revealed to him the important secret of his birth. He knew that I had received, at that time, many expresses from the king; and this circumstance, probably, raised some doubts in his mind, which he sought to clear up by opening my scrutoire, in which I had imprudently left many letters from the queen and the cardinal. He read them, and their contents, aided by his natural penetration, discovered the whole secret to him.

I observed, about this time, that his manners were quite changed, for, instead of treating me with that affection and respect which I was accustomed to receive from him, he became surly and reserved. This alteration at first surprised me, but I too soon learnt the cause.

My suspicion was first roused by his asking me, with great earnestness, to procure him the portraits of the late and present king. I told him, in answer, that there was no good resemblances of either, and that I would wait till some eminent painter should execute their pictures.

This reply, which he appeared extremely dissatisfied with, was followed by a request to go to Dijon. The extreme disappointment he expressed on being refused alarmed me, and from that moment I watched his motions more closely. I afterward learnt that his motive for wishing to visit Dijon was to see the king's picture; he had an intention also of going from thence to the court, that was then kept at St. Jean-de-Las, to see and compare himself with his brother.

The young prince was then extremely beautiful, and he inspired such an affection in the breast of a young chambermaid, that, in defiance of the strict orders which all the domestics had received, not to give the prince any thing he required without my permission, she procured him the king's portrait.

As soon as the unhappy prince glanced his eye on it, he was forcibly struck by its resemblance to himself; and well he might, for one portrait would have served for them both. This sight confirmed all his doubts, and made him furious. He instantly flew to me, exclaiming, in the most violent passion, "This is the king! and I am his brother! here is an undeniable proof of it." He then showed me a letter from cardinal Mazarin that he had stolen out of my scrutoire, in which his birth was mentioned.

I now feared that he would contrive means to escape to the court during the celebration of his brother's nuptials; and to prevent this meeting, which I greatly dreaded, I soon after sent a messenger to the king, to inform him of the prince's having broken open my scrutoire, by which means he had discovered the secret of his birth. I also informed him of the effect this discovery had produced in his mind. On the receipt of this letter his majesty instantly ordered us both to be imprisoned. The cardinal was charged with this order; and, at the same time, acquainted the prince that his improper conduct was the cause of our common misfortune.

I have continued from that time till this moment a fellow-prisoner with the prince; and now, feeling that the awful sentence to depart this life has been pronounced by my heavenly judge, I can no longer refuse to calm both my own mind and my pupil's, by a candid declaration of this important fact, which may enable him to extricate himself from his present ignominious state if the

king should die without issue.—Ought I to be obliged, by a forced oath, to keep a secret inviolably, with which posterity ought to be acquainted?

For the Literary Magazine.

LESSONS TO BAD HORSEMEN.

THE following instructions are worthy of general attention, on many accounts. In the first place, there is scarcely a man or woman, in any class of society, who does not, in some degree, stand in need of them, and to whom they may not be highly serviceable: in the second place, they are eminently conducive to the ease and safety of the reader: and, thirdly, they are calculated to preserve that noble and deserving animal, the horse, from a great deal of unnecessary suffering. These lessons are divested of all technical refinement and obscurity, and can be throughly understood by almost every reader.

Every horse should stand still when he is mounted. This will be readily granted; yet we see how much the contrary is practised. When a gentleman mounts at a livery-stable, the groom takes the horse by the bit, which he bends tight round his under jaw: the horse striving to go on, is forced back; advancing again, he frets, as he is again stopped short, and hurt by the manner of holding him. The rider, meantime, mounting without the bridle, or at least holding it but slightly, is helped to it by the groom, who being thoroughly employed by the horse's fluttering, has at the same time both bridle and stirrup to give. This confusion would be prevented, if every horse was taught to stand still when mounted. Forbid your groom, therefore, when he rides your horse to water, to throw himself over him from a horse-block, and kick him with his leg, even before he is fairly upon him. This wrong manner of mounting is what chiefly teaches your horse the vicious habit against which we are here warning. On the other hand, a constant practice of mounting in the proper manner, is all that is necessary to prevent a horse's going on till the rider is quite adjusted in the saddle.

The next thing is, that the rider mount properly. The common method is to stand near the croup or hinder part of the horse, with the bridle held very long in the right hand. By this manner of holding the bridle before you mount, you are liable to be kicked; and when you are mounted, your horse may go on some time, or play what gambols he pleases, before the rein is short enough in your hand to prevent him. It is common likewise for an awkward rider, as soon as his foot is in the stirrup, to throw himself with all his force to gain his seat: which he cannot do, till he has first overbalanced himself on one side or the other: he will then wriggle into it by degrees. The way to mount with ease and safety is, to stand rather before than behind the stirrup. In this posture take the bridle short, and the mane together in your left hand, helping yourself to the stirrup with your right, so that your toe may not touch the horse in mounting. When your left foot is in the stirrup, move on your right till you face the side of the horse looking across over the saddle. Then with your right hand grasp the hinder part of the saddle; and with that and your left, which holds the mane and bridle, lift yourself upright on your left foot. Remain thus a mere instant on your stirrup, so as to divide the action into two motions. While in this posture, you have a sure hold with both hands, and are at liberty either to get safely down, or to throw your leg over and gain your seat. By this deliberate motion likewise, you avoid, what every good horseman would endeavour to avoid, putting your horse into a flutter.

When you dismount, hold the bridle and mane together in your

left hand, as when you mounted; put your right hand on the pommel of the saddle, to raise yourself; throw your leg back over the horse, grasp the hinder part of the saddle with your right hand, remain a moment on your stirrup, and in every respect dismount as you mounted; only what was your first motion then becomes the last now. Remember not to bend your right knee in dismounting, lest your spur should rub against the horse.

Hold your bridle at a convenient length. Sit square, and let not the purchase of the bridle pull forward your shoulder; but keep your body even, as if each hand held a rein. Hold your reins with the whole grasp, dividing them with your little finger. Let your hand be perpendicular; your thumb will then be uppermost, and placed on the bridle. Bend your wrist a little outward; and when you pull the bridle, raise your hand toward your breast, and the lower part of the palm rather more than the upper. Let the bridle be at such length in your hand, as, if the horse should stumble, you may be able to raise his head, and support it by the strength of your arms, and the weight of your body thrown backward. If you hold the rein too long, you are subject to fall backward as your horse rises.

If, knowing your horse, you think a tight rein unnecessary, advance your arm a little, but not your shoulder, toward the horse's head, and keep your usual length of rein. By this means, you have a check upon your horse, while you indulge him.

If you ride with a curb, make it a rule to hook on the chain yourself; the most quiet horse may bring his rider into danger, should the curb hurt him. If, in fixing the curb, you turn the chain to the right, the links will unfold themselves, and then oppose a farther turning. Put on the chain loose enough to hang down on the horse's under lip, so that it may not rise and press his jaw, till the reins of the bridle are moderately pulled.

If your horse is used to stand still when mounted, there will be no occasion for one to hold him: but if he does, suffer him not to touch the reins, but that part of the bridle which comes down the cheek of the horse. He cannot then interfere with the management of the reins, which belongs to the rider only; and holding a horse by the curb (which is ever painful to him) is evidently improper when he is to stand still.

Do not ride with your arms and elbows as high as your shoulders; nor let them shake up and down with the motion of the horse. The posture is unbecoming, and the weight of the arms and of the body too, if the rider does not sit still, acts in continual jerks on the jaw of the horse, which must give him pain, and make him unquiet, if he has a tender mouth or any spirit.

Bad riders wonder why horses are gentle as soon as they are mounted by skilful ones, though their skill seems unemployed: the reason is, the horse goes at his ease, yet finds all his motions watched; which he has sagacity enough to discover. Such a rider hides his whip, if he finds his horse is afraid of it, and keeps his legs from his sides, if he finds he dreads the spur.

Never let your legs shake against the sides of the horse; and neither keep your arms and elbows high, and in motion, nor rivet them to your sides, but let them fall easy. One may, at a distance, distinguish a genteel horseman from an awkward one: the first sits still, and appears of a piece with his horse; the latter seems flying off at all points.

To have a *good seat* is to sit on that part of the horse, which, as he springs, is the centre of motion; and from which, of course, any weight would be with most difficulty shaken. As in the rising and falling of a board placed in *æquilibrio*, the centre will be always most at

rest; the true seat is in that part of your saddle, into which your body would naturally slide, if you rode without stirrups; and is only to be preserved by a proper poise of the body, though most riders imagine it done by the grasp of the thighs and knees. The rider should consider himself as united to his horse in this point, and when shaken from it, endeavour to restore the balance.

The two extremes of a bad seat are when the rider sits very far back on the saddle, so that his weight presses the loins of the horse, or when his body hangs forward over the pommel of the saddle. The first is practised by grooms, when they ride with their stirrups affectedly short; the latter, by fearful horsemen on the least flutter of the horse.

To have a good seat yourself, your saddle must sit well. Have your saddle press as nearly as possible on that part which we have described as the point of union between the man and horse; however, so as not to obstruct the motion of the horse's shoulders. Place yourself in the middle or lowest part of it; sit erect, but with as little constraint as in your ordinary sitting. The ease of action marks the gentleman: you may repose yourself, but not lounge.

If your horse stop short, or endeavour, by rising and kicking, to unseat you, bend not your body forward, as many do: that motion throws the breech forward, and you off your fork or twist, and out of your seat; whereas by advancing the lower part of your body, and bending back the upper part and shoulders, you keep your seat, and recover it when lost. The bending your body back, and that in a great degree, is the greatest security in *flying* leaps; it is a security, too, when your horse leaps *standing*. The horse's rising does not try the rider's seat; the lash of his hind legs is what ought chiefly to be guarded against, and is best done by the body's being greatly inclined back. Stiffen not your legs or thighs; and let your body be pliable in the loins, like the coachman's on his box. This loose manner of sitting will elude every rough motion of the horse; whereas the fixture of the knees will, in great shocks, augment the violence of the fall.

Was the cricket-player, when the ball is struck with the greatest velocity, to hold his hand firm and fixed when he receives it, the hand would be bruised, or perhaps the bones fractured by the resistance. To obviate this accident, he therefore gradually yields his hands to the motion of the ball for a certain distance; and thus by a due mixture of opposition and obedience, catches it without sustaining the least injury. The case is the same in riding: the skilful horseman will recover his poise by giving some way to the motion; and the ignorant horseman will be flung out of his seat by endeavouring to be fixed.

Stretch not out your legs before you; this will push you against the back of the saddle: neither gather up your knees, like a man riding on a pack; this throws your thighs upwards: each practice unseats you. Keep your legs straight down; and sit not on the most fleshy part of the thighs, but turn them inward, so as to bring in your knees and toes; and it is more safe to ride with the ball of the foot pressing on the stirrup, than with the stirrup as far back as the heel; for the pressure of the heel being in that case behind the stirrup, keeps the thighs down.

When you find your thighs thrown upward, widen your knees to get them and the upper part of your fork lower down on the horse. Grasp the saddle with the hollow or inner part of your thighs, but not more than just to assist the balance of your body: this will also enable you to keep your spurs from the horse's sides, and to bring your toes in. Sink your heels straight down; for while your heels and thighs keep down, you cannot fall: this,

aided with the bend of the back, gives the security of a seat, to those who bear themselves up in their stirrups in a swift gallop, or in the alternate rising and falling in a full trot.

Let your seat determine the length of your stirrups, rather than the stirrups your seat. If more precision is requisite, let your stirrups (in the hunting saddle) be of such a length, as that, when you stand in them, there may be the breadth of four fingers between your seat and the saddle.

Because a saddle with a high pommel is thought dangerous, the other extreme prevails, and the pommel is scarce allowed to be higher than the middle of the saddle. The saddle should lie as near the back-bone as can be, without hurting the horse; for the nearer you sit to his back, the better seat you have. If it does so, it is plain the pommel must rise enough to secure the withers from pressure: therefore, a horse whose withers are higher than common, requires a higher pommel. If, to avoid this, you make the saddle of a more straight line, inconvenience follows; you sit too much above the horse's back, nor can the saddle form a proper seat. There should be no ridge from the button at the side of the pommel, to the back part of the saddle. That line also should be a little concave, for your thighs to lie at ease. In short, a saddle ought to be, as nearly as possible, as if cut out of the horse.

When you want your horse to move forward, raise his head a little, and touch him gently with your whip; or else, press the calves of your legs against his sides. If he does not move fast enough, press them with more force, and so till the spur just touches him. By this practice he will, if he has any spirit, move upon the least pressure of the leg. Never spur by a kick; but, if necessary to spur briskly, keep your heels close to his sides, and slacken their force as he becomes obedient.

When your horse attempts to be vicious, take each rein separate, in each hand, and advancing your arms forward, hold him very short. In this case, it is common for the rider to pull him hard, with his arms low. But the horse by this means having his head low too, has it more in his power to throw out his heels; whereas, if his head be raised very high, and his nose thrown out a little, which is consequent, he can neither rise before nor behind; because he can give himself neither of those motions, without having his head at liberty. A plank placed in *æquilibrio* cannot rise at one end unless it sinks at the other.

If your horse is headstrong, pull not with one continued pull, but stop, and back him often, just shaking the reins, and making little repeated pulls till he obeys. Horses are so accustomed to bear on the bit when they go forward, that they are discouraged if the rider will not let them do so.

If a horse is loose-necked, he will throw up his head at a continued pull; in which situation, the rider, seeing the front of his face, can have no power over him. When he does thus, drop your hand and give the bridle play, and he will of course drop his head again into its proper place: while it is coming down, make a second gentle pull, and you will find his mouth. With a little practice, this is done almost instantaneously; and this method will stop, in the distance of a few yards, a horse, which will run away with those who pull at him with all their might. When a horse feels himself pulled with the bridle, even when going gently, he often mistakes what was designed to stop him as a direction to bear on the bit, and to go faster.

Keep your horse's head high, that he may raise his neck and crest; play a little with the rein, and move the bit in his mouth, that he may not press on it in one constant and continued manner: be not afraid of raising his head too high; he will naturally be too ready to bring it

down, and tire your arms with its weight, on the least abatement of his mettle. When you feel him heavy, stop him, and make him go back a few paces: thus you break by degrees his propensity to press on his bridle.

Let your horse carry his head bridling in, provided he carries it high, and his neck arching upwards; but if his neck bends downward, his figure is bad, his sight is too near his toes, he leans on the bridle, and you have no command over him. If he goes pressing but lightly on the bridle, he is the more sure-footed, and goes pleasanter; as your wrist only may guide him. If he hang down his head, and make you support the weight of that and his neck with your arms, bearing on his fore-legs, he will strike his toes against the ground, and stumble.

If your horse is heavy upon the bit, tie him every day, for an hour or two, with his tail to the manger, and his head as high as you can make him lift it, by a rein on each post of the stall, to each ring of the snaffle bit.

For the Literary Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LOUVRE AND THE GALLERY OF ANTIQUES, AT PARIS.

By a Traveller.

I CANNOT trace the origin of this palace, or even of its name. It certainly existed with this title in the reign of Philip Augustus, who surrounded it with ditches and towers, and made it a fortress. The great tower of the Louvre, celebrated in history, was insulated, and built in the middle of the court. All the great feudatories of the crown derived their tenure from this tower, and came hither to swear allegiance and pay homage. It was a prison previously prepared for them, if they violated their oaths. Three counts of Flanders were confined in it at different periods.

The Louvre, far from being cheerful in its plan, received also, from this enormous tower, a melancholy and terrifying aspect, which rendered it unworthy of being a royal residence. Charles V endeavoured to enliven and embellish this gloomy abode, and made it tolerably commodious for those times. Several foreign princes successively lodged in it: Manuel, emperor of Constantinople, Sigismund, emperor of Germany, and the emperor Charles V.

This large tower of the Louvre, which had, at different periods, served as a palace to the kings of France, as a prison to the great lords, and as a treasury to the state, was at length taken down, in 1528.

The Tower of the Library was famous, among several others, because it contained that of Charles V, the most considerable one of the time, and in which the number of volumes amounted to nine hundred.

The part of the palace which, at present, is called the Old Louvre, was begun under Francis I, from the plan of Pierre Lescot, abbot of Clugny, and the sculpture was executed by Jean Gougeon, whose minute correctness is particularly remarkable in the festoons of the frieze of the second order, and in the devices emblematic of the amours of Henry II. This edifice, though finished, was not inhabited during the reign of that king, but it was by his son Charles IX.

Under him, the Louvre became the bloody theatre of treacheries and massacres, which time will never efface from the memory of mankind, and which, till the merciless reign of Roberspierre, were unexampled in the history of this country. I mean the horrors of St. Bartholemew's day.

But the fancy turns in horror from these scenes, and passes rapidly from this period of fanaticism and cruelty, when the Louvre was stained by so many crimes, to times

more happy, when this palace became the quiet cradle of the arts and sciences, the school for talents, and the asylum of artists and literati.

The centre pavilion over the principal gate of the Old Louvre was erected by Louis XIII, from the designs of Le Mercier, as well as the angle of the left part of the building, parallel to that built by Henry II. The eight gigantic cariatides seen there were by Sarrasin.

The front towards the Garden de l'Infante, that towards the Louvre square, and that over the little gate, towards the river, constructed by Charles IX and Henry III, amidst the civil wars of the league, partake of the taste of the time, as to the multiplicity of ornaments, but the interior announces the taste of Louis XIV.

That part which, with the two sides of the old building, completes the square, three hundred and seventy-eight feet in extent, called the New Louvre, consists of two fronts, still unfinished. Le Veau, and after him D'Orbay, were the architects by whom this addition was made, under Louis XIV.

That king at first resolved to continue the Louvre on the plan begun by Francis I; but having conceived a more magnificent design, he ordered the foundation of the present edifice to be laid, in 1665, under the administration of Colbert.

Through a natural prejudice, Louis XIV thought that he could find nowhere but in Italy an artist to execute his projects of magnificence. He sent for Bernini from Rome. This artist was received in France with all the pomp due to princes. The king ordered that, in the towns through which he might pass, he should be complimented, and receive presents from the corporations and magistrates.

Bernini was loaded with wealth and honours: yet, notwithstanding his talents, he did not succeed in his enterprize. After having forwarded the foundation, he urged the impossibility of spending the winter in a climate colder than his own. He was promised three thousand louis a year if he would stay, but he said he would positively go and die in his *own* country. On his departure, the king sent him three thousand louis, with the grant of a pension of five hundred. He received the whole with great coolness.

Several celebrated architects now entered the lists to complete this grand undertaking. Mansard presented his plans, with which Colbert was extremely pleased: the king also approved of them, and insisted on their being literally executed. Mansard replied, that he would rather renounce the glory of building this edifice than the liberty of correcting himself, and changing his design, when he thought he could improve it. Among the competitors was Claude Perrault, that physician so defamed by Boileau, the poet. His plans were preferred, and merited the preference. Many pleasantries were circulated at the expence of the new medical architect, and Perrault replied to those sarcasms, by producing the colonnade, the master-piece of French architecture, and the admiration of all Europe.

This colonnade, of the Corinthian order, is five hundred and twenty-five feet in length: it is divided into two peristyles and three pavillions. The principal gate is in the centre, which is decorated with eight double columns, crowned by a pediment, whose raking cornices are composed of two stones only, each fifty-four feet in length by eight in breadth, though no more than eighteen inches thick. They were taken from the quarries of Meudon, and formed but one block, which was sawed into two. The other pavillions are ornamented by six pilasters, and two columns of the same order, and disposed in the same manner. On the top is a terrace, bordered by a stone balustrade, the pedestals of which are intended to bear trophies intermixed with vases.

Perrault's enemies maintained

that this plan belonged to Le Veau, the architect; but, since the discovery of the original manuscript and drawings of Perrault, there no longer remains a doubt respecting its real author.

Before this magnificent colonnade, a multitude of salesmen erect their stalls, and there display quantities of old clothes, rags, and other trumpery. This contrast still speaks to the eye of the attentive observer. It is the image of all the rest, grandeur and beggary, side by side.

Like St. Paul's in London, the prospect of the Louvre is interrupted and obscured by surrounding buildings; and, like many other great works, will probably never be completed.

Louis XIV, after residing here many years, abandoned it for Versailles, and it has since been devoted to different academies, and the residence of men of science and artists, such as the French Academy, the Academy of Sciences, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and the Academy of Architecture. All these are now replaced by the National Institute of Arts and Sciences.

There formerly existed, in the Louvre, a hall, called the Salle des Antiques, where, besides some original statues by French artists, were assembled models in plaster of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture in Italy, with a small number of antiques. In another apartment of those assigned to the Academy of Painting, and called the Galérie d'Apollon, were seen several pictures, chiefly of the French school; and it was intended that the Great Gallery should be formed into a museum, containing the finest pictures and statues at the disposal of the crown.

This plan, partly carried into execution under the kings, is now completed in a manner infinitely more magnificent than was possible without conquest. The Great Gallery and the Saloon of the Louvre are confined to pictures of the old masters of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools; and the Gallery of Apollo to that of their drawings; while several lofty rooms have been fitted up for the reception of antiques, in lieu of those copies of them before-mentioned. In other rooms adjoining the Great Gallery are exhibited, as formerly, one month in the year, the productions of living painters, sculptors, architects, and draughtsmen.

These different exhibitions are placed under the superintendance of a board composed of antiquaries, artists, and men of science, inferior to none in Europe in skill, judgment, taste, or erudition. The whole of this grand establishment bears the general title of Central Museum of the Arts.

The treasures of painting and sculpture which the French nation have acquired by their arms, or by treaties, are so immense as to enable them, not only to render this Central Museum the grandest collection in the world, but also to establish fifteen departmental museums in the principal towns of France. This measure, intended to favour the progress of the arts, will ease Paris of a great number of the pictures and statues gleaned from different parts of France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Piedmont, Savoy, and Venice.

If you suppose yourself near the exterior south-west angle of the Louvre, or, as it is more commonly styled, the National Palace of Arts and Sciences, you will be in the right hand corner of the Place du Louvre, where is the present entrance to the Central Museum of the Arts. Here, after passing a court, you enter a vestibule, on the left of which is the Hall of the Administration of the Museum. On the ground-floor, facing the door of this vestibule, is the entrance to the Gallery of Antiques.

In this gallery, which was, for the first time, opened to the public on the 9th of November, 1800, are now distributed one hundred and forty-six statues, busts, and bas-re-

liefs. It consists of several spacious rooms, bearing suitable names. Six only are, at present, completed, but many others are in a state of preparation.

The greater part of these statues are the fruit of the conquest of Italy. Conformably to the treaty of Tolentino, they were selected at Rome, from the Capitol and the Vatican, by Barthelemy, Bertholet, Moitte, Monge, Thouin, and Tinet, who were appointed commissioners for this purpose.

In the vestibule, for fifteen cents, is sold a perspicuous and satisfactory explanation of the different objects that strike the eye as it traverses the Gallery of Antiques. I shall describe the most remarkable only of these:

On entering the gallery you might, perhaps, be tempted to stop in the first hall; but we shall visit them all in order, and proceed to that which is now the furthest on the left hand. The ceiling of this apartment, painted by Romanelli, represents the four seasons; whence it is called the Hall of the Seasons.

Among other antiques here, are the statues of the rustic divinities, and those relating to the seasons. Of the whole I shall distinguish the following:

210. Diana, habited as a huntress, in a short tunic without sleeves, is holding her bow in one hand, while, with the other, she is drawing an arrow from a quiver at her shoulder. Her legs are bare, and her feet are adorned with rich sandals. The goddess, with a look of indignation, is defending the hind from Hercules, who, in obedience to the oracle, is pursuing it, in order to carry it alive to Eurystheus; a task imposed on him by the latter as one of his twelve labours.

This statue might serve as a companion to the Apollo of Belvedere, and is reckoned the finest representation of Diana in existence. It is of Parian marble, and has been in France ever since the reign of Henry IV. It was the most perfect of those formerly at Versailles. The parts wanting have been recently restored, with admirable skill.

214. In a bust, the city of Rome is personified as an Amazon. The helmet represents the she-wolf suckling the children of Mars.

This antique, of Parian marble, is of a perfect Greek style, and in admirable preservation. It formerly belonged to the gallery of Richelieu Castle.

51. This bronze represents a young man seated, who seems extracting a thorn from his left foot.

It is a production of the flourishing period of the art, but anterior to the reign of Alexander the great. It partakes a little of the meagre style of the old Greek school. It was taken from the Capitol, where it was seen in the Palazzo dei Conservatori.

50. This young faun, with a deer's skin thrown over his shoulders, stands with his legs crossed, and leans on the trunk of a tree, as if resting.

The grace that reigns throughout this figure, as well as the immense number of copies still existing of it, all antiques, make it be supposed a copy of the Faun or Satyr in bronze, of Praxiteles. That statue was so celebrated, that the epithet *famous* was always annexed to it throughout Greece.

It is of Pentelic marble found in 1701, near Civita Lavinia, and placed in the Capitol by Benedict XIV.

59. Ariadne, asleep on a rock, abandoned by Theseus, at the moment when Bacchus became enamoured of her. The serpent on the upper part of the left arm is a bracelet.

For three centuries, this statue of Parian marble was one of the principal ornaments of the Belvedere, where it was placed by Julius II.

190. This head of Augustus, adorned with the civic crown of oak leaves, is one of the fine portraits of that emperor. It is in Pa-

rian marble, and comes from Verona, where it was admired in the Bevilacqua cabinet.

On quitting the Hall of the Seasons, we return to that through which we first passed to reach it. This room, from possessing the statues of Zeno, Trajan, Demosthenes, and Phocion, is called the Hall of Illustrious Men. It has eight antique granite columns, brought from Aix-la-Chapelle, where they stood in the nave of the church, which contained the tomb of Charlemagne.

Among the antiques placed in it, I shall particularize the following, as most worthy of notice:

75. This represents Menander, sitting on a semicircular seat. He is clad in the Grecian tunic and pallium.

76. This represents Posidippus, one of the best authors of the new comedy, whose dress is nearly that of Menander. Like him, he is represented sitting on a hemi-cycle.

These two statues, which are companions, are admirable for simplicity. They are of Pentelic marble, and were found, in the sixteenth century, at Rome, in the gardens of the convent of San Lorenzo, on Mount Viminal. After making part of the baths of Olympius, they were placed, by Sixtus V, at Negroni, whence they were removed to the Vatican, by Pius VI.

After leaving the Hall of Illustrious Men, we next come to the Hall of the Romans. The ceiling is ornamented with subjects taken from Roman history, by Romanelli; and in it are chiefly assembled such works of sculpture as have a relation to that people.

Among several busts and statues, representing Adrian, Publius Cornelius Scipio, Marcus Junius Brutus, Lucius Junius Brutus, Cicero, &c., I shall point out

209. The Torso of Belvedere.—This admirable remnant of a figure seated, though the head, arms, and legs are wanting, represents the apotheosis of Hercules. The lion's skin spread on the rock, and the enormous size of the limbs, leave no doubt as to the subject of the statue. Notwithstanding the muscles are strongly marked, the veins in the body of the hero are suppressed, whence antiquarians have inferred, that the intention of the author was to indicate the very moment of his deification. Flaxman has immortalized himself by restoring a copy of the Torso, and placing Hebe on the left of Hercules, in the act of presenting to him the cup of immortality.

On the rock, where the figure is seated, is a Greek inscription, by which we are informed, that it is the production of Apollonius, the Athenian, who probably flourished in the time of Pompey the great.

This valuable antique is of Pentelic marble, and sculptured in a masterly style. It was found at Rome, near Pompey's theatre, now Campo di Fiore. Julius II placed it in the garden of the Vatican, where it was long the object of the studies of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c.—Among artists, it has always been distinguished by the appellation of the Torso of Belvedere.

94. This figure represents a barbarian soldier, dying on the field of battle, without surrendering. It is remarkable for truth of imitation, of a choice nature, though not sublime (because the subject would not admit of it), and for noble expression.

This statue formerly belonged to the Villa Ludovisi, whence it was removed to the Museum of the Capitol, by Clement XII. It is from the chisel of Agasias, of Ephesus, who lived 450 years before the christian era.

82. This charming figure is rather that of a muse than the goddess of agriculture. It is admired for the ideal beauty of the drapery. She is clad in a tunic; over this is thrown a mantle, the execution of which is so perfect, that through it are perceived the knots of the strings which fasten the tunic below the bosom.

It formerly belonged to the Villa-

Mattei, on Mount Esquiline; but was taken from the Museum of the Vatican, where it had been placed by Clement XIV.

80. Hitherto this figure of a Roman orator, with the attributes of Mercury, has passed for Germanicus, though it is too old for him.—Here we have another model of elegance of form, though not of an *ideal* sublimity.

On the shell of a tortoise, at the foot of the statue, is inscribed some Greek characters, from which we learn, that the artist was Cleomenes, an Athenian, mentioned by Pliny. This statue was taken from the Gallery of Versailles, where it had been placed in the reign of Louis XIV. It formerly belonged to the garden of Sixtus V, at Villa-Montalto, in Rome.

97. In this monument, Adrian's favourite is represented as having scarcely attained the age of puberty. He is naked, and his attitude has some affinity to that of Mercury. However, his countenance seems to be impressed with that cast of melancholy, by which all his portraits are distinguished.

This is a beautiful figure, of Carrara marble. It comes from the Museum of the Capitol, and once belonged to cardinal Albani. The fore-arm and left leg are modern.

200. In this colossal bust of Antinous are some peculiarities, which call to mind the images of the Egyptian god, Harpocrates. It is finely executed in hard Greek marble, and comes from the Museum of the Vatican. It was dug from the ruins of the Villa-Fede, at Tivoli, in 1790.

On the same line with the Hall of the Romans, the next room, taking its name from the celebrated group here placed, is styled the Hall of the Laocoon.

Here are four pillars of *verde antico*, a green marble, obtained by the ancients, from the environs of Thessalonica. They were taken from the church of Montmorency, where they decorated the tomb of Anne, the constable of that name. The first three apartments are floored with inlaid oak; but this is paved with beautiful marble.

The Laocoon was found, in 1506, under Julius II, at Rome, on Mount Esquiline, in the ruins of the palace of Titus. The three Rhodian artists, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, mentioned by Pliny as the sculptors of this groupe, flourished during the time of the emperors.

It is composed of five blocks, but joined in so skilful a manner, that Pliny thought them of one single piece. The right arm of the father, and two arms of the children are wanting.

111. This beautiful figure of Parian marble is a woman, whose feminine features and form seem to have contracted the masculine habits of warfare. Clad in a fine tunic, which, leaving the left breast exposed, is tucked up on the hips, she is in the act of bending a large bow. No attitude could be better calculated for exhibiting to advantage the finely modelled person of this heroine.

For two centuries, this statue was at the Villa-Mattei, on Mount Cœlius, at Rome, whence it was removed to the Museum of the Vatican by Clement XIV.

118. Meleager, with nothing but a *chlamis* on his shoulders, and winding round his left arm, is here resting, after having killed the wild boar, which was ravaging his dominions; at his side is the head of the animal, and near him sits his faithful dog.

This groupe is sublime, and yet its sublimity is of a different cast from either that of Apollo, or of Mercury, called Antinous.

It is of Greek marble of a Cinereous colour: there are two traditions respecting the place where it was found, but the most probable is that it was discovered in a vineyard bordering on the Tiber. It belonged to Fusconi, physician to Paul III, and was for a long time in the Pig-

hini palace at Rome, whence Clement XIV conveyed it to the Vatican.

103 & 104. These colossal heads of Bacchantes stood at the entrance of the theatre of the Villa-Adriana, at Tivoli.

The one is of Pentelic marble, and the other of Parian. Having been purchased of count Fede by Pius VI, they were placed in the Museum of the Vatican.

105. This bust deserves particular attention, for its beauty, its excellent preservation, and perfect resemblance to the medals which remain of Antinous.

It is of Parian marble of the finest quality, and had been in France long before the revolution.

112. Some have determined to call this beautiful head that of Bacchus; while others preserve its ancient name of Ariadne, by which it was known in the Museum of the Capitol.

It is of Pentelic marble, and one of the most sublime productions of the chisel, in point of *ideal* beauty.

From the Hall of the Laocoon, we pass into that which, from the famous statue, here erected, and embellished in the most splendid manner, takes the appellation of the Hall of the Apollo.

This hall is ornamented with four pillars of red oriental granite of the finest quality: those which decorate the niche of the Apollo were taken from the church that contained the tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle. It is paved with different kinds of scarce and valuable marble, in large compartments, and in the centre is a large octagonal table of the same substance.

As this hall is considerably larger than the others, a greater number of antiques are here placed, of which the following are the most conspicuous.

155. Apollo Pythius. This is of Carrara marble, and, consequently, was executed by some Greek artist who lived in the time of the Romans; but his name is unknown. The forearm and left hand were restored by Angelo de Montersoli, a pupil of Michael Angelo.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, it was found on the seashore, near the ruins of Antium. Julius II, when cardinal, purchased this statue, and placed it in his palace; but becoming pope he conveyed it to the Vatican, where, for three centuries, it was the admiration of the world.

On the 7th of November, 1801, Bonaparte celebrated, in great pomp, the inauguration of the Apollo; on which occasion, he placed between the plinth of the statue and its pedestal a brass tablet, bearing a suitable inscription.

The Apollo stands facing the entrance-door of the apartment, in an elevated recess, decorated with beautiful granite pillars. The flight of steps, leading to this recess, is paved with the rarest marble, inlaid with the squares of curious antique mosaic, and on them are placed two Egyptian sphynxes of red oriental granite, taken from the Museum of the Vatican.

142. This figure of Parian marble represents the goddess of beauty issuing from the bath. Her charms are not concealed by any veil or garment. She is slightly turning her head to the left, as if to smile on the Graces, who are supposed to be preparing to attire her.

This is allowed to be the most beautiful of all the statues of Venus which remain. The Venus of Medicis surpasses it in sublimity of form, approaching nearer to *ideal* beauty.

Bupalus, of Scio, produced this master-piece. He lived 600 years before Christ, so that it has now existed upwards of 2,400 years. It was found about the middle of the eighteenth century, near San-Vitale, at Rome. Benedict XIV, having purchased it of the Stati family, placed it in the Capitol.

125. This statue of Mercury is of the finest Parian marble. More robust in form than either Apollo or Meleager, it loses nothing by being contemplated after the former.—

The harmony which reigns between its parts is such, that Poussin, always took from it the *proportions of the human figure*.

It was found at Rome, on Mount Esquiline, under Paul III, who placed it in the Belvedere, near the Apollo and the Laocoon.

151. In this statue Antinous is represented as a divinity of Egypt. He is standing in the usual attitude of the Egyptian gods, and is naked, except his head and wrist, which are covered with a drapery in imitation of the sacred garments.

This figure is of white marble, which leads us to conjecture that it might have been intended for Orus, the god of light, it having been the custom of the Egyptians to represent all their other divinities in coloured marble. It was discovered in 1738, at Tivoli, in the Villa-Adriana, and taken from the Museum of the Capitol.

To judge from the great number of figures of Antinous, sculptured by order of Adrian to perpetuate the memory of that favourite, the emperor's gratitude for him must have been unbounded. Under the form of different divinities, or at different periods of life, there are at present, in the Gallery of Antiques, no less than five portraits of him, besides three statues and two busts. Three other statues of Antinous, together with a bust, and an excellent bas-relief, in which he is represented, yet remain to be placed.

156. Bacchus is here standing, and naked. He is leaning carelessly with his left arm on the trunk of an elm, round which winds a grape-vine.

This statue, of Greco duro, is reckoned one of the finest extant of Bacchus.

Having surveyed the Hall of the Apollo, we proceed, on the right hand, towards its extremity, and reach the last room of the gallery, which is called the Hall of the Muses.

It is paved with curious marble, and besides the Muses, and Apollo, here are also assembled the antique portraits of poets and philosophers. Among these are Homer and Virgil; but the most remarkable specimen is Euripides.

In this *hermes* we have a capital representation of the features of the poet. The countenance is noble, serious, and expressive.

This hermes is in Pentelic marble, and was taken from the academy of Mantua.

Since the revival of the arts, the lovers of antiquity have made repeated attempts to form a collection of antique statues of the muses; but none was ever so complete as that assembled in the Museum of the Vatican by Pius VI, and which the chance of war has now transferred to the banks of the Seine.

The statues of Clio, Thalia, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, and Calliope, together with the Apollo Musagetes, were discovered in 1774, at Tivoli, among the ruins of the villa of Cassius. To complete the number, Pius VI obtained the Euterpe and the Urania from the Lancellotti palace at Veletri. They are supposed to be antique copies of the statues of the muses by Philiscus, which, according to Pliny, graced the portico of Octavia.

The air of grandeur that reigns in the gallery is very striking; and the tasteful and judicious distribution of this matchless assemblage of antiques does great honour to the council of the Central Museum. Among the riches which Rome possessed, the French commissioners also, by their choice selection, have manifested the depth of their knowledge, and the justness of their taste.

The alterations and embellishments made in the different apartments of the Gallery of Antiques have been designed by Raymond, member of the National Institute, and architect to the National Palace of Arts and Sciences. In winter the apartments are kept warm by means of flues. Here, without the expence of a single *liard*, the young draughtsman may form his taste by studying the true antique models of Grecian sculpture; the more expe-

rienced artist may consult them in the composition of his subjects; the simple observer may spend many hours in contemplating objects, which, for centuries, have inspired universal admiration.

A vast collection of antiquities of every kind is still expected from Italy, among which are the Venus of Medicis and the Pallas of Veletri, a finely-preserved statue, classed by artists among those of the first rank, dug up at Veletri, in 1799, in consequence of the researches made there by the French commissioners. Upwards of five hundred cases were lying on the banks of the Tiber, at Rome, ready to be sent off to France, when the Neapolitans entered that city. They carried them all away: but, by the last article of the treaty of peace with the king of Naples, the whole of them are to be restored to the French. For verifying their condition, and taking measures for their conveyance, two commissioners have been dispatched to Italy: the son of Chaptal, and Dufourny the architect. On the arrival of these cases, even after the fifteen departmental museums have been supplied, it is asserted that there will yet remain antiquities sufficient to form a museum almost from Paris to Versailles.

The Central Museum of the Arts is open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays; the other days are appropriated to the study of young pupils: but a foreigner has only to produce his *permis de sejour* to gain admission *gratis* every day, from the hour of ten o'clock to four. To the credit of the nation, I must observe, that this exception in favour of foreigners excites no jealousy whatever.

. . . .

For the Literary Magazine.

ON ANNOUNCING MARRIAGES WITH CLERGYMEN'S NAMES.

YOUR readers must long ago have noticed the custom of publishing marriages with the name of the officiating clergyman: many of them, indeed, may have furnished examples of this custom in their own case. The practice with us no doubt originates in servile imitation of English customs; but I am a good deal puzzled to conceive how it originally came into fashion.

When the performer is a *bishop*, the vanity of the parties or their friends will easily account for it, but when he is a simple clergyman, the reason is not quite so plain. In similar cases, as that of naming the physician under whose auspices a cure has been effected, the record is intended as a compliment to the skill of the agent; but it is not, at first sight, very obvious that any extraordinary praise can be due to the act of reading the marriage-service. There is, indeed, a story of a clergyman's having found a child *very hard to christen:* but in that case, it is suspected, that the difficulty arose from his own situation, and not from any peculiarity in the patient. Yet I cannot but think that it is no uncommon circumstance to find couples *hard to marry*, and that there is often a sufficient degree of effort in performing this feat, to apologize for the seeming vanity of making public the name of the clerical practitioner. I do not exactly know to what defect in the marriage-rites the melancholy Jacques alludes, when dissuading the clown from suffering sir Oliver Martext to couple him and Audrey, he tells him, "This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp." The law, at present, seems to have determined, that if the union be but made, the manner of doing it is of no consequence. But the task of bringing the parties together, may be a serious labour indeed. A sly old batchelor has lived a score of years with a kept madam, who has a great desire at last to be made *an honest woman* of. What a trial of skill to a confidential divine to work

upon the hardened buff of this man's conscience, and mollify it down to that matrimony which has so long been the object of his scorn and ridicule! A novel-reading miss, whose heart has been softened by some neighbouring Celadon, looks with horror upon the honest Numps whom her careful father has chosen for her; and, like Anne Page, would rather "be set quick in the earth, and bowled to death with turnips," than meet him at the altar. What a profusion of rhetoric must be employed to bring such a damsel to the dutiful act of bestowing her hand contrary to the dictates of her heart! With the young spendthrift, whose stomach rises at the sight of an amorous dame of threescore, panting to deliver him from a jail by the gift of her purse and person, fewer arguments for compliance may be necessary; and yet he must, in some measure, be fashioned to the joke by persuasion. In these and similar cases, which are not very uncommon, some mediator is evidently wanted to take the part which Horace assigns to Venus:

——————cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aenea
Sævo mittere cum joco;

and where the clergyman assumes this office, his labours certainly deserve commemoration. Under this persuasion, I shall for the future suppose that more is meant than meets the ear, when we are gravely told that the Rev. Mr. Such-a-one married such a couple; and that his task was somewhat more arduous than merely reading some sentences out of a book, and after wards, perhaps, supping with the happy party. X.

For the Literary Magazine.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Concluded.

IN vain do philosophers discourage the indulgence of this sentiment, by the force of argument, or the splendour of eloquence; in vain do they represent to us that we are citizens of the world, that it is on it, and not on any particular spot, where our affections should be placed. It is true, we owe much to mankind; we owe them all the benefits we can procure them, and perhaps it would be happy for us were these claims more faithfully and fully discharged; but if we observe the direction of Nature, we will behold her pointing to our native land, as the proper theatre of our praise-worthy actions, our countrymen as the first objects of our benevolence, her welfare a source of delight, and her glory our boast, our pride, and our happiness.

What the poet Goldsmith says to his brother, every true uncorrupted son of nature will, in the language of truth, address to his country:

"Where'er I roam, whatever climes I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

This patriotic sentiment will be his companion in the most distant countries; whether he melts at the tropic, or freezes at the pole. Time may indeed partially deface the impression, and the noisy tumult of the busy world drown the voice of nature, yet while his heart remains uncorrupted, his native land will not be unremembered nor unbeloved.

Even the philosopher is actuated by this sentiment when he travels in foreign countries. It is true, he may travel to increase his knowledge of mankind, or for mere amusement; yet whatever he sees extraordinary or beneficial in the science of government, in the manners or customs of the people with whom he meets, in their agriculture, or in the arts they exercise, is noticed with satisfaction, as things which may prove acceptable and serviceable to his countrymen, either by lessening their wants, or increasing their enjoyments. Even when this is not the case, when

through the medium of commerce all the productions of nature and art may be procured with ease, yet does he endeavour to introduce the theory and practice of their culture and manufactures into his own country. It may be alleged, that this proceeds from pride, a pride which disdains to receive from others those things which our own resources can furnish. Suppose it granted: yet, that pride originates from the sentiment in question; for would the same man endeavour to introduce them into any other country, unless urged by motives of interest? A moment's reflection is sufficient to enforce a negative answer. It is not sufficient that the wants of life, the means of enjoyment, or the unbounded desires of grandeur may be supplied; no: they must be derived from our own resources, and be the productions of our own industry.

When man dwells where tyrants sway the sceptre of despotic power, if he groans under all the miseries of a bad government of any form whatever, though he knows there are places where liberty has established her reign, though he knows there is sufficient room there to accommodate him, and that he will receive a hearty welcome and every encouragement, yet all this is not sufficient for the patriot; it is not the freedom of another land he wishes to enjoy, it is the emancipation of his own; it is not liberty alone which he wishes to enjoy, for the means are within his reach, he wishes to enjoy it with his countrymen, and in the land which gave them birth; he would be happy, not in his own enjoyment, but by beholding the happiness of his fellows. This end accomplished, he is ready to exclaim with the prophet, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Where the love of our country is fondly cherished, no other passion dares dispute with it the empire of the breast; it reigns alone, unrivalled, and supreme; all other passions must be subservient to its will. At its approach wealth loses all its attractions, and poverty is divested of her rags, or folded, haggard as she is, to the warm bosom of the ardent patriot, she is preferred to all the glare and pomp of grandeur, the blandishments of luxury, or the enjoyment of private happiness.

VALVERDI.

June 4, 1805.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE VISITOR.

NO. IV.

Nihil est jam dictum, quod non sit prius dictum.

IN my first number, I quoted that line of Terence which is applied as a motto to the present, in order to prepare the reader more readily to pardon any inadvertent and unconscious plagiarisms. The bare task of writing in prose is not difficult; it is a talent which may be acquired by industry, and even made easy by habit: but to be original in expression and idea requires qualifications gifted by nature, and which art and education cannot acquire.

That the efforts of modern writers are greatly defective, in these points, the examination of their works will fully prove. When I look back upon the works of many of the writers of the last century, and see the ease and elegance of their style, the sublimity of their ideas, and the novelty which distinguishes their thoughts, I regret that so few are to be found who can rival them with success. Many are the obstacles which obstruct the passage of those who wish to attain literary celebrity; and he that overcomes them must indeed be industrious, he must be learned, he must possess genius.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temples shine afar? BEATTIE.

How few are they in number, to whom nature has allotted superior talents, and persevering, ardent minds, to enable them to make a proper use of her bounty! But how still more rarely are they to be found, in whom great endowments are not counterbalanced by passions which destroy them! Human nature degraded, and man pitied by the good, and despised by the malevolent, for its degradation, is a sight as common as deplorable. Add to these, minds glowing with all the enthusiasm caused by a fertile imagination and powerful genius, combating with weak and delicate bodies, which early sink into the grave, and how few are there whose abilities are not, by some untoward cause, rendered useless to them!

Thus, in youth, fell Clifton, as sweet a poet as America ever could boast of; whose strains are charming, and therefore please; few, and therefore rendered more estimable, particularly when we consider their author was an American, born and cultured beneath our native sky. Thus, too, fell Linn, and much about the same age, who did honour to his country, as a man of letters, a poet, and a divine. Among modern poets, he had already attained a conspicuous station, and would have arisen to greater excellence, had not death asserted his claim, and stopped his "tuneful breath" for ever. *Genius*, whose *powers* he has so ably described and illustrated, was his, in the strictest sense, nor could sickness or debility destroy its force, or deaden its energy.

Though both these poets discovered a considerable degree of originality, the difficulties in their way to fame were great. Disease, with which they were so much afflicted, whilst it weakens the body, is but too well calculated to depress the mind. Few are possessed of minds which retain their native elasticity, when health no longer gives vigour to the body. Linn and Clifton may be considered as exceptions, and cited as instances which do not often occur in literary history. Of the celebrated Farquhar we are told, that he wrote his excellent comedy, "*The Beaux Stratagem*," while oppressed with illness; and Michael Bruce, whose history none can read without emotion, wrote his poem of "*Loch Leven*," as he informs us, "while slow disease preyed on his vitals," and whose life terminated soon after its completion; and the latter days of Linn were employed on a poem, which his speedy dissolution prevented him from giving to the public.

There is now no description of writers to whom want of novelty may more correctly be ascribed than the poets, whose works are frequently as destitute of merit as they are numerous. The ease and elegance of Pope, the fervour and sublimity of Gray, the tenderness of Collins, are seldom to be found. Never more in number than now, never did fewer attain to extraordinary excellence: paltry imitations, dull, insipid, drawling sonnets, rhymes jingling without sense or meaning, now aping the ridiculous style of Wordsworth, and now the luxuriance of Darwin.

Nor is this the worst. We behold some prostituting their pens on that kind of poetry which should only accompany the volume of Rochester. The most indelicate allusions, on subjects on which the pen should for ever be silent, are dressed up in the garb of the muses, and sent forth, to the destruction of good morals, and the annihilation of modesty. With all the captivations of elegant poetry, the ideas they constantly excite are such, that, while they corrupt, they (to use the words of Blair) lay the foundation for lasting bitterness of heart.

Still, however, "*in these degenerate times*," poets are to be found who deserve that name, who satirize the follies and vices which are seen around them with justice, and who please and instruct. Many have heard of and read the productions of Walcott (Peter Pindar), and have laughed at his merry tales and witty remarks. Though his strokes are

often laid on too hard, and sometimes unjustly, he is surely as excusable as those who, in every age, biassed by party, have substituted prejudice for candour. Gifford, his rival and opponent, possesses all the qualifications of a true poet, and has greatly contributed to correct false taste and erroneous judgments concerning literature.

With fond delight we yet a bard behold,
As Horace polish'd, and as Perseus bold.

CLIFTON'S EPIST. TO GIFFORD.

The child of nature, Bloomfield, arrests attention as a votary of the muses, and as such bids fair to live long after his mortal tenement is mouldered into dust. The attractions of Campbell, of Rogers, of Southey, and some others, will preserve them from oblivion. Bayley, a poet of later date, has claims to merit, when compared with many of his contemporaries; and from Hunt much is expected, as he has already done much. His poems, written at sixteen, far exceed those of many others written at maturity, and his later years, it is hoped, will far exceed his days of youth and inexperience. To this list, in conclusion, we may justly add the name of Fessenden, lately sprung up to do honour to his country, and increase the common stock of literature.

F.

For the Literary Magazine.

EPISTOLARY.

YOU have, of late, entertained me with a most amusing account of the present situation of your mind. I learn, not without great triumph, that the magnanimous Benedict, he with whom I have spent many a college night in railing at the sex, and in forming sage schemes of celibacy, is now most completely bewildered in all the mazes of love. Truly it is diverting, that one of so versatile a mind as to be able to rove with equal delight from the sonorous declamations of Demosthenes to the soft melody of Maro's muse, or the jovial odes of the bard of Teios, should be so entirely vanquished as to forget all his former pursuits and resolutions, and be engrossed by one object.

When I formerly attempted to rally your lunacy, you made a pitiable lamentation, and deplored my deficiency of taste and feeling. But excuse me. I am wandering into the Attic, as you are pleased to term it, when I sat down to give a serious and learned disquisition on love and marriage, and other important topics; and, in my self-complacency, I think I already hear your thanks for edification and delight.

Love and hatred are innate passions; they are implanted in us at our birth for good purposes, and are the source of almost every other passion, more particularly of hope, fear, and jealousy. Our emotions are first excited by beauty, but when we discover that the object is also amiable and sensible, it increases into what metaphysicians term a passion, or desire of possession. Then it is that it overclouds the mind with its fury.

To say then, as you do, that I have never loved, is to pronounce me not a mortal. At least one of the ancients seems to have thought so, when he said that he who had never felt the force of love was either a beast or a stone*. I have, however, always been an advocate for the superiority of real friendship. Love is but another name for covetousness; whereas friendship contents itself with admiration, without any uxoriousness, nor is so liable to the misery of indifference.

Even at this early period of life, I have indulged myself in solitary reflections on the happiness which *may be* derived from matrimony, which is too often made but a *mat-*

* Et qui vim non sensit amoris, aut lapis est, aut bellua.

ter of money. How often, and how fervently, have I ejaculated with Horace, "Felices ter et amplius," &c.! How have I envied the felicity of that couple, which Homer describes as *kissing ten years* after their marriage, and declaring their affections to be as ardent as they were on the day of their nuptials! But such a pair is as rare as the poet who describes them; believe me, they are *black* swans. Marriage should be a perfect aristocracy; there should be but one common consent or will in every thing. But how do all these Houris of the imagination vanish, when the long train of infelicities, which immediately ensue an extinguished love, pass before me! I start with horror at the phantoms which my fancy has created, and pray that they may never be realized. Such an accumulation of wordly care and misery! Are you disappointed in a scheme of pleasure or profit? your wife, with the sagacity of an *after-prophet*, reproaches you with an "*I said so*." Are you reduced to poverty? you behold an amiable and affectionate wife also distressed, you hear the cries of your children: or, on the other hand, if she be not such a character, she will agonize you by contrasting her former splendour, before you made her a partaker of your miseries. Are you gloomy and sad, or even grave? you do not love her. Do you wish for quiet? she will scold her servants. Will you retire to your study? even if it be not on the day,

——the great, the important day,
Big with the fate of bucket and of broom,

she will meet you with a scrubbing brush! Speaking of a bad wife (and the chances are ten to one that such may be your lot, for that is the proportion of the wicked to the good), we are emphatically told, by an ancient author, that "she makes a sorry heart, a heavy heart, a wounded mind," &c. A woman and death, says Terence, are two of the bitterest things in the world.

And yet, with all the lights of experience blazing before our eyes, how many are there who daily tie the knot, which nothing but death can dissolve! A witty and quaint writer, of the last century, tells us, that "woing is undoing, marrying is marring," and so on: I forget the rest.

Now hasten to your betrothed; read this letter to her; fall on your knees to her (as I presume you have often done before), and pray her to pardon you for holding a correspondence with such a libellous contemner of the all-powerful Hymen. Promise her she shall, at no distant day, see this proud and versatile scoffer interceding at the vestibule for entrance to the altar, on which you will shortly offer up your happiness as a sacrifice to your passion.

SEDLEY.

For the Literary Magazine.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

MR. CARR, author of the Stranger in France, and other works, having, during the last summer, visited Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, and made a circuit of the Baltic, intends to favour the world with an account of his travels, accompanied by various engravings from his own drawings.

The late Dr. Sibthorpe, regius professor of botany in the university of Oxford, having, with a zeal truly laudable, accomplished two voyages into Greece and the adjacent countries, with the intent of investigating their natural history, agriculture, and medicine, and thence brought ample stores for his purpose, directed by his will (lest the results of so much labour and expence might be lost to the world by his death, which was occasioned by the fatigues and difficulties he had undergone), that, out of his manuscript journals, notes, and collection of plants, a *Flora Græca* should be

published, and ornamented with plates from the drawings executed, under his own inspection, by that admirable artist Ferdinand Bauer. The care of this undertaking has been consigned to the person of all others best qualified for it, Dr. Smith, president of the Linnæan society, who will bring forward the work in ten volumes, folio, each to contain two parts or fasciculi, with fifty plates, so that the whole work will comprise a thousand of these engravings. The price of the first fasciculus will be ten guineas; and in proportion as the number of subscribers increase that of the succeeding will be reduced, from the operation of a fund left by Dr. Sibthorpe to assist the publication. A prodromus of this great work is also to be published, by Dr. Sibthorpe's direction, in two volumes, octavo, but without plates.

Mr. Benet, a gentleman of fortune, has recently found amongst his family papers a very large and interesting collection, including the correspondence of Charles the first with prince Rupert and the principal characters of the age, in the times of the civil wars, and while that prince commanded the army. These documents, which are of the highest importance to the history of that period, we understand the possessor of them (and to whom they descended from an ancestor, who was secretary to prince Rupert) intends shortly to publish.

Dr. Griffiths has in the press, Travels in Europe, Asia Minor, and Arabia, to be published in one volume, quarto.

Mr. Twiss's Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakespeare is carrying through the press with as much expedition as is consistent with the careful attention requisite in printing and correcting a work, of which accuracy must be the sole recommendation.

An elegant work will speedily appear, under the title of, An Excursion through the Principal Parts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, with Illustrative Notes, and Sketches of the Road between London and Dove Dale. The excursion was undertaken by the late ingenious and lamented Edward Dayes, in the autumn of 1803. Its principal object was to contemplate the romantic character of Dove Dale, and to inspect and make drawings of the sublime and picturesque scenery of the north and west ridings of Yorkshire. The observations made by Mr. D. during his progress through these enchanting tracts, were afterwards connected by him with various historical and biographical notices, and the whole formed into a connected work, and completed for the press, but a very short time previous to his unhappy decease. The illustrative notes, and sketches of the roads, &c., have been added by Mr. E. W. Brayley.

Dr. Charles Hall has in the press a treatise, entitled, the Effects of Civilization on the People in European States.

The Political State of the British Empire, containing, a general view of the possessions of the crown, the laws, commerce, revenues, offices, and other establishments, military and civil, will be published this spring, by Mr. Adolphus.

The admirers of planting will speedily be gratified by a new work, under the title of the Forest Pruner, or a treatise on the improvement of British timber trees in general.

Sir James Stewart is about to present to the public a complete edition of his father's Principles of Political Economy, and other works, with an account of the author's life.

Mr. Mungo Park, the gentleman who has attained to a high degree of celebrity for his Travels into the Interior of Africa, has just left Portsmouth, on another journey of discovery to that quarter of the globe. The object of his present voyage is to establish, if possible, commercial connections between some of the principal African towns and this country. His course will be towards the southern part of the continent. He sailed in the Eugenia, captain Webb.

The Rev. S. Parker, of Lewes, intends to publish, by subscription, the Old Testament illustrated, being explications of remarkable facts and passages in the Jewish scriptures, which have been objected to by unbelievers; in a series of lectures to young persons.

A Collection of the Moral and Religious Works of the pious and learned sir Matthew Hale, have been collected by a clergyman of erudition, and published.

We have great pleasure in announcing the appearance of a monthly miscellany in the island of Jamaica (a part of the world hitherto considered as devoted solely to the services of Plutus and Bacchus), to be regularly continued under the title of the Jamaica Magazine. Part of the second number contains some original Memoirs of Charles Westcote, which have proceeded with much spirit through the succeeding numbers. We ardently wish success to an attempt calculated to introduce a spirit of literary curiosity and enquiry into so considerable a community as that composing the flourishing island of Jamaica.

Mr. Abbot, of the Temple, has recently finished, for publication, a small volume of Instructions to Masters of Hired Transports and other Vessels in the Service of Government.

An Essay, Philosophical, Moral, and Political, on the present extended Commerce of Great Britain, and on its Advantages and Disadvantages, is in the press, and will speedily be published.

A new edition of Dr. Smith's History of the Peloponnesian War, with a life of the translator, is nearly ready for publication.

A translation of the Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation of Luther, which gained the prize given by the National Institute of France, will very shortly be published in London. It has already been translated into the German, with notes, observations, &c., by D. Rosenmuller. To the English edition will be added copious illustrations, intended to correct the views of the author, and passages from the writers of our own country, who have thrown out so many important ideas on the subject.

A work, intended as a continuation of Dr. Paley's Natural Theology, is in considerable forwardness.

The long-disputed manuscripts of the Poems of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, are now in the press, under the auspices of the Highland Society. They will be accompanied by a Latin translation, by the late Mr. Macfarlane. The whole will form two large volumes, octavo.

The first volume of Mr. Lyson's General Survey of Great Britain, containing the counties of Bedford, Berks, and Bucks, will speedily be published. To accompany this work, Mr. Byrne will publish a series of engravings of the most interesting and picturesque objects in the several counties of Great Britain. The latter work will be entitled *Britannica Defucta.*

A new translation of the works of the Swiss Theocritus, the amiable Gesner, is in considerable forwardness. It is intended to follow the popular essay of Zimmermann on Solitude, executed for the Select Foreign Classics, a work which, from the numerous advantages it combines, bids fair to supersede all the preceding translations of modern classic authors.

The following is a method of giving the grain and hardness of steel to copper. Take the metal under the metallic form, fuse it with two parts of animal glass, and a twelfth of charcoal powder: as it is essential that the copper should present a great deal of surface, the shavings of that metal are to be placed in strata, with animal glass mixed with charcoal powder, and the crucible so exposed to a fire sufficiently strong to fuse the glass. There is then formed phosphorus, the greater part of which burns, while the rest combines with the copper. When the crucible has cooled, and is broken, the phosphorated copper is found in the form of a grey brilliant but-

ton under the glass, which has passed to a state of red enamel. By this operation it is increased in weight one-twelfth. The copper thus combined with phosphorus acquires the hardness of steel, of which it has the grain and colour, and like it is susceptible of the finest polish; it can be easily turned, and does not become altered in the air. The copper emits no smell when rubbed. The dark red enamel which is formed in this experiment may be employed with advantage for porcelain and enamels, as this red does not alter in the fire.

It is ascertained, by experiment, in the New York ships which go on whaling voyages of twenty months' duration and more, that scorbutic symptoms appear among the crews, unless they have temporary supplies of *fresh* vegetable matter. These will of themselves work a cure, but it is well known that they are more efficacious when consumed raw than if they are subjected to any culinary operation. Under this conviction the Americans eat their pumpkins, potatoes, &c. in their natural and crude state.

Dr. Blachly gives the following recipe as highly efficacious in the cure of dropsy, by external application. *Recipe:—Saponis, Aceti, et Spt. Vini ana partes æquales.* The whole body is to be rubbed with it at bed-time, as long as the patient can bear the application, occasionally giving him brandy or wine. This remedy, joined to the other remedies of dropsies, cures generally in two or three applications; the water disappearing by perspiration. Oedematous legs bound up, with the mixture plentifully rubbed on them, are quickly reduced in size.

The Boylstonian prize-medal, of Harvard College, has been adjudged to Dr. James Mann, for his Dissertation on the Causes, Nature, and Cure of Autumnal Diseases of Infants, as prevailing in the New England States.

Dr. Shadrach Ricketson is engaged in a work on the means of preserving health, and preventing diseases, founded principally on an attention to the non-naturals in medicine.

Mr. C. S. Rafinesque has been for some time engaged in collecting materials for a catalogue or flora of the country, for a hundred miles or more, round Philadelphia. He has already explored the two shores of Maryland, the state of Delaware, and the northern part of Virginia. He is now engaged in visiting the northern parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and in the next season he expects to visit the southern part of New York, and Long Island.

On the thirteenth of December, 1803, between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, the inhabitants of the village of St. Nicholas, near the small village of Maesing, were alarmed by a noise which resembled the report of cannon. A peasant, looking at the clouds, which became dark and gloomy, heard a singular hissing in the air, and saw a stone fall through the rafters of the barn, which he found warm, and it weighed three pounds and a quarter.

A prize is offered, by the National Institute of France, for the best memoir of the literary state of France in the fourteenth century.

The society at Copenhagen have offered three prizes to the best memoirs on the cultivation of forest-trees, considered in relation to the purposes of ship-building.

The Teylerian Society have proposed, as a subject for a prize-essay, the following question: "What advantages has christianity derived from missions during the two last centuries; and what success may be expected from the missionary societies at present existing."

The inquisition publishes annually a list of the books which it prohibits. That for the last year includes the Decade Philosophique, on which the editors of this journal say, "We thank the holy officer for having placed our publication in the same list with the finest pieces of Corneille, Locke on the Human Understanding, the works of Pope, and

the Discourse on the Re-establishment of Religious Worship. This is, in fact, too much honour for a journal. But the more sensibly we feel our own unworthiness, the more we feel the value of the favours with which the inquisition has honoured us."

The king of Prussia discovers much zeal for the improvement of the universities in his dominions. M. Massow, one of his ministers, is employed in forming and executing plans for this purpose, and the sovereign himself has, with his own hand, transmitted circular letters to the several universities, exhorting them to co-operate with him in his views for their improvement.

Schweighæuser has published two more volumes of his new edition of Athenæus, with very copious notes.

The abbe de Lisle's long expected translation of Milton's Paradise Lost is just published at Paris; and, in the same city, the posthumous works of Marmontel have also made their appearance very recently.

M. Cossuli has published, at Parma, a work, in two volumes, quarto, on the origin and early progress of algebra, in Italy; in which he shows that this science was brought from the east into Italy, by Leonard Bonacci, of Pisa, in the thirteenth century. He follows its progress through the subsequent periods, and shows that for the first advancement of the science the world is indebted to Italy, and that even before it began to be cultivated in other countries, it had there attained to a high degree of perfection.

A collection of the Italian authors who have written on the subject of political economy, is proposed to be published, by subscription, at Milan. The writers, whose works it is intended to embrace, are: Berghini, Scarruffi, Davanzatia Serra, Turbolo, Montanari, Bandini, Broggia, Maffei, Belloni, Pagnini, Neri, Galliani, Carli, Algaroti, Beccari, Genovesi, Zannoni, Veri, Paoletti, Briganti, D'Arco, Filangieri, Vasco, Mengotti, Palmieri, Gennaro de Cantalupo, Delfico, Corniani, and Gianni. To the works of the above authors, many of which are very rare, will be added several unpublished performances, in the possession of the editor. The collection will not exceed in number thirty volumes. In a preliminary discourse, by P. Custodi, will be given a sketch of the commerce and industry of the Italians, in the times that preceded the revival of arts and sciences, together with a historical account of the origin, progress, and present state of political economy, both in Italy and other countries.

An Italian translation of Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, by Francisco Soave, has recently been published at Parma.

The following method of making an anti-incendiary liquid, for extinguishing fires arising from oily, greasy, or bituminous substances, invented by M. Driuzzi, has been published by order of the minister of the interior of the Italian republic. Take 84 ounces of common water, to which add 24 ounces of pulverised soda, and boil them till the liquid be reduced to two-thirds of the original quantity. The same proportions must be observed in preparations on a larger scale. Filter the liquor through a linen cloth, that none of the grosser parts may remain; let it cool, and use it when required. To give the soda a greater activity, make a caustic ley of it, and add three ounces of quick lime to every twelve ounces of soda in solution. The liquid is then more efficacious in extinguishing the flames, but it is more destructive to leather and animal substances, so that when the caustic solution is employed, the liquid should not be discharged through pipes of those materials. It should be observed that this anti-incendiary water must not be employed in fires arising from spirituous liquors of any kind; and that its effects in extinguishing wood are little superior to those of mere water.

A curious fact in natural history has been observed by Dr. Gabriel Anselmi, professor of anatomy at Turin. A snake, called, in Italy, *serpe nero*, the *coluber natrix* of Linnæus, is said to be extremely fond of milk, and the country people even pretend that it makes its way into the dairies to gratify its inclination. They even assert that it is sometimes found entwined round the legs of cows, sucking their teats with such avidity as to draw blood, when their milk is exhausted. Of this fact, which by many had been considered as a popular tale, the doctor had himself an opportunity of being an eye-witness. "Walking, according to custom," says he, "one morning, on the road called the Park, bordered by pastures, containing a great number of sheep and horned cattle, I observed an old but vigorous cow separate from the rest, and lowing, with her head raised in the air, her ears erect, and shaking her tail. Surprised at the noise she made, I seated myself on the banks of a stream, and followed her wherever she went with my eyes. After running for some minutes, she suddenly stopped in a sequestered spot, and began to ruminate. Inquisitive to discover the cause, I went to the place. After going into a pond to drink, she came out, and waited on the brink for a black snake, which crept from among the bushes, and approaching her, entwined himself round her legs, and began to suck her milk. I observed this phenomenon two successive days, without informing the herdsman. The third day I acquainted him with it, and he told me, that, for some time, the cow kicked at the approach of her calf, and that she could not without difficulty be compelled to suffer it to suck. We took away the snake, which we killed. On the succeeding days, the cow, after in vain waiting for her suckling, ran about the meadow in such a manner that the herdsman was obliged to shut her up." Dr. Anselmi has discovered that if the teats of the cows be washed with a decoction of tobacco, the ravages of those extraordinary depredators may be effectually prevented.

The most rigorous measures are adopted, in the Austrian dominions, to suppress all books that have not the sanction of the commissioners appointed to examine them. Almost all French works, written before or since the revolution, and the greater part of the new German literary productions, are proscribed.

A new composition, for preserving inflammable bodies from the effects of fire, has been made known at Hamburgh, by professor Palmer. It is composed of one part of sulphur, one of red ochre, and six of a solution of copperas.

M. Giobert has found that magnesia communicates to all the earths a refractory quality. Glass-makers' crucibles, formed of any clay which is not ferruginous, to which a third or half of magnesia of Bandisaro is added, resist the action of fire in the most perfect manner.

The large hydrographical chart of the White Sea, which has been some time preparing under the direction of lieutenant-general Golenischtscheff-Kutusof, will soon be printed. A trigonometrical survey of this sea, comprehending the bays, and a part of the Northern Ocean, has been made, and the depth and nature of the bottom were ascertained and examined, and sixteen principal points of the coast were determined by astronomical observation; so that this chart has been brought to considerable perfection, and will render the navigation of that sea much safer than it has hitherto been.

M. J. E. Pellizer embraces a system of astronomy different from that which is commonly received. In proof of the truth of it, he appeals to the following test. According to the Nautical Almanac for the present year, there will be a conjunction of the sun and moon on the 30th of March at 10 deg. 53 min. P. M.; but, according to M. Pellizer's calculation, that conjunction

will take place March 29th, 20 min. 2 sec., A. M. M. Pellizer proposes that the distance of these two luminaries should be observed on the 26th of March, at 20 min., A. M., when they will be found, according to his calculation, at 39 deg., 30 min. distance; while, according to the received astronomy, it ought to be 58 deg., 40 min.

Dr. Paulet has made many experiments on the poison of vipers in the forest of Fontainbleau; from which it should seem that the bite of this reptile may be fatal to animals who can obtain no assistance; but the doctor is almost certain that it may be cured, not by volatile alkali, nor by the cautery, but by more simple means, which he proposes to make known.

The learned Zaega is still employed on his catalogue of all the Coptic manuscripts in the library of cardinal Borgia. He has been long engaged in researches with regard to the typography of ancient Rome; and it is supposed that he will throw great light on the subject.

Two Wallachians lately found in the forests of the Bannat, belonging to count Hunyades, two hundred and eighty Greek medals of gold, which they carried to the mint at Carlsburg, whence they were sent to the royal treasury at Hermanstadt, the capital of Transylvania. They are supposed to have been struck in the time of Lysimachus, and their value is about three hundred pounds. The treasury of Hermanstadt has received intelligence, also, that evident traces, and the ruins of a town, very considerable in extent, have been discovered in the mountain Gredistye, in the same country.

A new edition of the *Roma Antica* of Venuti has been just published at Rome, with supplement and notes, by Philip Visconti, brother to the celebrated antiquary of that name settled in France.

In the course of the last spring several ancient monuments were discovered at Bois-de-Vaux, at a small distance from Lausanne. This discovery was made by accident in working at the mines. According to some authors, it was the site of the supposed city of Carpentras; and, according to others, of the ancient Lausanne.

M. Strauss announces, that a solution of platina, precipitated by ammonia, washed, dried, and exposed to a red heat for half an hour in a covered crucible, may be amalgamated with from five to seven parts of mercury by trituration in a warm mortar. This amalgam may be laid over copper, and the mercury be driven off by heat; a second coating is applied, mixed with chalk, and sprinkled with water, and the plate is again ignited, and afterwards burnished. By this application copper vessels may be defended from the action of acids.

POETRY.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE MADAGASCAR MOTHER.

The following is not a European fiction; it is a real Madagascar song, brought from that island by the chevalier de Porni, a prose translation of which may be seen in vol. I, p. 551, of Varieties of Literature.

WHY shrink'st thou, weak girl? why this coward despair?
Thy tears and thy struggles are vain:
Oppose me no more; of my cursea beware!
Thy terrors and grief I disdain.

The mother was dragging her daughter away
To the white man, alas! to be sold.

" Oh spare me!" she cried; " sure thou
would'st not betray
The child of thy bosom for gold?

The pledge of thy love, I first taught
thee to know
A mother's affection and fears:
What crime hast deserv'd thou should'st
only bestow
Dishonour, and bondage, and tears?

I tenderly soothe every sorrow and care;
To ease thee, unwearied I toil;
The fish of the stream by my wiles I
ensnare;
The meads of their flowers despoil.

From the wintry blast I have shelter'd
thy head,
Oft borne thee with zeal to the shade;
Thy slumbers have watch'd on the soft
leafy bed,
The mosqueto oft chas'd from the
glade.

Who'll cherish thy age, when from thee
I am torn?
Gold ne'er buys affection like mine!
Thou let bow to the earth, while despair-
ing I mourn,
Not my sorrows or hardships, but
thine.

Then sell me not; save me from an-
guish and shame!
No child thou hast, mother, but me!
Oh! do not too rashly abjure the dear
claim;
My bosom most trembles for thee!"

In vain she implor'd: wretched maid!
she was sold;
To the ship, chain'd and frantic, con-
vey'd;
Her parent and country ne'er more to
behold,
By a merciless mother betray'd.

For the Literary Magazine.

MORAL AND NATURAL BEAUTY.

SWEET is the voice that soothes my
care,
The voice of love, the voice of song;
The lyre that celebrates the fair,
And animates the warlike throng.

Sweet is the counsel of a friend,
Whose bosom proves a pillow kind,
Whose mild persuasion brings an end
To all the sorrows of the mind.

Sweet is the breath of balmy spring,
That lingers in the primrose vale;
The woodlark sweet, when on the wing
His wild notes swell the rising gale.

Sweet is the breeze that curls the lakes,
And early wafts the fragrant dew,
Through clouds of hovering vapours
breaks,
And clears the bright etherial blue.

Sweet is the bean, the blooming pea,
More fragrant than Arabia's gale
That sleeps upon the tranquil sea,
Or gently swells th' extended sail.

Sweet is the walk where daisies spring,
And cowslips scent the verdant mead;
The woodlands sweet where linnets sing,
From every bold intruder freed.

But *far more sweet* the virtuous deed,
The hand that kindly brings relief,
The heart that with the widow bleeds,
And shares the drooping orphan's
grief.

For the Literary Magazine.

CUPID.

By a Successful Lover.

CUPID has an infant's smiles,
Wanton tricks, and artful wiles;
With an air of innocence,
Which enchants our ev'ry sense.
While he gambols, frolics, kisses,
Toys, and loads us with caresses,
Though he aims and throws his dart,
'Tis to captivate the heart.
So the flattery of his tongue
Charms the aged and the young;
Sweet like honey it distils,
And the breast with rapture fills.
See! he comes, with flaxen hair,
Playful, wanton, light as air!
How engaging is his mien!
Pleasure in his looks is seen.
View his opening lips disclose
All the beauties of the rose;
Health and joy his cheeks adorn
With the blushes of the morn.

Let him use his various arts
To engage and win our hearts,
When he flatters, vows, and swears,
Charms with smiles or pleads with tears:
For he is a timid child,
Void of malice, meek, and mild:
Take him to your breasts, ye fair!
You'll not find a tyrant there.
Know! he reigns with gentlest sway;
Cheerful all his will obey.
Ev'n stern reason quits his awe,
And smiles as he receives his law.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THERE has lately been published by T. and J. Swords, of New York, The Life of Samuel Johnson, D. D., the first president of King's College, in New York, containing many interesting anecdotes, a general view of the state of religion and learning in Connecticut, during the former part of the last century, &c., &c. By Thomas Bradbury Chandler, D. D., formerly rector of St. John's church, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. To which is added an appendix, containing many original letters, never before published, from bishop Berkely, archbishop Secker, bishop Lowth, and others, to Dr. Johnson.

Discourses on Davila: a series of papers on political history, written in the year 1790, and then published in the Gazette of the United States, have been re-published by Russel and Cutler, at Boston, in one octavo volume.

Arguments Natural, Moral, and Religious, for the Immortality of the Soul, have issued from the press of Thomas and Andrews, at Boston.

Demacracy Unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of the Garb of Patriotism, by Christopher Caustic.

At Utica, a new settlement in the state of New York, where, a few years ago, there was nothing to be met with but thickets and wolves, has been published A Concise Extract from the Sea Journal of William Moulton, written on board the Orrico, in a voyage from New London, in Connecticut, to Staten-land, in the South Sea, with remarks on the coast of South America, &c., from 1799 to 1804.

The Homans of Boston have published a new edition of Sermons, by William Jay, preached to the church and congregation at Argyle chapel, Bath, England, 1 vol., 8vo., on fine wove paper, and a large new type.

Such is the American taste for Anacreon, and for convivial and amatory poetry, that a new edition of the Odes of Anacreon, translated by Moore, has appeared at New York.

Warner and Hanna, of Baltimore, have re-published The History of the late Grand Insurrection, or Struggle for Liberty in Ireland, impartially collected from Stephens, Hay, Jones, and many others of the most celebrated veracity. To which is added, a short account of the insurrection by the celebrated Emmet, with his famous speech made to the court before judgment. Also, an inquiry as to the people's sufferings in that unhappy country.

The following works are designed to be shortly published:

Plowden's Historical Review of the State of Ireland, commencing with the invasion of Henry II, in the year 1172, down to a late period in the present reign. Philadelphia.

The Debates and other Proceedings of the Virginian Convention on the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Worldly and Dobson, Norfolk.

A Historical Treatise on the Feudal Law, and Constitution and Laws of England; with a commentary on Magna Charta, and illustrations of many of the English statutes, by the late Francis Stoughton Sullivan, LL. D., royal professor of com-

mon law in the University of Dublin, to which authorities are added, and a discourse is prefixed concerning the laws and government of England, by Gilbert Stuart, *LL. D.*, 2 vols., 8vo., 5 dols. Thomas B. Wait & Co., Portland.

Mr. William Dunlap, of New York, proposes to collect and publish, by subscription, his dramatic performances. This publication will probably extend to eight or ten volumes, and will consist of tragedies, comedies, comic operas, and farces; some of which, but not all, have been produced on the stage. These performances will undergo the most accurate revision and correction, some of them, especially the earlier ones, will be wholly rewritten, and all will receive those improvements which may reasonably be hoped for from the extensive experience and mature taste of the author. As this gentleman is almost the only dramatic writer among the natives of America, his friends entertain some confidence that the patronage will not be denied to him by his enlightened countrymen, to which he may justly lay claim on that score alone.

John Conrad and Co. have just published a work, entitled, Catechismus Historicus Minor, by the Abbe Fleury.

Among the numerous and stately monuments of the zeal for the cause of religion of the celebrated abbe Fleury, few do him more honour than this small tract. In this compendious volume, under the dress of a plain, but pure and truly classical, Latinity, the young learners of the Roman language will imbibe the substance of whatever is important to be known in the history and doctrine of Scripture.

To render this publication more generally acceptable, the editors have struck out from a number of copies the few chapters which contain the *peculiar* tenets of the Roman catholic church, of which the abbe was one of the brightest ornaments and most judicious supporters.

Dr. Mease has done himself fresh honour, by the manner in which he has prepared an American edition of Dr. Willich's Domestic Encyclopædia, in four volumes, octavo. The work comprehends a concise view of the latest discoveries, inventions, and improvements, chiefly applicable to rural and domestic economy; together with descriptions of the most interesting objects of nature and art; the history of men and animals, in a state of health or disease; and practical hints respecting the arts and manufactures, both familiar and commercial. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings and cuts.

An Essay on the Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American army, through the revolutionary war, and first president of the United States of America, by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, Massachusetts, 1 vol., 2 dols. I. Thomas, Worcester.

END OF VOLUME III.

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